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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
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Reynolds Richardson

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XVI. JANUARY, 1894.

NO. I.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN NASHUA, AND ITS PASTOR.

BY HENRY H. METCALF.

In all ages and lands men have erected their temples to Deity. Savage and civilized, barbarous and enlightened, alike realize their dependence upon a Supreme Power, and, whatever their ideas of the nature and purpose of such power, make acknowledgment of their dependence in various forms and modes of worship in these temples or sanctuaries set apart for the purpose. So it has been in the past, and so it will be in all time to come. The measure of human progress is indicated as clearly through the character of the temple which man erects to his Maker as in the form and nature of the ceremonials enacted therein. From the log meeting-house of our Puritan forefathers, cold, cheerless, and unadorned, to the elegant church of the present day, richly adorned and luxuriously appointed, there is the same advancement indicated as in the transformation of the spirit of worship from trembling fear of a God of wrath, who punishes for his own pleasure, to loving adoration of a just and merciful Father who chastens his children for their own good.

On the first day of May, 1893, with imposing ceremonies, the corner-stone of a new house of worship for the First Congregational Church in Nashua was laid, the formal address upon the occasion being delivered by Rev. Wm. J. Tucker, D. D., president of Dartmouth college. This edifice, which occupies a commanding location at the corner of Concord and Lowell streets, is, beyond question, the finest structure of the kind in the state, corresponding fully with the character and influence of the large and

prosperous church and society by which it has been erected, and which is, undoubtedly, the largest and most influential religious organization in the second city of New Hampshire, and, in the extent and character of its membership, holding the front rank in the denomination in the state.

This First Congregational Church in Nashua was originally "The Church of Christ in Dunstable." Old Dunstable originally embraced a territory of about two hundred square miles, extending on both sides of the Merrimack river, from Chelmsford on the south to the Souhegan river on the north, and when chartered, October 15, 1673, was included in the province of Massachusetts, by whose legislature its charter was granted. The church was organized on the 16th day of December, 1685, with seven members, all males, their names being Jonathan Tyng, John Cummings, Sr., John Blanchard, Cornelius Waldo, Samuel Warren, Obadiah Perry, and Samuel French. A rude meeting-house of logs had been commenced in 1674. It was located some four miles down the river from the central portion of the present city of Nashua, somewhere "between Salmon Brook and the house of Lieutenant Wheeler," as appears from the terms of an agreement entered into by the charter petitioners on the 11th day of May, of that year. When King Philip's War broke out, in 1675, this building had not been completed. During this Indian war all the settlers in Dunstable, with the exception of Jonathan Tyng, fled for their lives. He fortified his house, and defended himself and family until a guard was sent to their relief. After the war, which terminated with King Philip's death, the surviving settlers returned; new ones also came in, and the settlement began to prosper, so that in 1678 the meeting-house was finished.

Among the early settlers of the town was Thomas Weld, a landholder and a preacher, who appears to have been the first regular minister of the gospel in Dunstable, and had preached for several years before the organization of the church in December, 1685, at which time he was duly ordained and settled as pastor. There were then but four other churches in what is now the state of New Hampshire, those at Hampton, Exeter, Dover, and Portsmouth,—the first three organized in 1638, and the latter in 1671,—and for nearly seventy years thereafter these five were the only churches

in the colony. Mr. Weld, the first minister, was a native of Roxbury, Mass., born in 1653, and a graduate of Harvard college in the class of 1671. He was a grandson of Rev. Thomas Weld, of Gates-end, near New Castle, England, who was expelled from his living for non-conformity, came to America, and was installed pastor of the church in Roxbury in 1632. He continued his ministry in Dunstable until 1702, when his death occurred. Tradition has it that he was killed by Indians, but there is no proof that such was the fact.

The church was without a settled minister from the death of Mr. Weld until 1720, when Rev. Nathaniel Prentice, a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1715, was installed. He was the pastor until his death, which occurred February 25, 1737. His remains lie in the "Old South" burying ground in Nashua, by the side of Mr. Weld's.

The subsequent succession of regular pastorates is as follows : — Rev. Josiah Swan, settled December 17, 1738, dismissed in the fall of 1746. Rev. Samuel Bird, settled August 31, 1747, dismissed in 1751. Serious divisions in the church occurred during his pastorate, which brought about his dismissal, and there was no settled minister for sixteen years thereafter. Rev. Joseph Kidder, settled March 17, 1767, continued in the pastorate until his death, September 6, 1818. Rev. Ebenezer P. Sperry, installed as the colleague of Mr. Kidder, November 3, 1813, dismissed April 4, 1819. After a lapse of nearly eight years, Rev. Handel G. Nott, who had for some time supplied the pulpit, was settled as pastor, November 8, 1826. During his ministry a permanent division in the church arose. It grew out of his views upon the subject of infant baptism, he having announced from the pulpit, in 1834, that he could no longer conscientiously administer the ordinance to infants. As a result of the division he was dismissed by council, October 7, of that year. His adherents, however, insisted that he continue preaching, which he did for some time, while the opposite party, though in a majority, and holding the church organization, withdrew, and, under the name of the First Congregational Church in Dunstable, occupied a hall in what was known as the "Greeley building," for purposes of worship. The remaining minority, left without organization, was organized by

council, October 26, 1835, as the First Congregational Church in Nashua Village, the name being subsequently changed to the Olive-street, and, later, to the Pilgrim, church.

January 1, 1835, Rev. Jonathan McGee was installed pastor of the First church, and dismissed June 8, 1842. Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, installed in October, 1842, was dismissed August 20, 1845. Rev. Samuel Lawson, installed April 8, 1846, was dismissed in April, 1848. Rev. Daniel March, settled January 3, 1849, was dismissed in January, 1855. Rev. George B. Jewett, settled in May, 1855, was permanently disabled by a railway accident, and dismissed in August, 1856. Rev. Charles J. Hill, settled January 27, 1857, was dismissed in April, 1864. Rev. Elias C. Hooker, settled September 13, 1865, was dismissed in August, 1868. Rev. Frederick C. Alvord, settled July 6, 1869, was dismissed in May, 1883. August 30, following, Rev. Cyrus Richardson, the present minister, was formally installed in the pastorate.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the first meeting-house in Dunstable was supplanted by another but more commodious log-structure at a point near the present state line, about the time of the organization of the church. This was occupied for many years, till it became unfit, and there was much dissension and controversy over it. In 1754, the town erected a new meeting-house near the same site, using part of the material of the old one in its construction. It was 28 x 40 feet in dimensions, with a small gallery, and arranged, like its predecessor, with seats for the women on one side and the men on the other. This served as the place of worship until 1812, when what was subsequently known as the "Old South" church was erected near the corner of the Lowell and Dunstable roads.

In 1825, the Nashua Manufacturing company, whose mills had been established at Nashua village, erected a church edifice on the site of what is now the Pilgrim church, and this becoming the centre of population, the church was here established, continuing until the division mentioned during the ministry of Mr. Nott, in 1834. In 1835, a new house of worship was completed by the First church, on Main street, which was dedicated August 17 of that year, and afterward became known as the "Old Chocolate."

This was occupied until its destruction by fire, April 16, 1870. May 18, 1871, the present Main-street structure, since occupied, was completed and dedicated on the same site. This structure, above the stores, which are not owned by the society, cost about \$44,000. Rev. J. G. Davis, D. D., of Amherst, preached the dedicatory sermon. After more than twenty-two years of great prosperity, the church has outgrown its worshipping place, and through the indefatigable efforts of its pastor, the large liberality of many of its members, the zeal and enterprise of others, and the ready aid of all, one of ample dimensions and every convenience of equipment is now about to be provided. The large and valuable lot upon which the new church has been erected was a gift to the society from Mrs. Isaac Spalding, a venerable "mother



CHURCH EDIFICE, 1871-1894.

in Israel," whose demise, December 8, 1893, within a few days of this writing, at the great age of ninety-seven years, although not unexpected, has brought sadness, even in the midst of prosperity and satisfaction. Its cost was not far from \$25,000. Dr. Edward Spalding contributes \$15,000 toward the cost of the church. The late Jeremiah W. White gave \$10,000, specifically for a memorial chapel, which is constructed within the edifice. The late Miss Mary P. Nutt devised the sum of \$5,000 to provide for the church the best obtainable chime of bells. It numbers fifteen



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NASHUA,—NEW EDIFICE.

bells, and was on exhibition at the recent World's fair in Chicago, where it won an award for excellence. Another valuable donation was that of Miss Mary W. Kendall, who gave a piece of land worth \$3,000, adjacent to the church lot on the north, for a lawn.

The plan of the edifice, whose architect is Mr. A. B. Cutting, of Worcester, Mass., who designed the State Library building in Concord, is unique, and a decided improvement upon ordinary church architecture. The tower is located between the chapel and the auditorium, instead of in one corner of the structure, as is generally the case, and rises to a height of 118 feet. In this will be located the chime of bells. The auditorium, including the gallery extending on three sides, has a seating capacity of about 1,000, the pulpit being located in one corner and the pews fronting it in semi-circular array. The chapel, with a seating capacity of 400, is at one side of the auditorium, with sliding doors between, so that when occasion requires, all can be thrown practically into one room. Off the corridor from the main entrance, at the corner of Concord and Lowell streets, is a reception room for wedding parties and other uses, while in the part of the structure containing the chapel is a larger one, which can be used as a cloak-room for large socials, or a meeting-place for smaller gatherings, also a reading-room; and in the rear of the chapel is a spacious ladies' parlor, also the pastor's study.

In the basement, well lighted and ventilated, are the kitchen and dining-room, the latter capable of seating about 300 people at table.

The auditorium is surmounted by a spacious dome, admitting a mellow light through stained windows, and has also beautiful rose windows on three sides. There is a complete system of ventilation, the air being wholly changed every ten minutes. Steam and hot-water heating, and gas and electric lights, will be utilized. The superstructure is of Marlborough granite, the contract for the same having been awarded to the Webb Granite & Construction Co., of Worcester, Mass., and the general appearance of the building, from any point of view, presents the features of elegance and solidity.

This magnificent edifice—whose total cost, including land and furnishings (among the latter being an organ now in process of

completion by Woodbury & Harris, of Boston, at an expense of from \$5,000 to \$6,000), will be not less than \$120,000—is one of which any society may well be proud, and which would be an ornament to any city in the land. Compared with the first rude church of logs, wherein the devout settlers met, surrounded by the wilderness and threatened by hostile Indians, it illustrates the progress of the two centuries, and more, of church existence no less forcibly than the increase in church membership from the original seven to the present five hundred, with its Sunday-school of three hundred scholars associated therewith.

Rev. Cyrus Richardson, D. D., now and for the last ten years pastor of the First Congregational Church in Nashua, son of Samuel and Hannah (Varnum) Richardson, was born at Dracut, Mass., March 30, 1840. He is of the eighth generation in direct descent from Ezekiel Richardson, who helped to organize the town of Woburn, Mass., and establish a church there, and because of this fact, it may be noted, he was chosen to address the Woburn church upon the celebration of its 250th anniversary in 1892. He received his preparatory education at the New Hampshire Conference seminary at Tilton, and graduated from Dartmouth college with the class of 1864. Immediately after graduation he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he taught Latin and Natural Sciences in a young ladies' seminary for two years, meanwhile himself pursuing special studies. Returning east in September, 1866, he entered Andover Theological seminary, completing the full course and graduating in July, 1869; September 30, following, he was ordained and installed pastor of the Congregational church in the town of Plymouth in this state, where he labored with substantial and satisfactory results until the summer of 1873, when he received and accepted a call to the First Congregational Church in Keene, over which he was installed July 10. Here he remained for ten years, endearing himself alike to the church, the society, and the community. June 1, 1883, he received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Nashua, which he decided to accept, and on July 29, following, he preached his farewell sermon to a large and sorrowful congregation in the Keene church. The pastors of the other churches in that city gave a supper to Mr. and

Mrs. Richardson on their departure, and adopted resolutions of regret at the separation.

It is unnecessary to say that his Nashua pastorate has been thus far one of great success. This is demonstrated by the rich and abundant fruits of his ministry. That it will be yet long continued there is ample reason for hope and belief.

In June, 1889, Dartmouth college, his alma mater, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, in fitting remembrance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his graduation, and in 1892 he was made one of the trustees of that institution. He has been for many years a trustee of the New Hampshire Home Missionary society, and for some years a member of its executive committee. In 1879 he was also elected a trustee of Kimball Union academy, at Meriden.

January 18, 1871, he was united in marriage with Miss Annie Dearborn, of Plymouth, a graduate of Mount Holyoke seminary, and for several years a teacher in that noted institution. They have six children—Walter Dearborn, born July 10, 1872; Annie Pearl, born April 27, 1874; Florence H., born June 6, 1875; Elizabeth G., born April 26, 1877; Margaret P., born December 4, 1879, and Philip, born February 25, 1884.

Dr. Richardson, although a native of Massachusetts, is essentially a New Hampshire man. Here he was educated; here he was married, and here his children have been born. Here have been all his pastoral settlements, and though promising opportunities have been offered in other states, he has chosen to remain in the old Granite state.

A prominent parishioner of Dr. Richardson and one of the best known citizens of Nashua, Hon. V. C. Gilman, says of him,—“His pulpit manners are dignified and becoming. His voice is full, clear, and musical. His enunciation is distinct and entirely free from affectation, and fixes the attention of the young as well as old. His discourses are marked with care in composition and research in preparation. His choice of subjects falls in the line of the practical, every-day religious life, and the language employed is plain and concise. There is no painful attempt to make the drapery of words more important than the ideas they clothe. His type of piety is genuine and true. His labors in Nashua have been eminently successful, not only among the people of his

own parish, but in the broader sense of the entire community where he is highly appreciated and honored. Among non-churchgoers no clergyman in the city has so many calls to attend funeral services and other benevolent and gratuitous service, and no one responds more freely and generously; at the same time he maintains a close and cordial relation to his own people, so that he performs most faithfully a vast amount of parish and public service. His warm paternal heart goes out in care and solicitude for the young beyond the large and interesting family beneath his own roof, and embraces all the children of the parish and public schools, our young men's associations, and all organizations that look to the fitting for the higher and nobler duties of life. The value of such a minister and teacher, so well equipped, cannot be weighed or measured, and happy is the church and the community where he has an abiding-place."

The Rev. F. D. Ayer, D. D., of Concord, who is intimately acquainted with Dr. Richardson, his character, and work, gives his estimate in the following language: "The Rev. Dr. Richardson possesses and exhibits some of the best results of the New England home, school, church—a sound body, mind, and heart, obedient to a controlled will. These have made his advance in his profession, and his growth of influence in all directions, steady and somewhat rapid. As a preacher he is devoted to his profession. His keen relish for his work, his loyalty to its highest obligations, his evident conviction that a man owes the best he has to his vocation, and that in it God is to aid him, combine to render his service faithful, untiring, and helpful. He is a strong preacher. His sermons are thoughtful, clear, definite in aim. The definiteness of object in view keeps the thought from wandering, and pushes it on naturally to the end of the sermon; and yet each subject is so held in its relation to other truths that the sermon is neither narrow nor isolated. His sermons are usually written, but he is not trammelled by his manuscript, and improves the inspiration of the delivery for extemporaneous utterances and fresh illustrations.

"In theology he occupies the middle ground, and is progressive without being radical, and conservative without being bigoted. Dr. Richardson has clear convictions upon religious and moral questions and methods, which he states decidedly, but yields to all

others the rights which he claims for himself. As a pastor, Dr. Richardson is faithful, industrious, discreet. He has common sense, and uses it in his relation to men. He enters into the feelings and necessities of each individual, and is helpful to all classes. As a citizen he identifies himself with all the interests of his people and of the community in which he lives, and easily takes a controlling part in all questions and methods of reform as a staunch friend of mankind. His good judgment, ready mind, and varied experience fit him for usefulness beyond the limits of his own city. He is a member of the different state organizations of the Congregational denomination, and deeply interested in every good work that may elevate and Christianize the whole people.

"It will be inferred that he wins a high place in the confidence and esteem of the people for whom he labors, and in all his pastorates has carried daily the affection of his people and proved himself 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'"

A KNIGHT AND A LADY.

BY HARLAN C. PEARSON.

Mother Grey sat in her old black kitchen-rocker, swaying gently to and fro as her bright needles darted in and out of the coarse blue knitting-work in her hands. The highly polished stove before her gleamed red through its isinglass windows, and made the very air about it dance with its radiant energy. Underneath lay George, last of a distinguished and almost innumerable feline succession. Stretched out fast asleep, he was enjoying the tropic temperature as only a cat can.

Behind the stove the yellow wood-box was piled high with clear white birch, its shreds of ribbon-like bark ready to snap like toy pistols in the heat of the fire. On the shelf above, a tall glass kerosene lamp joined with a funny tin match-box in bidding defiance to the long, deep darkness of the winter nights. The red pine table with its hinged sides was cleared of the dinner dishes now and moved back against the wall, setting off to aesthetic perfection the green brown of a huge dish of russet apples.

A cheap Connecticut clock overlooked the scene from a narrow shelf where it was flanked by a pin cushion and a photograph. Those Yankee clocks formed a midway point between the age of the hour-glass and the age of the repeater: but they have now so far "disappeared before the march of advancing civilization," that to speak of their peculiar individuality is like recalling a memory. Theirs was not the deep and stately "tick-tock" of those royal time-keepers whose melody Longfellow phrased; nor did they utter the sharp, business-like, unmusical "tick-tick-tick" of the modern nickel concerns. Their note was a dull, regular "tack-tack," perfectly symbolical of the hard-working, monotonous lives whose seconds, hours, and years they told with unfeeling sameness.

Mother Grey never thought of that, however, as she glanced at the familiar dial. "Quarter o' three and dark a'ready," said she. "Beats all how fast the days get short," as she turned toward the window.

All around the little house and down the steep hill lay deep banks of glistening white, broken here and there by the bare black of a fence post or an apple tree. Far away they stretched, to the river banks, where on clear days the blue smoke from the busy factories traced mystic outlines against a steely sky. To-day, however, the driving whirls of fast-falling snow cut off all view for more than a dozen rods.

"George," said his mistress earnestly, "if this snow do n't let up soon I can't get to meetin' to-morrow. And then I can't hear about Eva Moody's wedding, nor what Mis' Priest saw in Boston, nor whether the Peabody baby is alive or not. It does seem as though the Lord might give a poor old body like me clear Sundays, do n't it, George?"

Roused by the repetition of his name, George slid out of his heat bath, licked his handsome fur into position, and, from the window sill, joined his mistress in surveying the landscape. Into the range of their combined visions came just then the figure of a man, slowly making his way in the face of the storm.

"Now, who can that be?" wondered the old lady. "The minister would n't be out a day like this, and it's too early for the Chase boy to do the chores. Perhaps it's the postmaster with a letter from Jack. After waiting so long, like's not he put one of them special delivery stamps on." The faded blue eyes peered

anxiously at the approaching figure, but soon the flush of hope died out of the still delicate face. "Pshaw! It's only a tramp. Thicker 'n flies they were last summer, but you don't see much of 'em in winter. Gen'ral Marston thought his law would keep 'em out; but, land! all the legislatures that ever was couldn't keep some folks from being poor and shiftless."

"Give ye a bite to eat? Course I will, and a good fire to get warm by. Set up to the table. Here's some cold boiled dish and bread, a pitcher of cider, and some pie. When you get through with them, fill your pockets with apples."

The tramp was not a bad-looking fellow in spite of his begging. He was bearded and ragged, but clean. When he entered he removed his weather-beaten hat politely, and though he ate ravenously, it was with due regard for the use of knife and fork. At length, with a sigh of content, he reached for the gold brown pumpkin pie and glanced about the little room. His eyes fell upon the photograph by the clock. The steel fork clattered to the floor from his nerveless grasp, and beneath the beard and the tan the tramp was as pale as death.

"That picture! Where did you get it?" he gasped, turning to his hostess.

"That's my boy Jack," she answered simply, not noticing his excitement. "It's ten years now since he went west and five since I've got word from him. The last letter he wrote he sent that picture. He was doing fine then—owned a ranche, he called it, and a lot of cattle, he and his partner. That's his partner with him in the picture."

The tramp's face was working convulsively, and big tears lost themselves in rapid succession in his bushy beard. "Then you are Jack Grey's 'little mother,'" he said in a choked voice.

The old lady started forward. "Just what he used to call me!" she cried; "but who are you?"

"I was his partner. Wait, I'll tell you the whole story:

"Five years ago, as you say, Jack Grey and I owned as neat an outfit as there was on the strip. He was the brightest, bravest, cleanest fellow alive, and we stuck together like wax. My wife and baby made it cheerful and home-like at the ranche, and Jack kept saying how he was coming east and bring you back with him to live.

"One day the boys and I went down river to a big round-up. Jack stayed behind. When we rode back, three days later, the buildings were in ashes, and every head of cattle was gone. We knew in a minute what had happened. The cursed Indians, whom the government pampered on their reservation, had broken loose again, and this was part of their hellish work.

"We followed on their track, and within half a mile found my baby, my little Nell, her brains dashed out with a pistol butt. A little further on lay Jack's body, riddled with a hundred bullets. My wife they had not killed. Why, I knew too well, and the knowledge froze the blood in my veins.

"Almost a year later a drunken half-breed at Rosebud told me of the raid. I encouraged him to talk, but when he had told all I killed him. Then I smiled for the first time since that day.

"It seems a swarm of red-skins took the ranch by surprise, burned the buildings, stampeded the cattle, and carried off the pale faces prisoners. They soon silenced my little girl's cries in death. But Jack, by his enormous strength, burst the rawhide thongs that bound him, and threw the Indian behind whom he was riding to the ground.

"Snatching up his rifle he galloped right through the ranks of the red devils toward my wife. He did not intend to try to save her: that was impossible; but he would have played the part of an angel of mercy—and have killed her. It was in vain. The Indians saw his intent, and in a moment a dozen Minié balls were in his heart."

The old lady had listened to the terrible tale with straining eyes and pale, drawn cheeks. Now she sank back with a moan. "And so my boy Jack, my little Jack, is dead—dead—dead," she whispered almost to herself.

"Yes, mother," said the tramp tenderly; "but he died like a hero to save a woman from worse than death. God never made braver knight or truer friend."

Overcome by his emotion he buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. When he looked up again the little figure in the old rocking chair was very still, and a smile like the beauty of twilight rested upon the worn lips,

"Little mother" and her boy were at home together, again.



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S PEARLS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

For old New Hampshire's mountain chain
Two pearls are glitt'ring bright;
The "Smile of the Great Spirit," one,—
None richer gleams beneath the sun,
A poet to delight!

The other, "Granite Katrine" fair,
As ev'ry eye may see;
Pure as the blossom-scented air,
Its glory lauded ev'rywhere,—
Our own loved Sunapee!

East Lempster, N. H.



TOWN AND GOWN: A SKETCH OF EXETER.

BY GEORGE H. MOSES.

The historian may pass by Exeter with an easy conscience. An eminent citizen of the town—perhaps the last of her truly great men, who has just now come to need for himself a historian's service, after having stood in that place so often for others—has written down the town's two centuries and a half with fulness and accuracy. It is the passing chronicler who cannot reconcile it to himself to neglect the place; and the writer of this is a passing chronicler.

Yet the passing chronicler cannot afford to slight the Rev. John Wheelwright, that deposed minister of the Church of England, whose radical views were too pronounced for even radical Boston, and who suffered banishment at the same time with Ann Hutchinson and other Antinomians, she fleeing south to Rhode Island and he north to Exeter, where, in November, 1637, he arrived, after having made his way overland from the mouth of the Piscataqua.

Wheelwright's town was not founded until 1638, and he passed his first winter in New



Hampshire beneath the narrow, though hospitable, roof of Edward Hilton, who had quitted Dover and was settled on territory now embraced by South Newmarket. Wheelwright's first

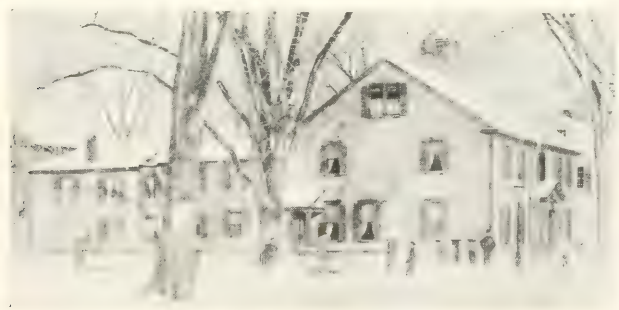
winter was a hard one, and from the fourth of November until the fifth of the next March the ground was hidden beneath three feet of snow. Within a month from the latter date the active Antinomian had bargained with the Indians for a tract of land, and in April, 1638, the papers were passed. There were two deeds from the aboriginal proprietors, similar except for the southern boundary, which was fixed by one instrument at the Merrimack

river and by the other three miles north of the river. The boundary of Massachusetts was even then in dispute it seems, and the cunning Wheelwright provided himself against emergencies by procuring deeds suitable to any decision of the mooted question.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN TOWN.

Wheelwright, like many another, sowed for another's reaping, for he was permitted to rule his new possession but a short time, and he fled before the extension of the Massachusetts Bay colony. Wells was his refuge, and while ministering to a church there his



THE JUDGE SMITH MANSION.

decree of banishment was revoked and he returned to Massachusetts territory as minister at Hampton. Wheelwright was a fellow-collegian of Oliver Cromwell, and visited England during the days of the Commonwealth.

It was after Wheelwright's death that the famous "Wheelwright

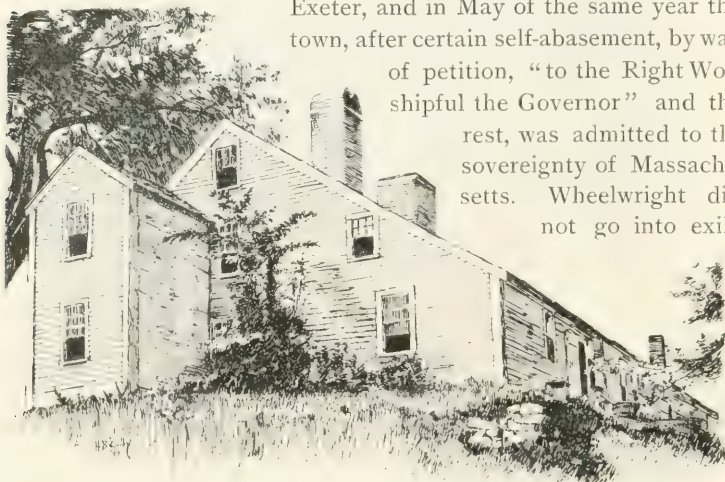
deed" appeared, purporting to be a treaty between Wheelwright and resident Indians, and drawn in May, 1629, nearly nine years before Wheelwright appeared at Edward Hilton's cabin. This document was produced during a trial, in 1707, involving a title to substantially all the land in New Hampshire. The deed then passed judicial scrutiny, and was admitted to be authentic. More than a hundred years later it was attacked and overthrown, though the Hon.

Charles H. Bell wrote a very plausible defence of the document—which he afterward recanted. The validity of this document in no way, however, enters into the question of present land ownership in Exeter, as Wheelwright did not depend upon it in making transfers. It was the spring of 1643 when Wheelwright fled from

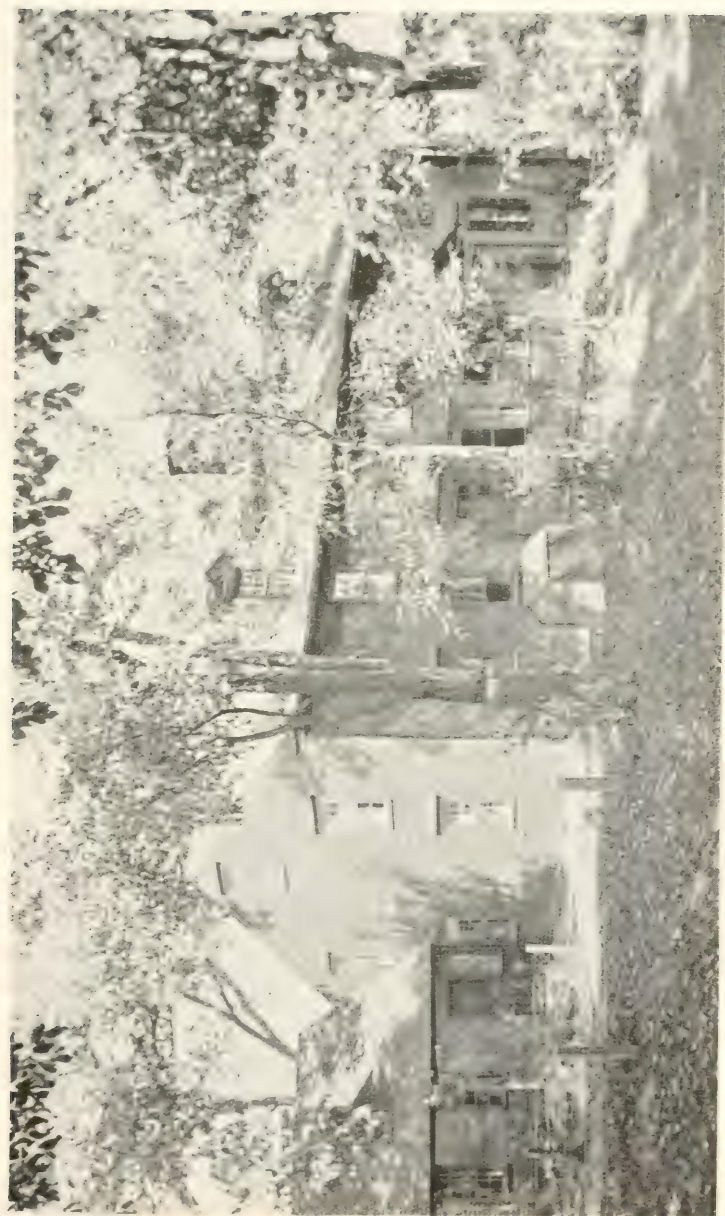
Exeter, and in May of the same year the town, after certain self-abasement, by way of petition, "to the Right Worshipful the Governor" and the rest, was admitted to the sovereignty of Massachusetts. Wheelwright did not go into exile



THE OLD POWDER-HOUSE.



THE PEAVEY HOUSE.—From a photograph by W. P. Tilton.



THE CHIMAN MANSION.



THE WASHINGTON INN.

the second time alone, and the departure of the founder and his friends was a heavy draft on the population. Religious differences arose, the town became poorer and poorer, and prayed the general court to remit the "rate and head money." At the same time the same body was called upon to determine the religious dispute. The latter demand was acceded to; but like the western



THE TREASURY ROOM, GILMAN MANSION.

judge, the court had to be cautious when it came to a matter of cold hard cash. The next four years were hard ones for Exeter. But soon two events occurred, naively remarks Governor Bell, to give renewed strength to the town. "The first was the set-



COUNTY RECORDS BUILDING.

until 1683, the passing chronicler is unable to speak. The Gilman mark, set so long ago, still remains. It is impossible, almost, to turn in Exeter to-day without seeing something with which a Gilman had to do. In this house one lived; here, another died; on this spot, one read the Declaration; in this room, another signed treasury notes; this tree was planted by a Gilman, this house another built. And so on, down to to-day, when among the most flourishing, and perhaps the

tlement in Exeter of Edward Gilman in 1647, and his relatives shortly after . . . The second was the engagement in 1650 of the Rev. Samuel Dudley as the minister of the town." As to the Rev. Mr. Dudley's influence, although he was in Exeter



most promising, of Exeter's industries is one conducted by a Gilman from the same stock as he who gave the town its first boom in 1647 by setting up a saw-mill.

From now on Exeter was like Mr. Spinney's turnip: It grew and it grew. In 1664 it was made the subject of legislative inquiry, as to whether it was for or against the Massachusetts gov-

ernment; in 1672 it called for a reckoning with its inhabitants; in 1679 it struck a balance sheet and found out that it owed nearly £78. This account was due to one Gilman, and was vouched for by another; in 1669, a military company was formed with "about sixty soldiers," and a Gilman was made lieutenant. In 1680 the town, then numbering some three hundred souls, came under the jurisdiction of the ready-made Province of New Hampshire, and an Exeter man was appointed one of the first royal councillors. His name was Gilman.



PROF. G. A. WENTWORTH.

In the revolt against Cranfield, the royal governor who dissolved the assembly, suspended the councillors, and levied taxes himself and sent his provost marshal to collect them,—in a hair-brained revolt against this ruler Exeter took part, and afterward resisted the officers sent to collect the levy. "A red-hot spit and scalding water" were ready for the marshal, said the towns-people, and the official returned home with his purse as empty of money as when he came into town from Hampton, with his sword at his side and a crowd of Hampton men at his heels.

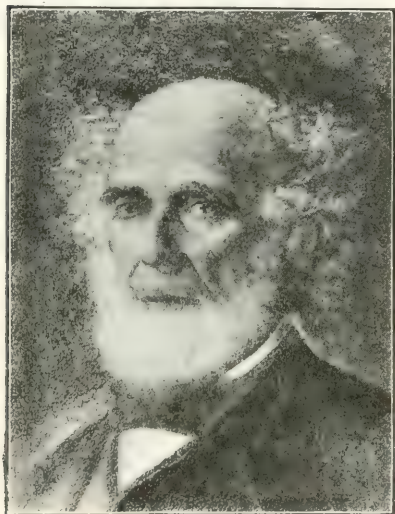
Exeter was a frontier town, and naturally suffered during the Indian and French wars. In September, 1675, the first incursion of the savages occurred, and from then until August, 1723, when the last Indian raid on Exeter territory took place, there were frequent massacres and ambushes. There was never a general attack upon the town, which was provided with two garrison houses—one of which is still standing, the other was situated on the Plains—although, more by good luck than good wit, an onslaught of this kind was narrowly averted in 1697. In June of that year some women and children had gone into the woods to pick strawberries, and as they were a long time absent a gun was



PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY FACULTY.

fired at the blockhouse to frighten them and make them more cautious in the future. This brought together a body of armed men, gathered under supposition that the enemy was near. And the enemy was near as it proved, for at the time a body of French and Indians were then lying in ambush in another part of the town, intending to make an assault the next day. They were frightened away by the alarm, but before leaving, they killed one person, wounded another, and made captive a third.

Life in Exeter two hundred years ago was no holiday affair, and the rolls of each of the wars of the period bear the names of many of the town's people who were found in the rank or in command.



DR. G. L. SOULE.

In the Louisburg expedition, an Exeter man went as major of the New Hampshire regiment. He was a Gilman, and another of the same name served as surgeon. In all there were some forty Exeter men, and Major Gilman won especial renown by an ingenious device for transporting artillery over the swamps. The Gilmans built the first saw-mill in Exeter, and the major was accustomed to draw masts over boggy ground upon sleds; he advised carrying the guns similarly, and the plan was successfully adopted. The other Gilman was wounded near Louisburg, and returned home. This same Major Gilman afterward appeared as a man of war, and was among the troops surrendered to Montcalm at Fort William Henry, in 1757. Major Gilman was handsomely equipped for this expedition, if we may judge from his "Inventory of cloaths, &c., Taken by the Indians," which he filed with the legislature, and for which he prayed reimbursement, which was granted in the sum of more than £330.

From this inventory it appears that an officer taking the field in

those days carried with him a two-volume Bible, a wig, glass and wooden bottles, gold-laced hats, coats, waistcoats, jackets, great-coats, gowns, sermon book, ivory book, and dozens of other articles which the modern soldier never would dream of having.

All these wars and Exeter's part in them had a beneficial effect on the military organizations, and after the French wars more attention was paid to martial niceties. Governor John Wentworth was particularly attentive to the soldiery, and in 1769 he caused



SOULE HALL, PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

a battalion to be formed at Exeter, called the Cadets, which was very brilliantly uniformed and equipped by the governor, who visited them occasionally, and was evidently very proud of them; though they repaid his courtesies by taking the royal governor's weapons and marching away to Cambridge as soon as they heard of the affair at Lexington. John Phillips, founder of the Phillips Exeter academy, was colonel of the corps.

This was neither Exeter's first nor only contribution to the

Revolution. The struggle for liberty in New Hampshire began in New Hampshire in December, 1774, when an armed raid was made upon Fort William and Mary at Newcastle. In this escapade were concerned a number of Exeter men, and from the lips of Gideon Lamson, an Exeter participant, this account of the raid is taken :

"A private scheme was laid by a few, the last of November, to get the powder and cannon from Fort William and Mary. General Sullivan, Colonel Langdon, and Major Gaines and a few that could be trusted in Portsmouth, went down the river in boats in the night, and were to be supported early in the morning from Exeter. General Folsom, Colonel Nicholas Gilman, and Dr. John Giddinge, with about twenty-five, who carried their arms, set off in the night agreed on. We rode into Portsmouth after daybreak, and stopped at Major Stoodley's inn; no appearance of the design; nothing was said about Sullivan's party. We had coffee about sunrise. Major Stoodley looked queer on such guests, with guns and bayonets. Colonel Hackett, with fifty or sixty foot, soon after eight o'clock, stopped at the hay-market, and waited for information from General Folsom. The inhabitants, on Hackett's arrival, looked on with wonder. Little was said in answer to inquiries. At nine, Colonel Langdon came to Stoodley's and acquainted General Folsom and company with the success of the enterprise,—that General Sullivan was then passing up the river with the loaded boats of powder and cannon. The guard at the fort was small; no resistance was made. General Wentworth knew nothing of the affair till it was too late. The narrator was the youngest person in the company of horse, and the only survivor of the party."

This participation in the first act of armed resistance in America to royal authority, was not the first act of sedition in Exeter. In January, 1774, the town had resolved that, "We are ready on all necessary occasions to risk our lives and fortunes in defence of our rights and liberties;" and two British ministers, Lords North and Bute, were burned in effigy before the jail.

The powder taken by Mr. Lamson and his associates was at once removed beyond the reach of recovery by the British, and according to rumor, it was hidden beneath Parson Adams's meet-



PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY—PAST AND PRESENT.

ing-house in Durham. It is more likely, however, that it was distributed around through the loyal towns in small quantities. Perhaps some of it was stored in the old powder-house, on the point, at Exeter, which had been built in 1771 and which still stands unchanged.

The outbreak of the Revolution brought the Gilman family to the front again. One of them, Colonel Nicholas, was in the Fort William and Mary expedition. He afterward became known as "Treasurer" Gilman, for he was the financier of New Hampshire during the Revolution. He was then living in the Gilman mansion, which had been built in 1721 by Nathaniel Ladd and afterward, in 1747, sold to Nicholas Gilman's father, who gave it to his son.



ROBINSON FEMALE SEMINARY.¹

This house is still standing, and a beautiful house it is. To-day it is scarcely different from what it was when built, or rather when remodelled in 1775. The original house was built of brick, but it was afterward covered with wood to correspond with a portion added in 1775. The interior of the house is scarcely altered. The wooden panelled partitions stand now as they did when they harkened with discreet ears to Colonel Nicholas Gilman's instructions to his son. At the left of the main entrance is the

¹ From a photograph by W. P. Tilton.

"treasury room." Colonel Nicholas was treasurer of the colony, and this room was his office—the capital having been, in 1775, removed to Exeter from Portsmouth, there being too many Tories at Portsmouth, while Exeter was almost wholly Revolutionary. From this room was issued all of New Hampshire's colonial currency, and many a son, did the valiant office, armed, expect- But no attack was ever assaulted the walls of the ease with which they blows is sufficient evidence that they would ily to Tory assault.

The first Provincial ter, July 21, 1774, and held in the town in the



PROF. GEO. N. CROSS.

night, according to his treasurer sit in his ing a British attack. made. Time has as- old house, and the have shaken off its dence that they would ily to Tory assault. congress met in Exe- several sessions were next year, alternating



ROBINSON FEMALE SEMINARY—INTERIORS.

with the committee of safety, so that one body or the other was sitting all the time. The last of these Provincial congresses assembled December 21, 1775, and "took up government" by resolving itself into a house of representatives and by adopting,

January 5, 1776, a written constitution, the first of any of the United States, and New Hampshire became an independent colony.

It was seven months after this that the Declaration of Independence reached Exeter, and on July 18, 1776, a courier, bearing the document, rode into town. The committee of safety was then in session, and it was decided to read the Declaration to the people. The honor of reading the document fell to a Gilman, John Taylor by name, a son of the "Treasurer," and himself afterward a member of congress and governor of the state for fourteen years. Before this Exeter was already in the very thick of the Revolution. It was April 19, 1775, that the town learned of the Concord fight. The leaders of the town were in Dover, but no matter. The bustle of warlike preparations filled the streets. The summons for volunteers reached the town at daybreak next day, but by 9 o'clock, by the nearest route, through Haverhill, one hundred and eighty men were on the march for Cambridge, where they arrived on the afternoon of the second day and were quartered in one of the college buildings. It was an Exeter man's comment, that the college floor was as hard as any!



UNTER DEN LINDEN. [LINDEN STREET.]¹

Exeter was now the centre of the state's activity,—civil, legislative, military. In the First church the legislature or committee of safety sat in almost continuous session. The town ran riot with

¹ From a photograph by W. P. Tilton.

patriotism, and in all the village there was but one downright Tory. And he, the town printer, was afterward imprisoned for counterfeiting the provincial currency. He escaped, however, and fled within the British lines.



THE MARSTON BOULDER.

After the close of the war the capital still remained at Exeter, and thither, in 1786, came the insurgents from the western towns of the county, who sought to dragoon the legislature into a fresh issue of paper currency. The general court was sitting in the First church and the superior court was in session in the town-house, just across the street. The insurgents, who numbered some two hundred and who were half of them armed and half of them mounted, surrounded the town-house by mistake. Chief Justice Samuel Livermore was holding court at the time, and so far from being overawed he went on with the cause and ordered everybody not to look out of the windows.

By the time the clamorers perceived their mistake and attempted to surround the proper building, the citizens had gathered in numbers, and it was some time before they could reach the church. They finally did so, however, and stationed their sentries at the doors. They then announced their purpose to compel the legislature to issue more bills of credit. Some of the representa

tives attempted to escape, but they were driven back. The governor, General John Sullivan, appeared at the entrance of the building and listened to the demands of the assembly. He was a brave man, a Revolutionary soldier, and an Indian fighter. He replied that he would not be alarmed, for he had smelled powder before. "You ask for justice," he concluded, "and justice you shall have."



THE SHOE FACTORY.¹

At nightfall the legislators were still captive, and a trick was planned by Colonel Nicholas Gilman which secured their release. A high fence prevented the besiegers from seeing what went on outside the churchyard, and in the dusk Colonel Gilman collected a body of men who, while a drum was briskly beaten, approached the church with military step. "Hurrah," cried this astute Gilman, "here comes Hackett's artillery!" The crowd took up the cry, and the rebels sought safety in flight. They camped that night on the Kingston road, where they were captured the next morning by a company of two thousand volunteers, who had enrolled themselves under Colonel Gilman, and who marched against the insurgents under command of General Sullivan.

Exeter missed the honor of being the town where the constitution of the United States was made operative, by reason of the ninth and last requisite ratification. The convention which recorded New Hampshire's assent to the document met in

¹ From a photograph by W. P. Tilton.

adjourned session at Concord, in June, 1788, having deliberated for ten days at Exeter in the February preceding.

With the removal of the capital to Concord, Exeter did not at once lose its commanding influence in the state. During the Revolution and the years immediately following, its influence was entirely disproportionate to its size, for in 1775, when the first census was taken, the town numbered only 1,741 souls. Yet this little village was more influential in the Revolution, and around it centers more of interest touching the struggle for liberty, than any other town in the state.

Leaving the Revolution with its wealth of interest, the passing chronicler has nothing to do with consecutive history. Exeter is now a community of memories, living, despite its activities, in and on its past. It is impossible to walk its streets without feeling this, especially as one falls upon landmarks or treads on historic ground.

Not that the town decayed or lost its influence after the capital was removed: a running glance disproves such an idea. A town that nurtured a George Sullivan, that welcomed an Amos Tuck, that elevated a Gilman Marston,

that honored a Charles H. Bell—such a town could never be deemed fruitless. But these are gone. Others are coming; yes, but the memories of the past outweigh the claims of the present.

The Exeter of to-day is vastly unlike that Exeter which His Majesty's commissioner, Samuel Maverick, described in a brief paragraph of his report to Charles II, about 1660. Maverick's meagre words run thus:



KATY'S LANE.

EXETER. Above this (the saw-mill on Lamperell creek), at the fall of the river Pascataqua, is the town of Exeter, where are more saw-mills; down the south side of this river are farms and other straggling families.

A king's commissioner visiting Exeter to-day would find the falls, to be sure, as Samuel Maverick did. But he would find beside them a cotton-mill rising a second time from its ashes. To the west, skirting the village in my day—and that not so long ago—but now running through the centre of a large community, is the railroad with its handsome and modern stone station.



THE NEW EXETER.¹

Around this later power has grown up the new Exeter, just as the old Exeter spread out from the falls of the Squamscot. Within a stone's throw of the station cluster all the industries of the town—the pottery, the shoe shop, the machine shops, the rubber step factory—they are all here, and from them the town is moving westward. Indeed, gazing down upon the new Exeter it requires no great imaginative power to believe one's self in some prairie town.

A name or a history confronts the Rambler in Exeter's streets at every turn. The visitor to the town may sit upon the piazza of his hotel, and opposite may see the First church, where the legislature met, where Washington's eulogy was pronounced,

¹ From a photograph by W. P. Tilton.



TOWN HALL.

whence the Declaration was read, and where Whitefield was to have preached his last sermon, but the house was too small. A minute's walk up the street, however, will bring the curious rover to the stone which marks the delivery of Whitefield's last sermon, although the real location is just beyond.

From the piazza of the Squamscot, too, one may see the house where Washington breakfasted and where Lafayette was entertained. This house not long ago contained a curiosity shop, where old china, old furniture, and old books were sold by an old man whose dearest possession was Blennerhasset's clock, and whose choicest memory was that through this door, out of that window, and in the other room, the Father of his Country entered, peered out, and ate his breakfast.

On the other hand the gaze will take in the house where John Taylor Gilman lived and died, and across the street from that may be seen the Methodist church, an edifice built first by the Universalists, to whom the Hon. John L. Stevens, lately become famous as United States minister to Hawaii, preached for a while when a young man.

And farther down on the same side appears the house built by Judge Jeremiah Smith, who was also governor and congressman, which reached its present site only after some miles of travel, having been originally built on the Plains, in the northwestern part of the town.

To the right, again, from the hotel is the new county records building, and cheek by jowl with that is the homestead of Dr.

William Perry, who for seventy-three years practised medicine in Exeter, and who was adventurous enough when an undergraduate to take a trip down the Hudson in Fulton's first steamboat. And just around the corner stands the residence of Gen. Gilman Marston.



THE NEWS-LETTER BUILDING.

Nearly opposite from this, and side by side, rise the two court-houses, the old and the new, the new as yet unfinished, the old serving also as the town-hall, and surmounted with a statue of justice, which has masqueraded many a time to suit a student's whim. And, again, to the left from the hotel may be caught a glimpse of the public library, the Baptist church, the Second church, and the academy clock tower over all. To make complete this circle of interest, reflect that where the visitor stands is the site of the old court-house where Webster and Jeremiah Mason swayed juries and impressed judges.

The oldest house in town does not show its age. It has held its own along with the family that built it. John Gilman built it in 1658, and his house was his castle and his neighbor's, too, for it was used as a garrison-house. It is built of logs, now concealed, was provided with loop-holes, and stairs that could be drawn up in case of danger. In this house Daniel Webster lived when he was a student in the academy, and here Governor John Wentworth was often entertained.

Modern Exeter jostles the Exeter of yesterday. Across the

street from one of the stateliest of this generation of houses is the hospitable roof beneath which Whitefield dined ; and next the towers of a mansion of to-day stands a row of the primmest of the houses built when three stories and landscape paper were the acme of luxury. And next the bow-windows of modern architecture stands the be-pillared front that tells of a generation that followed the sea, perhaps, and retired rich fourscore of years ago.

And the old tavern on the Newmarket road frowns to-day on bicyclers where it once smiled on stage-coaches. Gambrel roofs compete with Queen Anne, hip roof with mansard : weather-beaten clapboards vie with creosote stain, and the horse-block rivals the porte-cochère. The extremes of two hundred and fifty years are here.

Exeter bristles with names. Not alone of Revolutionary fame and before that, but of that other war—for the Union—when New Hampshire's bravest soldier went out from Exeter, and when almost the first voice for freedom was heard in Exeter from Amos Tuck, who called here, in 1845, a conference which led to the formation of the Free Soil party in New Hampshire, and to the election of John P. Hale to the United States senate. And to-day there is the present attorney-general



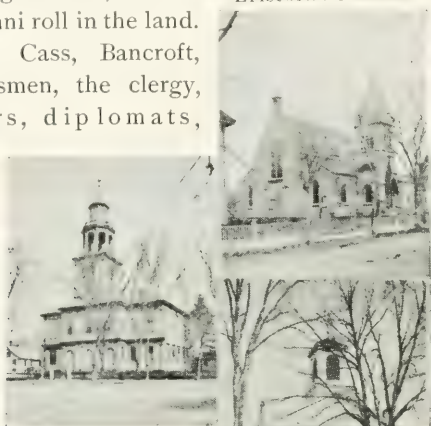
EX-GOV. CHARLES H. BELL.

of the state, an Exeter man, following forty years after another distinguished fellow-townsmen, who held the same place. And John D. Lyman, formerly secretary of state and now a member of the state senate. And recently deceased are the two Bells, John J. and Charles H., each the son of a governor and one of them a governor himself.

For one hundred and ten years Exeter has had one source of strength and influence and renown which neither the removal of

the capital nor the death of great men could destroy. This is the Phillips Exeter academy, founded, with the largest endowment then known, by Col. John Phillips, a merchant who turned trader and married rich. This school, perhaps the greatest American fitting school, boasts the most distinguished alumni roll in the land. On it appear Webster, Cass, Bancroft, Congressmen, the clergy, ministers, diplomats, the most distinguished. On it appear Webster, Hale—governors, Congressmen, the law, cabinet ministers, teachers, scientists.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



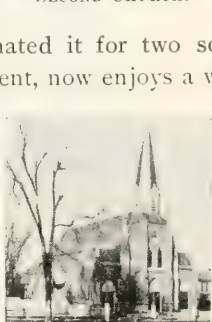
FIRST CHURCH.

Men of every station boys and were here was early shaped to—principals ruled it for professors have dominated it for two scores of years. One of these latter, in retirement, now enjoys a well-earned competency :

BAPTIST CHURCH.

in life came here as made men. The school ward great ends. Two a century, and two

SECOND CHURCH.



METHODIST CHURCH.



CATHOLIC CHURCH.



UNITARIAN CHURCH.

the other still keeps alive the old traditions of the school, and presides over the Greek department amid the awe, the respect, and the love of every boy who ever came into his class-room.

This school demands a history of its own; and that, too, has been written: and the hand that penned it is the same that wrote so accurately and so voluminously of the town.

Besides the academy there is also in Exeter a school for girls, almost as famous. This, the Robinson Female seminary, was lavishly endowed some thirty years ago by a native Exonian, who had amassed a fortune in the South and bequeathed it to his native town to found a girls' school. Upon this foundation sprang up the seminary, now in charge of Prof. George N. Cross, and numbering over two hundred students. This institution is beautifully housed and excellently cared for. It is progressive beyond schools of like nature, and its curriculum is most expansive.



Religiously, Exeter dozen churches. Orthodox churches, and there are also Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, Episcopal, and Catholic edifices. In passing, it is worth noting that the Rev. Dr. F. D. (now Bishop) Huntington conducted the first Episcopal services in Exeter.



numbers some half doxy is represented by



The town's public schools are excellent. Teachers in Exeter have a long tenure, as a grammar school master now retiring has seen fifty years of service, more than thirty of it in Exeter: and the high school principal has served twenty years or such a matter.

Exeter has been unfortunate in its banks. The old Exeter bank was robbed, another was an embezzler's prey, and another is now in a receiver's hands. There are still, however, two savings banks in the town, each in prosperous condition.

The press of Exeter has always occupied a commanding position. This is as true now as ever. The *News-Letter*, founded in 1831, and now conducted by Mr. John Templeton, assisted by Mr. C. E. Atwood, has just moved into a new building, where it is housed as a deserving newspaper should be. The other publication in the town, The *Gazette*, is edited and published by Mr. J. C. A. Wingate, a member of a journalistic family of much skill.

Once Exeter was a great town for trade. In the winter sleighs came from Vermont, some bringing country produce and bartering for hardware and other imported goods. It was also a ship-building town once, and not so very long ago was used as a launching-place by inland shipbuilders, who laid their keels in the woods and drew the completed hull over the snowy roads to Exeter and launched there.

Its glory is departed now, say some of its citizens. But is it so? The church no longer contains legislative assemblies, the Gilmans no longer defy royal governors, the powder-house no longer holds patriots' ammunition, Daniel Webster is not now at the academy, Amos Tuck's sagacious tongue is still, a rough boulder marks Gilman Marston's grave—but is their glory gone? Ah, no; their glory grows from day to day. Their deeds gain in interest with each repetition; their fame increases with added days, and with them the town's fame and glory bud and bloom, filling the very air with their aroma.

THE PORTSMOUTH—AN HISTORIC SHIP.

BY ENSIGN LLOYD H. CHANDLER, U. S. N.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has been the birthplace of many beautiful and famous war vessels, but while other ships built there have become more famous, none have done more constant and satisfactory service than the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, the second of that name built at that place. The first *Portsmouth* does not seem to have made any name for herself, and her history is imperfectly known, but the second, the subject of this sketch, has

been more fortunate. Her keel was laid at the Portsmouth navy yard early in 1843, and she was completed and launched later in the same year, Naval Constructor Josiah Barker having charge of the work. She was modelled on the lines of the *America*, a vessel that had won great fame as a privateer in the War of 1812-'14, and was what is known as a "sloop-of-war"—that is, she carried all her guns on her upper, open deck, and had but one covered deck, the "berth deck," to afford living space for her crew. She had, of course, the raised "forecastle" and "poop" at the bow



U. S. S. PORTSMOUTH. (Under all plain sail except flying jib.)

and stern respectively, while the open deck between, on which the guns were carried, was known as the "spar deck." The original cost of the *Portsmouth*, was \$170,586, and she measured 152 feet in length, 38 feet in beam, and was of 1,125 tons displacement, with an extreme draft of 17.5 feet. Her complement of officers and men was two hundred and ten, and she carried provisions to supply a crew of this size for six months. She was rated on the navy list as being of twenty guns, but she really carried twenty-two, four eight-inch and eighteen thirty-two-pounders, all smooth bore muz-

zle-loaders, at that date a very heavy battery for a ship of the size.

In her day the *Portsmouth* was considered to be one of the "crack" vessels of the navy, and no evidence is needed as to her splendid qualities beyond a report made in 1848 by her commanding officer, Commander W. H. Armstrong. This officer speaks of her as being "excellent, whether sailing, steering, working, scudding, lying to, or riding at anchor in a seaway. Sailed over 63,000 miles this cruise. Was 496 days at sea, averaging 128 miles a day. Sometimes got sternboard in stays, which was attributed to her carrying the same canvas on her fore- as on her main-mast. With this single exception she possesses the finest qualities of any ship I ever sailed in; rolls as easy as a cradle, and stands up under her canvas like a church; sails very fast, and could dispense with fifteen tons of ballast." According to the same report the ship had sailed 11.6 knots an hour on the wind, and 14 knots when running free. Thus we see that she made a name for herself among naval officers early in her career, and this good name she has since steadily held.

The *Portsmouth* sailed from her birthplace on her first cruise in December, 1843, under the command of Commander John B. Montgomery, and touched first at Norfolk, Va., after which she proceeded to the Pacific. In 1845 she was in California, which then belonged to Mexico, and in the latter part of that year she cruised to the southward, touching at Mazatlan and Guaymas. In the spring of 1846 she returned to California and anchored in San Francisco bay, or, as it was then known, Yerba Buena bay. The Pacific Station was at this time under the command of Commodore Sloat, who was cruising off the coast in the *Savannah*, and an officer in the United States army, Captain (afterwards General) John C. Frémont, was in the interior of the country with an armed force, engaged in what was supposed to be a peaceful surveying expedition in the territory of a friendly nation. The seat of government of California was at this period at Monterey in the south, and alarming reports had been received there concerning a quarrel between Frémont and the Mexican general, Castro, in command in the north. The *Portsmouth* was accordingly sent to San Francisco to investigate, and Commander

Montgomery seems to have been fully under the impression that Frémont's purpose was entirely peaceful, which view, in the light of papers now extant, seems to have been a mistaken one. However, the ship remained at San Francisco, and acted as a base of supplies for Frémont, Montgomery meanwhile endeavoring to keep to the rôle of a neutral, a very difficult and delicate task in view of the hostile acts which Frémont committed and countenanced while pretending to preserve a friendly attitude. Montgomery's tedious period of waiting was terminated, however, when he received orders from Commodore Sloat to take possession of San Francisco and the surrounding country in the name of the United States. This he did, hoisting the American flag on shore in San Francisco on July 9, 1846, two days after the seizure of Monterey by Sloat.

After this the *Portsmouth* remained on the California coast until September, 1847, when she went into the Gulf of California in company with the *Congress*, the two ships being under the command of Captain Lavalette of the latter ship, he being senior in rank to Commander Montgomery. After capturing a number of prizes, the two ships, in October, 1847, made an attack on Guaymas, near the head of the gulf. This place was well fortified, but Lavalette took his two ships within fair range of the batteries, and also planted two pieces of heavy artillery on a couple of small islands which happened to be favorably located. After a bombardment lasting three quarters of an hour a white flag was hoisted ashore, and it was found that the town had been evacuated by the Mexican troops and abandoned by the inhabitants. Captain Lavalette caused the fortifications to be blown up, and landed his men to meet an attack threatened by General Campujano, who was reported to be marching upon the place with a considerable force, including artillery and lancers. Campujano's men began to desert, however, and he gave up the attack. The *Congress* then left the *Portsmouth* to look out for the Gulf of California and returned to the Pacific, the *Portsmouth* remaining at Guaymas until she was relieved by the *Dale* in November, when she rejoined the main squadron. This was the end of important operations in the Pacific during the Mexican war.

The next interesting and important service in which the *Ports-*

mouth was engaged was the action at the barrier forts at Canton, China. On May 4, 1856, she sailed from Norfolk, Va., for Batavia, under the command of Commander A. H. Foote, who afterwards made himself famous on the Mississippi river during the Civil war. She made the run from Norfolk to Batavia in the



A. H. Foote

remarkably short time of ninety-five days, and then went to Hong Kong, where she remained several months, after which she proceeded to Canton, and took the principal part in what Cooper, in his "Naval History," calls "one of the most gallant actions in the history of the American navy." This was the destruction of the Canton barrier forts by a portion of the fleet then under the command of Flag Officer James Armstrong. There had been difficulty

between the officials of Canton and the English in that vicinity in the fall of 1856, and a part of the British fleet was at that time at anchor near the city. Commander Foote feared injury to the American interests in the city, and accordingly anchored the *Portsmouth* a short distance below the city, near the island of Whampoa. Soon afterwards he established an armed neutrality, landing armed forces from the *Portsmouth* and the *Levant*, which ship was also present under the command of Commander William Smith. In November the British attacked the palace of the governor, and several American residents joined in the attack, planting the American flag on the captured palace alongside the British ensign. Foote issued a proclamation disavowing this proceeding as being a breach of neutrality, and it was determined to withdraw our troops and place the *Levant* near the city, where she would be in a position to render aid to the Americans on shore in case of necessity. Before this could be accomplished, and while Foote was returning to his ship in an unarmed boat flying the American colors, he was fired upon by the forts with solid shot, grape, and canister, and was compelled to return to Whampoa. On the next day Armstrong hoisted his

flag on the *Portsmouth*, and with the *Levant* in company proceeded to avenge the insult to the flag by attacking the forts. The men belonging to the ships who were on shore, were replaced by men from the frigate *San Jacinto*, which drew too much water to be able to take part in the fight. The *Levant* ran aground on the way, but the *Portsmouth* proceeded alone, under a sharp fire, until she was within 500 yards of the nearest fort, when she opened fire and kept it up so effectually for three hours that the enemy ceased his fire. The *Portsmouth* was struck nineteen times, but not a man was wounded. After considerable unsatisfactory negotiation with Governor Yeh of Canton, Foote was ordered to renew the attack, Armstrong himself being too sick to take part. On the morning of November 20, the *Portsmouth* and *Levant* opened a fire which they kept up for an hour, when 280 men were landed in boats under a brisk fire from the forts. The nearest fort was assaulted and taken, with an estimated loss to the enemy of over 300 men. The Chinese endeavored to recapture the fort with a force of over 5,000 men, but the attempt was a failure. On the next morning the second fort was taken in a similar way, the attacking force losing three men and having two wounded. In the afternoon of the same day a small fort on an island in the middle of the river was stormed and carried.

On the morning of the 22d, at daylight, the most difficult undertaking of all was carried out. The boats were massed behind an island, and then proceeded to the attack of the fourth fort, which had been reinforced by a large body of troops. The boats crossed the river under a heavy fire of great guns and musketry, and a rapid assault gave the enemy's last stronghold into the possession of the assailants.

Cooper says of this action,—“All these forts were constructed by European engineers, with granite walls seven feet in thickness, and mounted 168 guns of large and small calibre. Though defended by 5,000 men, they were taken by two ships and a force of 280 officers and men, the *Portsmouth* alone, in the first day's attack, silencing them all, and breaching the walls sufficiently to allow the storming party to enter without difficulty. Their capture settled the difficulty with the Chinese, led to the formation of a treaty of amity and commerce, and has caused the American

name to be respected by that people." The battery of the *Portsmouth* at this time consisted of sixteen eight-inch, Dahlgren, smooth bore, muzzle-loading guns, which type of gun was here given its first test in actual warfare.

After this action the *Portsmouth* cruised in Asiatic waters, and on May 21, 1857, she was at Bangkok, the capitol of Siam, whither she had gone to carry Dr. Bradley, the bearer of a treaty to the king of that country. This was the first treaty between this country and Siam, and the *Portsmouth* was the first American vessel to visit Bangkok. The officers were entertained royally by the king, and they entertained him on board the ship in return. In August the ship discovered some hitherto unknown reefs in the open sea, and these have since been known as the Portsmouth breakers. On March 5, 1858, she sailed from Angier for home, and stopped at Saint Helena on the way, reaching Portsmouth harbor on June 13, 1858, after a cruise of over 49,000 miles.

The next duty of importance that fell to the *Portsmouth* was during the Civil war, at the breaking out of which she was cruising off the coast of Africa in company with the *Constellation*. They were both ordered to Portsmouth navy yard and, after refitting, the *Portsmouth* was ordered to duty in the West Gulf Squadron, then commanded by Flag Officer David G. Farragut. She reached her station, and took part in the passage of the forts below New Orleans. In that fight, according to the official report of her commanding officer, Commander Swartwout, the *Portsmouth* is described as being anchored below Fort Jackson in such a manner as to get an enfilading fire upon the fort, in hopes of thus detracting from the enemy's efforts against the main squadron. The ship had scarcely opened fire, however, when it was found that she was within 500 yards of a well masked water-battery, which kept up such a hot fire upon her that she was unable to pay much attention to Fort Jackson. Soon her "spring," or hawser necessary to swing her against the current so that her guns could be brought to bear, was shot away, and Commander Swartwout was compelled to slip his cable and drop down stream with the current, out of range.

After the surrender of New Orleans the *Portsmouth* remained at the city in company with the *Pensacola* and a gunboat to assist

General Butler in maintaining order, while the rest of the fleet proceeded up the river.

The history of the *Portsmouth* since the war has been one of great usefulness but of little note. In November 1877, she sailed from San Francisco for Chesapeake bay, and made the run in 111 days, a remarkably quick passage. In 1878 she went to Havre, France, with a load of exhibits for the Paris exposition, and on her return home was refitted at Norfolk, Va., and was then turned over to the Training Squadron as a school-ship for apprentices. She has remained on this duty up to the present time, having been fitted with a spar deck to cover in the guns and thus give more berthing space to accommodate her largely increased crew. She has also been fitted with double topsail yards, as shown in the photograph at the beginning of this sketch.

Thus this noble ship, after having outlived her usefulness as a fighting machine, still continues to render important service by training the boys of our country who wish to become sailors, so that they may step on board our new steel vessels with some knowledge of the duties they will be called upon to perform, and of the routine and discipline without which no navy could exist. It seems eminently right that a career of long and honorable service should close in this way, and that this splendid product of New Hampshire forests and New Hampshire men should render service to her country to the bitter end.

DEVOTION.

BY HARRY B. METCALF.

There are no words that e'en in sweetest song
 Can bear to thee the tributes of my heart
 That eagerly unto my dumb lips throng
 But cannot pass beyond, so beautiful thou art!
 And so when God seems nearest, and on high
 Has set the kind star-tokens of his care,
 I thank Him for His love, and silently
 Pay thee the tribute of my soul, its purest prayer.

THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A Domestic Story of the Forties.

BY JONAS LIE.

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

NOTE.—Jonas Lie is one of the best known of the living Norwegian authors. He has written several novels, two of which have been trans-



JONAS LIE.

lated by Mrs. Ole Bull. His style is remarkable for its clearness and for the way in which he delineates both scene and character in a few aptly chosen words, not one of which is superfluous.

The scene of this tale is laid in Valders, one of the interior mountain regions of Norway now most frequented by travellers, and justly celebrated for the beauty of its scenery.

The translator is much indebted to Miss Amalia Krohg of Christiania, who not only first called his attention to the book, but revised the translation.

S. C. E.

I.

It was a clear cold afternoon in the mountain region. The air lay blue with the frost, with light rose tints over all the sharp crests, ravines, and peaks, which, like a series of gigantic drifts, tower above tower, floated up towards the horizon. Below, hills and wooded mountain slopes shut the region in with white walls, constantly narrower and narrower, nearer and nearer, always more contracting.

The snow had come late this year, but in return, now that

Christmas season had come, lay so heavy on fir and spruce, that it bent down both needles and twigs. The groves of birches stood up to their waists in snow; the small clusters of tile-roofed houses of the district were half buried, with snow-drifts pressing down over the roofs. The entrances to the farm-yards were deeply-dug-out paths, of which the gate and fence-posts stuck up here and there like the masts of sunken boats.

The snow-plow had recently gone through the highway, and on the steep, red, tile roof of the captain's house, men were busy shovelling down the great frozen snow-drifts which hung threatening over the ends of the roof.

The captain's house was specially prominent in the district. It was unpainted and built of square logs, like the greater part of that kind of houses a generation ago.

° Over the blown-down garden-fence lay the snow-crust, with tracks of sleds and skies¹ almost up under the window-frames and smoked a little, in the frosty north wind, in the sun.

It was the same cold, disagreeable north wind which, every time the outer door was opened, blew against the kitchen door until that opened too, and if that was not closed again, soon after, one or another door on the next floor,—and that made the captain come down from his office, flushed and passionate, to make inquiries and fret and fume over the whole house as to who had gone there first and who had gone last. He could never understand why they did not keep the door shut, though the matter was most easily to be understood,—that the latch was old and loose and that the captain would never spend any money on the smith for a new one.

In the common room below, between the sofa and the stove, the captain's wife, in an old brown linsey-woolsey dress, sat sewing. She was a tall, stiff figure, with a marked, but gaunt, dried-up face, and had the appearance of being anxiously occupied at present by an intricate problem,—the possibility of again being able to put a new durable patch on the seat of Joergen's trousers;—they were always bottomless—almost to desperation.

She had just seized the opportunity for this while Jaeger was up in his office and the children were gone to the post-office; °for

¹ Wooden skates, long and narrow.

she went about all day long like a horse grinding clay in a brick-yard.

The mahogany sewing-table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and several different kinds of woods, which stood open before her, must have been a family heirloom; in its conditions of faded antiquity, it reminded one not a little of her, and in any event did not at all correspond either with the high-backed, rickety, leather arm-chair, studded with brass nails, in which she sat, nor with the long birchen sofa covered with green linsey-woolsey, which stood like a solitary deserted land against the wall and seemed to look longingly over to the brown, narrow folding table, which, with its leaves let down, stood equally solitary and abandoned between the two windows.

The brown case with the four straight legs against the farther wall, with a heap of papers, books, hats, and the spy-glass upon it, was an old clavichord, which, with great trouble, she had had transported up into the mountain region, out of the effects of her home, and on which she had faithfully practised with her children the same pieces which she herself had learned.

The immense every-day room, with the bare timber walls, the unpainted sanded floor, and the small panes with short curtains fastened up in the middle, was in its whole extent extremely scantily furnished: it was half a mile from chair to chair, and was in every respect meagre, just as the officials would have had it in the mountain districts in the '40s. In the middle of the inner wall, before the great white fire-wall, the antique stove, with Naes iron-works stamp on it, and the knotty wooden logs under it, jutted out into the room like a mighty giant. Indeed, nothing less than such a mass of iron was needed to succeed in warming up the room, and in the woods of the captain's farm there was plenty of fuel.

Finally abandoning all more delicate ways out for the trousers, she had laid on a great patch covering everything and was now sewing zealously. The afternoon sun was still shedding a pale yellow light in the window-frames; it was so still in the room that her movements in sewing were almost audible, and a spool of thread which fell down caused a kind of echo.

All at once she raised herself like a soldier at an order and gave

attention. She heard her husband's quick, heavy step creaking on the stairs.

Was it the outside door again?

Captain Jaeger, a red, round, and stout man in a threadbare uniform coat, came hastily in, puffing, with the still wet quill-pen in his mouth; he went straight to the window.

His wife merely sewed more rapidly; she wished to use the time, and also prudently to assume the defensive against what might come.

He breathed on the frosty pane in order to enlarge the part that could be seen through.

"You will see there is something by the mail. The children are running a race down there in the road,—they are running away from Joergen with the sled."

The needle only flew still faster.

"Ah, how they run!—Thinka and Thea. But Inger-Johanna! come here, ma! and see how she puts down her feet—is n't it as if she was dancing? Now she will surely be the first in, and so she is the first, that I promise you. It is no story when I tell you that the lass is handsome, ma! that, they all see. Ah, only come and see how she gets ahead of Thinka.—Just come now, ma!"

But "ma" did not stir. The needle moved with forced nervous haste. The captain's wife was sewing a race with what was coming; it was even possible that she might get the last of the patch finished before they came, and just now the sun disappeared behind the mountain crest; they were short days it gave them up there.

The stairs outside were taken in two or three steps, and the door flew open.

Quite right—Inger-Johanna.

She rushed in with her cloak unfastened and covered with snow. She had untied the strings of her hood on the way up the stairs, so that her black hair fell down in confusion over her hot face. Breathless, she threw her flowered Valders mittens on a chair. She stood a moment to get her breath, brushed her hair under her hood, and shouted out:

"An order for post horses at the station, for Captain Roennow and

Lieutenant Mein. The horses are to be here at Gilje at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning early. They are coming here."

"Roennow, ma!" roared the captain, surprised; it was one of the comrades of his youth.

Now the others also came storming in with the details.

The mother's pale, marked face, with the smooth black hair in loops down over her cheek in front of her cap, assumed a somewhat thoughtful, uneasy, anxious expression. Should the roast



JORDALSNUT.

veal be sacrificed, which she had reserved for the Dean, or the goose? The latter had been bought from the north district and was fearfully poor.

"Well, well, I bet he is going to Stockholm," continued the captain, meditatively drumming on the window-frame; "perhaps, Adjutant, they would not let that fellow stay out there in the West."

"Do you know, ma, I have thought

of something of this sort ever since the prince had so much to do with him at the drill-ground. I also said to him, 'Your stories, Roennow, will make your fortune,—but look out for the general, he knows a thing or two.' 'Poo! that goes down like hot cakes,' said he. And it looks like it—the youngest captain."

"The prince ——"

[The captain's wife was just through with the trousers, and rose

hastily. Her meagre, yellowish face, with a Roman nose, assumed a resolute expression : she decided on the fatted calf.

"Inger-Johanna, see to it that your father has his Sunday wig on," she exclaimed hurriedly, and hastened out into the kitchen.

The stove in the best room was soon packed full, and glowing. It had not been used since it had been rubbed up and polished with blacking last spring, and smoked now so that they were obliged to open door and windows to the cold that was below zero.

"Great-Ola, the farm-hand" had been busy carrying large armfuls of long wood into the kitchen, and afterwards with brushing the captain's old uniform coat with snow on the brush out on the porch ; it must not look as if he had dressed up.

The guest-chamber was made ready, with the beds turned down and the fire started so that it snapped in the thin stove, and the flies suddenly woke up and buzzed under the ceiling, while the wainscot was browned outside of the fire-wall and smelled of paint. Joergen's hair was wet and combed ; the girls changed their aprons to be ready to go down and greet the guests, and were set to work rolling up pipe-lighters for the card-table.

They kept looking out as long as the twilight lasted, both from the first- and second-story windows, while Great-Ola, with his red peaked cap, made a path in the snow to the carriage-road and the stairs.

And now, when it was dark, the children listened with beating hearts for the slightest sound from the road. All their thoughts and longing went out towards the strange, distant world which so rarely visited them, but of which they heard so much which sounded grand and marvellous.

There are the bells !

But, no ; Thinka was entirely wrong.

They had all agreed to that fact, when Inger-Johanna, who stood in the dark by a window which she held a little open, exclaimed,

" But there they are ! "

Quite right. They could hear the sleigh-bells as the horse, moving by fits and starts, laboriously made his way up the Gilje hills.

The outside door was opened, and Great-Ola stood at the stairs, with the stable lantern with a tallow candle in it, ready to receive them.

A little waiting, and the bells at once sounded plainly in the road behind the wood-shed. Now you could hear the snow creaking under the runners.

The captain placed the candlestick on the table in the hall, the floor of which had been freshly scoured, washed, and strewn with juniper. He went out on the stairs, while the children, head to head, peeped out of the kitchen door, and kept Pasop, who growled and fretted behind them, from rushing out and barking.

"Good-evening, Roennow! Good-evening, lieutenant! Welcome to Gilje!" said the captain with his strong, cheerful voice, while the vehicle, which at the last post-house was honored with the name of double-sleigh, swung into the yard and up to the stairs. "You are elegantly equipped, I see."

"Beastly cold, Peter,—beastly cold, Peter," came the answer from the tall figure wrapped in furs, as he threw down the reins, and, now a little stiff in his movements, stepped out of the sleigh, while the steaming horse shook himself in his harness so that the bells rang loudly. "I believe we are frozen stiff. And then this little rat we have for a horse would not go. It is a badger dog they have harnessed in order to dig our way through the snow-drifts. How are you, Peter? It will be pleasant to get into your house. How goes it?" he concluded, upon the steps, shaking the captain's hand. "Bring in the case of bottles, lieutenant."

While the two gentlemen took off their furs and travelling-boots in the hall and paid for the horse, and Great-Ola carried the trunk up to the guest-chamber, an odor of incense diffused itself from the large room, which at once brought Captain Roennow's cavalier instinct to remember the lady, whom, in the joy of seeing his old comrade once more, he had forgotten. His large, stately figure stopped before the door, and he adjusted his stock.

"Do I look tolerably well, Peter, so I can properly appear before your wife?" he said, running his hand through his black curly hair.

"Yes, yes, fine enough—devilish fine looking fellow, lieutenant.—If you please, gentlemen."

"Captain Roennow and Lieutenant Mein, ma," he said, as he opened the door.

The mistress of the house rose from her place at the table, where she was now sitting with fine white knitting-work. She greeted Captain Roennow as heartily as her stiff figure would allow, and the lieutenant somewhat critically. It was the governor's sister to whom the salaam was made, as Captain Roennow afterwards expressed it,—an old, great family.

She disappeared a little later into domestic affairs, to "get them something for supper."

Captain Roennow rubbed his hands from the cold, wheeled around on one leg on the floor, and thus placed himself with his back to the stove.

"I tell you we are frozen stiff, Peter,—but—oh, lieutenant, bring in the case of bottles."

When Lieutenant Mein came in again, Roennow took a sealed bottle with a label, and held it, swinging by the neck, towards his friend.

"Look at it, Peter Jaeger! look well at it!" and he moved over towards his friend. "Genuine Arack from Atschin in hither—farther—East—or West Indies. I present it to you. May it melt your heart, Peter Jaeger!"

"Hot water and sugar, ma!" shouted the captain out into the kitchen, "then we shall soon know whether you only mean to deceive us simple country folks with stories. And out with the whist-table till we have supper! we can play three-handed whist with the dummy."

"Brrr-rr- whew, what sort of stuff is it you've got in your tobacco box, Jaeger!" said Captain Roennow, who was filling a pipe at it, "powder, sneezing powder I believe! Smell it, Lieutenant. It must be tansy from the nursery."

"Tideman's three crown, fellow! we can't endure your leaf tobacco and Virginia up here in the mountain districts," came from Jaeger, who was pulling out and opening the card-table. "Only look at the next box under the lead cover and you will find some cut-leaf tobacco, Bremen leaf, as black and high flavored as you want. Up here it is only to the goats that we can offer that kind, and to the folk who come from Bergen; they use strong tobacco there to dry out the wet fog."

The door opened, and the three girls and their little brother came in, carrying the tray with the glasses and the jug of hot water, which task they seemed to have apportioned among themselves, accordingly to the rules for the procession at the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, where, as is known, the fourth one carried nothing.

The tall blonde Kathinka marched at the head with the tray and glasses with the clinking tea-spoons in them. She attempted the feat of courtesying, while she was carrying the tray, and blushed red when it was ready to slip and the lieutenant was obliged to take hold of it to steady it.

He immediately noticed the next oldest, a brunette with long eyelashes, who was coming with the smoking water-jug on a plate, whilst the younger Thea was immediately behind her with the sugar-bowl.

"But my dear Peter Jaeger," exclaimed Roennow, astonished at the appearance of his friend's almost grown-up daughters, "when have you picked up all this? You wrote once about some girls,—and a boy who was to be baptized."

At the same moment Joergen came boldly forward, strutting over the floor, and made his best bow, while he pulled his bristly yellow locks instead of his cap.

"What is your name?"

"Joergen Winnecken von Zittow Jaeger."

"That was heavy! You are a perfect mountain boy, are you not? Let me see you stretch as high as your name."

"No, but as high as my cap," answered Joergen, going back on the floor and turning a cart-wheel.

"Bold fellow, that Joergen!" And with that, as Joergen had done his part, he stepped back into obscurity. But while the gentlemen were pouring out the Arack punch at the folding table, he kept his eyes uninterruptedly fastened on Lieutenant Mein. It was his regularly trimmed black moustache, which seemed to him so like bits which he had not got into his mouth properly.

"Oh, here, my girl!" said Roennow, turning to one of the daughters, who stood by his side while he was putting some sugar into the steaming glass, "what is your name?"

"Inger-Johanna."

"Yes, listen"—he spoke without seeing anything else than the arm he touched to call her attention. "Listen, my little Inger-Johanna! In the-breast pocket of my fur coat out in the hall, there are two lemons—I did n't believe that fruit grew up here in the mountains, Peter!—two lemons."

"No, I! Pardon me, I," and the lieutenant flew gallantly.

Captain Roennow looked up astonished. The dark thin girl, in the dress which she had outgrown, which hung about her legs, and the three thick, heavy, black cables, braided closely for the occasion, hanging down her back, stood distinct in the light before him. Her neck rose, delicately shaped and dazzlingly fresh, from the blue linsey-woolsey dress, a little low in the neck, and carried her head proudly, with a sort of swan-like curve.

The captain grasped at once why the lieutenant was so alert.

"Bombs and grenades, Peter!" he exclaimed.

"Do you hear that, ma?" the captain grunted slyly. "Up here among the peasants the children—more's the pity—grow up without any other manners than those that they learn of the servants," sighed the mother. "Don't stand so bent over, Thinka, straighten up."

Thinka straightened up her overgrown blonde figure and tried to smile. She had the difficult task of hiding a plaster on one side of her chin, where a day or two before she had fallen down through the cellar trap-door in the kitchen.

Soon the three gentlemen sat comfortably at their cards, each one smoking his pipe and with a glass of hot Arach punch by his side. Two moulded tallow candles in tall brass candlesticks stood on the card-table, and two on the folding table; they illuminated just enough so that you could see the almanac, which hung down by a piece of twine from a nail under the looking-glass, and a part of the lady's tall form and countenance, while she sat knitting in the frilled cap. In the darkness of the room the chairs farthest off by the stove could hardly be distinguished from the kitchen door—from which now and then came the hissing of the roasting meat.

"Three tricks, as true as I live—three tricks, and by those cards!" exclaimed Captain Roennow, eager in the game.

"Thanks, thanks," turning to Inger-Johanna who brought a light-

ed paper-lighter to his expiring pipe. "Th-a-nks"—he continued, drawing in the smoke and puffing it out, his observant eyes again being attracted by her. Her expression was so bright, the great dark eyes moving to and fro under her eyebrows like dark drops, while she stood following the cards.

"What is your name, once more, my girl?" he asked absently.

"Inger-Johanna," she replied with a certain humour; she avoided looking at him.

"Yes, yes."

"Now it is my turn to deal! Your daughter puts a bee in my bonnet, madam. I would like to take her with me to Christiania to the governor's, and bring her out. We should make a tremendous sensation, that I am sure of."

"At last properly dealt! Play."

With her hands on the back of her father's chair, Inger-Johanna gazed intently on the cards; but her face had a heightened glow.

Roennow glanced at her from one side.

"A sight for the gods, a sight for the gods!" he exclaimed, as he gathered together with his right hand the cards he had just arranged, and threw them on the table.

"Naturally I mean how the lieutenant manages dummy—you understand, madam," nodding to her with significance. "Heavens! Peter, that was a card to play."

"Here you can see what I mean," he continued. "Trump, trump, trump, trump!"

He eagerly threw four good spades on the table, one after another, without paying any attention to what followed.

The expression of the lady's face, as she sat there and heard her innermost thoughts repeated so plainly, was immovably sealed: she said, somewhat indifferently,—

"It is high time, children, you said good-night; it is past your bed-time. Say good-night to the gentlemen."

The command brought disappointment on their faces; not obeying was out of the question, and they went round the table, and made courtesies and shook hands with the captain and the lieutenant.

The last that Joergen noticed was that the lieutenant turned

round, stretched his neck, and gaped like "svarten" as they went out.

Their mother straightened up with her knitting-work.

"You used to come to my brother's, the governor's, formerly, Captain Roennow," she ventured. "They are childless folk, who keep a hospitable house. You visit them now, I suppose."

"Certainly I do! To refrain from doing that would be a crime! You have, I should imagine, thought of sending one of your daughters there. The governor's wife is one who knows how to introduce a young lady into the world, and your Inger-Johanna ——"

The captain's wife answered slowly and with some stress; something of a suppressed bitterness rose up in her.

"That would be an entirely unexpected piece of good fortune; but more than we out-of-the-way country folk can expect of our grand, distinguished sister-in-law. Small circumstances make small folk, more's the pity; large ones ought to make them otherwise.—My brother has made her a happy wife."

"Done. Will you allow an old friend to work a little for your attractive little Inger?" returned Captain Roennow.

"I think that ma will thank you. What do you say, Gitta? Then you will have a peg to hang one of them on. It can't be from one of us two that Inger-Johanna has inherited her beauty, ma!" said Captain Jaeger, coughing and warding off his wife's admonitory look, "but there is blood, both on her father's and mother's side. Her great grandmother was married off up in Norway by the Danish queen because she was too handsome to be at court—it was your grandmother, ma! Froeken von"——

"My dear Jaeger," begged his wife.

"Pshaw, ma! the sand of many years has been strewed over the event."

When the game was again started, the captain's wife went with her knitting-work to the card-table, snuffed first one candle and then the other, leaned over her husband, and whispered something.

The captain looked up, rather surprised.

"Yes, indeed, ma! Yes, indeed—'My camel for your dromedary,' said Peter Vangensten, when he swapped his old spav-

ined horse for Mamen's blooded foal.—If you come with your Arack from Holland and Farther India, then I put my red wine direct from France against it,—genuine Bordeaux, brought home and drawn straight from the hogshead! There were just two dozen the governor sent us by freight the autumn when Joergen was baptized.

“The two farthest to the left, ma! You had better take Marit with you with the lantern. Then you can tell the governor's wife that we drank her health up here among the snow-drifts, Roennow.”

“Yes, she is very susceptible to that kind of thing, Peter Jaeger.”

When the captain's wife came in again she had the stiff damask table-cloth on her arm, and was accompanied by a girl who helped move the folding table out on the floor. It was to be set for supper, and the card-table must be moved into the best room, across the hall, which was now warm.

“Can you not wait, ma, till the rubber is played?”

Ma did not answer; but they felt the full pressure of her silence; her honor was at stake—the roast veal.

And they silently played on with a tearing steam pace.

Finally the captain exclaimed, while ma stood immovable with the cloth in the middle of the floor:

“There, there, we must get away, Roennow!”

* * * * *

In the chamber above impatient hearts were hammering and beating.

While Joergen went to sleep with the image before him of his lieutenant, who gaped like “svarten” when he came out of the stable-door into the light, and after Torbjoerg had put out the light, the sisters stole out into the great, cold, dark hall. There they all three stood, leaning over the bannisters, and gazing down on the fur coats and mufflers, which hung on the timber wall, and on the whip and the two sabre sheaths and the case of bottles, which were dimly lighted by the stable lantern on the hall table.

They smelt the odor of the roast as it came up, warm and appetizing, and saw when the guests, each with his punch-glass in his hand and with flickering candle, went across the hall into the

large room. They heard the folding table moved out and set, and later caught the sound of the clinking of glasses, laughter, and loud voices.

Every sound from below was given a meaning, every fragment of speech was converted into a romance for their thirsty fancy.

They stood there in the cold till their teeth chattered and their limbs shook against the wood-work, so that they were obliged to get into bed again to thaw out.

They heard how the chairs made a noise when they finally rose from the table, and they went out in the hall again, Thinka and Inger-Johanna,—Thea was asleep. It helped a little when they put their feet upon the lowest rail of the bannisters, or hung over it with their legs bent curled up under them.

Thinka held out, because Inger-Johanna held out; but finally she was compelled to give up, she could not feel her legs any more. And now Inger-Johanna hung down over the bannisters.

A sort of close odor of punch and tobacco smoke frozen together rose up through the stairs in the cold, and every time the door was opened and showed the heavy, smoky, blue gleam of light in the great room she could hear officers' names, fragments of laughter, of violent positive assertions, with profane imprecations by all possible and impossible powers of the earth above and the earth beneath, and between them her father's gay voice,—all chopped off in mince-meat every time the door was shut.

When Inger-Johnna went to bed again, she lay thinking how Captain Roennow had asked her twice what her name was, and then again how he at the card-table had said, "I should like to take her with me to the governor's wife; we should make a tremendous sensation."

And then what came next, "Naturally I mean how the lieutenant plays dummy," which they thought she did not understand.

The wind blew and howled around the corner of the house, and whistled down through the great plastered chimney-pipe in the hall—and she still, half in her dreams, heard Captain Roennow's "Trump! trump! trump! trump!"

* * * *

The next day ma went about the house as usual with her bunch of keys; she had hardly slept at all that night.

She had become old before her time, like so many other "mas," in the household affairs of that time—old by bearing petty annoyances, by toil and trouble, by never having money enough, by bending and bowing, by continually looking like nothing and being everything—the one on whom the whole anxious care of the house weighed.

But—"One lives for the children."

That was "ma's" pet sigh of consolation. And the time had not yet come to the "mas" with the question whether they were not also bound to realize their own personal lives.

But for the children it was a holiday, and immediately after breakfast they darted into the great room.

There stood the card-table, again moved against the wall, with the cards thrown in a disorderly pile over the paper on which the score had been kept. It had been folded up and burned on one end for a lighter; and by its side, during a preliminary cleaning, the three pipes were lying, shoved aside. One window was still open, notwithstanding the wind blew in so that the fastening hook rattled.

There was something in the room,—a pungent odor, which was not good; no, but there was, nevertheless, something about it—something of an actual occurrence.

Outside of the window Great-Ola stood with his hands on the shovel in the steep snow-drift, listening to Marit's account of how the captain had left a broad two-kroner piece for drink money on the table up in the guest-chamber and the lieutenant a shilling under the candlestick, and how the mistress had divided them among the girls.

"The lieutenant was not so butter-fingered," suggested Marit.

"Do n't you know that a lieutenant would be shot if he gave so much as his captain, girl," retorted Great-Ola, while she hurried in with the keys of the storehouse and the meal-chest.

From the captain's sleeping-room the sound of his snoring could be heard for the whole forenoon. The guests did not go to bed, and started at 6 o'clock in the morning, when the post boy came to the door—after the second bottle, also, of Roennow's Indian Arack had been emptied and a breakfast, with whiskey,

brawn, and the remnants of the roast veal, had again strengthened them for the day's journey.

But the thing to be done was to have a good time on the holiday. The sisters bustled about in the hall with their skies, and Joergen was trying how the outer steps would do for a ski slide.

Soon they were out on the long steep hill behind the cow-barn—the skistaff in both hands in front for a balance, their comforters streaming out behind their necks. In the jump Inger-Johanna lost her balance and was going to—— no, she kept up!

It was because she looked up to the window of the sleeping-room to see if her father appreciated her skill.

He was walking about and dressing. Ma had at last, about dinner-time, ventured to wake him up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

That New Hampshire has in days gone by figured very conspicuously in the musical history of the United States, is a positive fact. Men like the famous “Ned” and “Jim” Kendall, David C. and Rudolph Hall, Alonzo Bond, and many others, whose reputations are world-wide, have gone from her borders. Among such we find the subject of our sketch. E. K. Eaton was born in Candia, Rockingham county, August 1, 1814, of an estimable family, who took a prominent part in the affairs of the town, and also in the affairs of church and state. His early education was obtained in the district schools, which he attended about five months every year until fourteen years of age.

At six years of age the letters of the G cleff were taught him by his cousin, the well known J. W. Moore, who was then a clerk in the store of the father of young Eaton. When eight years of age he could read and sing most of the music in the Handel and Haydn Collection of Psalmody; when ten, he was one day taken

by his father,—who, by the way, was an amateur performer on the clarinet, 'cello, and violin,—who sat him down at a table with a singing-book and 'cello, telling him the name of the second string (D), showed him a familiar tune, and left him to master it. His own words may tell the story :

I soon learned my tune, and this was the only lesson in music I ever received, except the do-re-me-fa lessons. At the age of sixteen my father wished to make a shoemaker of me. My boss was a good tenor singer, who could also perform on the flute and bassoon, both of which were kept in the shop. At the end of the year I knew more of both of these instruments than I did of shoemaking, or any other kind of work. In the meantime I had worked out the scale of the clarinet, bugle, and slide trombone.

About this time my parents moved to Concord, where I found employment in the bookstore and printing establishment of the brothers, Jacob B., Henry E., and John W. Moore. I also blew the trombone in the Concord band, Nathan Farley leader. One day in October, 1834, I found I had \$50 in my pocket—I started for Boston, to see and hear what I could. I secured a position in a grocery store. One morning I read a call for musicians to go to the Mediterranean on board the U. S. S. *Constitution*, Commodore J. D. Elliot commanding. This did the business: instead of going to breakfast I started for the navy yard, saw the commodore, and shipped forthwith as a trombone player.



E. K. EATON.

We were ordered to Havre, France, in a hurry, to bring home Mr. Livingston, minister, as war was expected with France. As there was no regular band, we took along the navy yard band. We left New York, March 16, arriving at Havre, April 10, 1835; we left Havre, April 24. There the commodore had enlisted an old Prussian for band-master, who was an expert on the ophecliede. On our return to New York the navy yard band was sent home, we leaving for Port Mahon without a band. We there shipped twelve musicians. In June [1836] the old band-master was discharged, I taking his position and instrument through the cruise. On our return to the station, C. S. Graffula joined us as band-master, together with eight men from Barcelona, giving us an excellent band of twenty-two members.

We saw many notable persons on this cruise, among whom were the Mahomet Ali, viceroy of Egypt, French, Danish, and Belgian ambassadors, and on June 15, 1837, at Athens, the king and queen of Greece came on board. The queen danced with every officer on board who could waltz. June 1, 1838, we left Mahon for home, stopping at the Madeira islands on July 4 for a dinner given the commodore and officers. We arrived at Hampton Roads, July 31, 1838, where we were discharged. I then joined a circus, travelling through this country and the West Indies until 1840.

In 1841, I was conductor of Cook's band in Albany, N. Y., and in 1842 took the conductorship of a band in Schenectady, N. Y. During this year I wrote and had published in New York the first set of military band music ever published in this country. In 1844, I joined Lent's circus, taking the whole Schenectady band with me; remained with them until 1848, when I went to Boston, joining a quadrille band, made up in part of the famous Kendalls. I was second violin, and wrote most of the music; was also conductor of the old Boston brass band, with "Ned" Kendall as leader. Among the members of this band were D. L. Downing,—afterwards leader of the famous New York band of that name—Carl Eichler, and many noted musicians.

I have conducted bands in several of the cities in Maine, and at one time was director of Chandler's band in Portland; was also director of Hall's band in Boston. In 1861, I organized a band for the U. S. S. *Sabine*, and went to the war; was ordered back to Boston to take charge of a band for the first colored regiment of Massachusetts. I was discharged in March, 1865.

Mr. Eaton was married in February, 1851, to the eldest daughter of the celebrated musician, Edward Kendall. A son and a daughter were born to them: the former is a successful business man of Schenectady, and the daughter (the wife of George H. Sparhawk, Esq., of Gloversville, N. Y.) is a fine pianist and organist, and a successful teacher. In 1865, Mr. Eaton was called for the second time to Gloversville, N. Y., where he took charge of the band and taught piano, and not until the beginning of the present year did he retire from the field as a music teacher.

In the seventy-ninth year of his age, with every faculty still as keen as in youth, Mr. Eaton is an interesting man to meet. No dissonance of ever so slight a nature escapes his notice, and there is no escape from his indignation at a musical misdeed. It was my privilege to conduct a polonaise in Gloversville, N. Y., only

two years ago, which was written for and dedicated to my orchestra. The old gentleman occupied a private box in the theatre, and the reception accorded him was a delight to his friends and an inspiration to the performers, and showed, beyond question, the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow-townsmen. We know of no more appropriate ending for this article than his own words, uttered in his quaint manner. After reciting his interesting life, he paused for a minute, when suddenly he exclaimed,—“Ah, well, if you expect everything of a man, you are liable to come short some day! ‘All’s well that ends well.’”

The second annual festival of the Lancaster Musical association, December 4-9, was a decided success. The chorus numbered one hundred strong, and was made up of excellent voices. They were faithful at rehearsals, and accomplished much. The music rendered was the 100th Psalm, by Lauchner; “The Sirens,” for female voices, by Day; “The Song of the Vikings,” by Eaton Fanning; “Liberty,” a dramatic scene, by Fanning; together with anthems and part songs. The soloists were Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan, soprano; Mr. T. M. Cushman, tenor, of Boston; Miss Temple, elocutionist, of Boston; Martha Dana Shepard, pianist, of Boston; and Blaisdell’s Orchestral club. The work by the soloists was in every way a pleasure, and Mrs. Morgan has reason to feel gratified by the hearty recognition from the public of her work, which was truly merited. There can be no fault found justly anywhere, and it must pass into history as a very enjoyable and interesting meeting. The people of Lancaster are awake to the fact that they owe the art of music in their midst an obligation, and to that end one night all business places were closed. The officers of the association have worked long and faithfully to bring about good results, and it is due the chairmen of the executive committees—Mr. C. E. Allen, Dr. Frank Spooner, and Mrs. Quimby—that especial mention be made of their untiring zeal in this matter. Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard was in the best of spirits, and was even younger than one year ago. H. G. Blaisdell was the conductor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

HON. LEVI ALDEN.

Hon. Levi Alden, who died at Madison, Wis., November 23, 1893, was born in Claremont, July 24, 1815, a lineal descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Molines, of the Puritans' *Mayflower*.

In his early days Mr. Alden attended the district schools and academy. He entered Union college, remaining three years: then he engaged in teaching in New York. With his young wife, Sarah Ann Leach, of Fleming, N. Y., he settled in Janesville, Wis., and founded the Janesville *Gazette* in 1845. He had been clerk of the circuit court of Rock county, superintendent and auditor of state printing, a member of the Wisconsin legislature, and associate editor of the Wisconsin *State Journal*, the official state paper.

COL. ELLIOTT B. HODGE.

Col. Elliott B. Hodge, of Plymouth, died of Bright's disease, December 5, 1893, aged fifty-four years. Colonel Hodge was a native of Canada, but has been a resident of this state for about a quarter of a century. For nearly twenty years he was connected with the state fish commission. He was an energetic worker of the Republican party, and an active Mason. He had an extended acquaintance throughout New Hampshire.

HORACE F. HOLTON.

Horace F. Holton died at Lancaster, December 9, aged 76 yrs. 3 mos. 4 days.

Born in, and always a resident of, Lancaster, Mr. Holton had been a potent factor in the very marked progress of that town. His education was obtained in the first school district there and at the academy under the tutorship of such men as Nathaniel Wilson, W. P. Flanders, W. H. Hadley, E. E. Adams, and others of the early preceptors. When young he was a Whig in politics, but became a follower of Garrison, Pillsbury, and Phillips. He was a staunch prohibitionist, and an anti-tobacconist.

GEN. JOSHUA J. GUPPY.

Joshua J. Guppy was born in Dover, August 27, 1820, and died at Portage, Wis., early in December, 1893.

He was a descendant of Joshua Guppy, who came from the south-west of England to Beverly, Mass., about 1720. Joshua J. was son of John, who settled in Dover. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1843, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1846. In the fall of that year he went west and settled in Columbus, Columbia county, Wisconsin, commencing the practice of his profession. In February, 1847, he was elected colonel of a regiment of militia in that county. In 1849 he was appointed judge in the county court. In 1851 he moved to Portage, which place he ever afterward made his home.

When the Civil war came on he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Tenth Wisconsin regiment. July 25, 1862, he was promoted to colonel of the Twenty-third regiment. The regiment did gallant service, and March 13, 1865, he was promoted to brevet brigadier-general for "gallant and meritorious service during the war." In April, 1865, he was re-elected judge, though still absent in the army. From 1866 to 1873 he was superintendent of the schools in his county. In 1862, he was the Democratic candidate for congress, but was defeated by 2,000 majority, the usual Republican majority being 7,000.

WALTER AIKEN.

Walter Aiken was born in Dracut, Mass., October 5, 1831. His first ancestor, Edward, came from the north of Ireland in 1722, and settled in Londonderry, this state. His father, Herriek Aiken, moved to Franklin in 1838, where he was in business for many years and gained wide reputation as an inventor. Walter passed his boyhood at the old home, and attended the common schools, and for two years at Gilmanton academy, also the institutes at New Hampton and Tilton. Entering his father's machine shop at Franklin at an early age, he made such rapid progress that at the age of 22 years he was able to start in business for himself in an upper room in his father's shop, where he invented and built one of the first knitting machines in the coun-

try. His hosiery mill has always been a prosperous industry, and a great benefit to Franklin. To Walter Aiken and Sylvester Marsh belongs the credit of building the Mt. Washington summit railroad. The idea originated with Herrick Aiken years before. To the son and Mr. Marsh fell the honor of perfecting and carrying into successful operation the idea of the father.

Mr. Aiken was the owner of an elegant hotel at Bermuda. He had been an officer in the Franklin banks, a representative to the legislature, president of the Franklin Gas and Electric Light company, and prominent in numerous business enterprises. He served in the Civil war. He died December 12, 1893.

WILLIAM LITTLE.

William Little, who died in Manchester, December 19, 1893, was born in Warren, March, 1833.

Mr. Little was educated at Kimball Union academy and at Dartmouth college, graduating in the class of 1859. He studied law with Morrison, Stanley & Clark, of Manchester, and at the Albany law school. His professional life was passed in Manchester, and was very successful. He had been a member of the legislature, and for a long time of the school board. From his pen came the histories of Warren and Weare.

MAJ. HENRY C. MERRILL.

Maj. Henry C. Merrill, born at Manchester, January 18, 1826, died in that city, December 23, 1893.

After graduating from the schools of his native city and attending Pembroke academy, Henry C. Merrill was employed in a dry goods store at Manchester for a short time. He then left that business, and found employment with a firm of grocers, in which trade he continued until 1877, except that for a short time he was employed by the Manchester Scale company. In 1877 he became one of the firm of Daniels & Merrill, hardware dealers, occupying the store in which the Manchester Hardware company is now located. Mr. Merrill retired from this partnership in 1881, and became a partner with Stratton, Merrill & Co., of Concord, flour dealers and millers, with whom he remained until his death.

His private business did not engage all of Mr. Merrill's energy :

he was a staunch Republican and prominent in public life, having been an alderman of Manchester in 1861 and '62, a representative in the legislature for two terms and county treasurer for two terms. For many years he was a member of the Amoskeag Veterans, and in 1881 their commander, whence he obtained the title of major. His death leaves ex-Gov. Moody Currier the only surviving member of the original board of trustees of the Amoskeag Savings Bank. Major Merrill was a member of the Franklin-street church, Manchester. On September 27, 1849, he married Diantha H. Patten, of Auburn, who died in October, 1891. He is survived by two sons, Louis C. Merrill of the firm of Eastman & Merrill, insurance agents, of Concord, and Carl B., of Manchester, and by one daughter, A. Blanche, who lived with her father.

HENRY J. CRIPPEN.

Henry J. Crippen was born in England, in 1837, but had resided in this country since early childhood. He was educated in the Boston public schools, at Colby academy, and at Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1861. In 1862 he began the study of law at Concord with Hon. Henry P. Rolfe, teaching successfully in the Concord high school in that year, and as principal of the Merrimack grammar school from 1863 to 1865. He was a member of the board of education of Union school-district for several years. After being admitted to the bar he was employed in the office of the state treasurer, and from 1869 to 1872 was in Washington with Senator Patterson as clerk of the joint committee of the house of representatives and senate on retrenchment, and, later, as clerk of the senate committee of the district of Columbia, resigning the latter position in 1872 to become cashier of the National State Capital bank of Concord.

Mr. Crippen resigned this position in 1881 to devote his entire time to the western loan business of Crippen, Lawrence & Co. He was a member of the Unitarian church, of the house of representatives in 1889, and of the board of aldermen in 1891-'93. He was president of the Prescott Piano company, a director in the National State Capital bank, and held other positions of importance. He died December 24, 1893.

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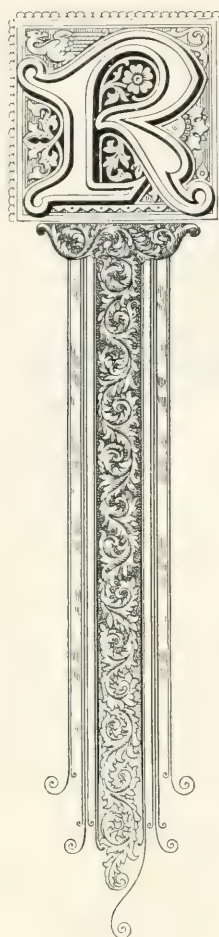
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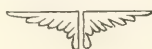
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THE WAR ALBUM AT THE STATE HOUSE. A LOCAL CONTRIBUTION.

BY HON. A. S. BATCHELLOR.

The collection of pictorial memorials of the service of New Hampshire men in the War of the Rebellion is a subject which early engaged the attention of several persons in official and unofficial stations. Considerable progress was made under these efforts for a time, and they resulted in placing a few painted portraits of officers, and about fifty photographs framed in groups, in the state's custody. In 1888 or 1889, specific action was taken by the governor and council, at the instance of Gen. Charles Williams, then a member of that body, and under this authority the work of continuing the collection was actively resumed by the adjutant-general. This undertaking was endorsed by the legislature, which appropriated a small fund to be employed in the procurement of original pictures and copies for the state albums. The result has been gratifying to all who recognize the importance of perfecting such a state collection before the obliteration of plates and the scattering of prints render further effort futile.

In Massachusetts and in other states the organizations of the Loyal Legion have taken this work in hand and carried it to an extent which is admirable. As there is no distinctive New Hampshire branch of this order, the contributions of members resident in this state doubtless aid materially in a variety of ways in the collections in other jurisdictions. The methods employed by regimental historians, in regard to pictures of officers and men who served in their respective organizations, are not uniform. The Fourteenth Regiment memorial gives pictures of nearly or quite

all the officers on its roster. The Thirteenth gives none. The others already published have only such as circumstances make available, and none of them approach the completeness accomplished by the committee of the Fourteenth. It will be seen that the mere matter of labor in collecting the original pictures for a regimental history is not the serious element. The expense of engraving is the obstacle which has made it impossible to include a general representation of officers in these publications. All that has been accomplished, notwithstanding these obstacles, is valuable, and is in a desirable form for permanent reference and preservation. It is due to the state and to the history of a most important epoch, however, that other and wider efforts should be made to give the state collection a character for completeness in detail and variety of illustration that will entitle it to rank as one of the most admirable monuments to commemorate the part taken by New Hampshire men as leaders in the conflict with disunion.

As illustrating the possibilities of local or individual effort, and perhaps of indicating the impossibilities of the complete success of any scheme for perfecting such a collection as is proposed, without the coöperation of some local organization or personal aid from different parts of the state, the following memoranda are presented. They give an epitome of the record of every officer who is known to have been a native or a resident or a representative on the quota of the town of Littleton. The accompanying illustrations are reproductions of the pictures in the state collection, and effectively present new suggestions as to the possibilities in an interesting branch of local history. The list includes every officer who can be assigned to either of the classes indicated. The sketch also shows the date of the subject's residence in town, or such other reason as has been deemed sufficient to give him place in the article. Pictures of cabinet size of all the officers mentioned have been placed in the state collection. In many instances, one taken in war time, and one or two in more recent years, have been supplied. On the plan of collection which has been pursued in this instance, it will be noted by those who may undertake similar contributions, that often the same officer may be assigned to several municipalities, as a native of one, a resi-

dent of another or of several, or as serving on the quota of others still. Thus every town or city list that is completed must contain material which makes less difficult the task of each successive contributor who may add a local section to the tablets of the state album.

Another fact should be noted. All grades of artistic work are represented of necessity. The character and effect of the reproduction by the engraver depend on whether the copy from which he makes the plate is clear and distinct, or otherwise, and the difficulty in illustrating such an article as this should be understood and appreciated. A recent and a well executed photograph will be found to be the basis of an engraving comparatively satisfactory. A blurred and antiquated card photograph or tintype, copied and re-copied, subjected to years of rough usage or neglect, will, on the other hand, but indifferently serve the purpose of illustration. All sorts and conditions of pictures have been called to do duty in this article, because the choice was between the use of some imperfect original or the omission from the illustrations of those who were not less worthy of a place than their companions in arms.

COLONEL AND BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. GILE.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

General Gile was born January 25, 1830. Until fifteen years of age he resided at Littleton. No middle name is represented by the middle initial. His father was Aaron Gile of that place, who commanded a company of cavalry attached to the Thirty-second regiment of the old militia system. The son inherited the military spirit and sought service in the war with Mexico, but was prevented by the refusal of Captain Batchelder, of Haverhill, to enlist him on account of his non-age. His military record is upon the authority of Hamersly's "History of Officers of the Regular Army and Navy," who served in the Civil War, and Burleigh's "History of the Gile Family." He entered the service April 23, 1861, as first lieutenant Twenty-second Pennsylvania infantry, and served to August 7, 1861, upon which date he was honorably mustered out, his term of service having expired. He re-entered the service September 16, 1861, as major in the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania infantry, and was promoted lieutenant-colonel Sep-

tember 1, 1862, and colonel January 24, 1863. He served with his regiment in the defences of Washington, the Army of Virginia, and the Army of the Potomac, from October 1, 1861, to September 17, 1862, upon which date he was wounded in the Battle of Antietam, while in command of his regiment. He was absent, by reason of wounds, until honorably discharged for disability March 2, 1863. He was appointed major in the Veteran Reserve corps May 22, 1863; served as a member of a board of examiners for the Veteran Reserve corps to some time in November, 1863; commanded a brigade engaged in the defences of Washington, July 10 to 13, 1864; and for energy and good conduct in assisting to repel the attack on Fort Slocum, D. C., he was brevetted brigadier-general. He commanded the garrison of Washington to September, 1865, and was on duty in the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands in South Carolina to January 4, 1867, upon which date he was honorably mustered out of the volunteer service. He was appointed first lieutenant in the Forty-fifth United States infantry, to date from July 28, 1866, and promoted captain February 4, 1868. He received the brevets of captain "for gallant and meritorious services in the second Battle of Bull Run;" major "for gallant and meritorious services at the Battle of South Mountain, Maryland;" and lieutenant-colonel "for gallant and meritorious services at the Battle of Antietam." His further services in the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands was in South Carolina from January 5, 1867, to October 10, 1868, and in Florida with brevet rank to July 15, 1870. He was on duty at headquarters Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, at Washington, until he was retired from active service with the full rank of colonel, December 15, 1870, for disability resulting from wounds received in line of duty, under section 32 of the act of congress approved July 20, 1866, which authorized retirement in such cases with the full rank of the command held by the officer when the disabling wounds were received. Incidental to his field service he participated with his regiment in the Battles of Cedar Mountain, three days at Rappahannock Station, Thoroughfare Gap, Bull Run, second Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam. He was in command from and during the Battle of Bull Run to Antietam. At the

second Battle of Bull Run Major Gile commanded the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers. This regiment was one of the four comprising Tower's brigade, and of the conduct of that brigade, General Pope, in his official report, speaks as follows :

"Tower's brigade, of Rickett's division, was pushed forward into action in support of Reynolds's division, led forward in person by General Tower with conspicuous skill and gallantry.

"The conduct of that brigade in plain view of all the forces on our left was especially distinguished, and drew forth hearty and enthusiastic cheers. Their example was of great service, and infused new spirit into all the troops who witnessed their intrepid conduct."

He was stationed in the city of Washington from November, 1863, to the close of the war, and in this time commanded a regiment, brigade, and the garrison of Washington, which consisted of two brigades of infantry, a battery of artillery, and a detachment of cavalry. He commanded President Lincoln's second inaugural and funeral escort, and was general officer of the day on the occasion of the final review of the armies at the close of the war. His present address is 3711 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

COLONEL ALPHA BURNHAM FARR.

The Littleton family of which Colonel Farr was a distinguished representative, was from Cheshire county. Their record will stand in the local annals as exceptional, in that four of the name—natives of Littleton—held commissions in the volunteer service. Alpha Burnham Farr removed from town when quite young, and in his mature years became a prominent citizen of Lowell, Mass. There he held important civil offices, including that of city marshal. He was active in the state military service before the war, and with the Sixth regiment responded at the first call. He was mustered into the service of the United States as adjutant of that regiment April 22, 1861, and remained with it till he was mustered out upon the completion of the term of service, August 3. He participated



COL. A. B. FARR.

in the historic march of the regiment through Baltimore. He immediately, upon the expiration of his first term, joined the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts regiment, and was mustered in as its lieutenant-colonel August 28, 1861; was promoted to colonel July 28, 1862, and was mustered out November 7, 1864. The regiment served under General Butler in the department of the Gulf, and Colonel Farr acquitted himself as one of the officers to whom the government of New Orleans was committed, and as a capable officer in the field. After the war he resided at Rumney, N. H., where he died July 4, 1879. He was born at Littleton March 21, 1821.

MAJOR EVARTS WORCESTER FARR.

Evarts W. Farr, the son of John and Tryphena (Morse) Farr, was born in Littleton, N. H., October 10, 1840. In the autumn of 1856 he entered the academy at Thetford, Vt., leaving the same in 1859 with valedictory honors. He entered Dartmouth college in 1859 with the class of 1863. In April, 1861, he was



Major E. W. Farr.

one of the first men to enlist under the call of President Lincoln for volunteers, and among the volunteers of northern Grafton county his name stands the first enrolled. June 4, 1861, he received the commission of first lieutenant of Company G, Second New Hampshire volunteers. During the year he was seriously ill for a portion of the time. But, recovering his health, on January 1, 1862, he was commissioned captain of the same company. On the fifth day of May, at Williamsburg, while in the act of firing, his right arm was shattered by a Minié ball; but coolly picking up his revolver he passed to the rear, where he remained with wet clothing for forty-eight hours. He was then conveyed to Fortress Monroe, and thence to his home, which he reached in fifteen days from the time he was wounded, his right arm in the meantime having been amputated at the shoulder. In six weeks he returned to the front. On the 4th of the following September he resigned his

commission as captain to accept a position in the Eleventh New Hampshire volunteers tendered him by the governor and his council, and on the 9th of the same month he was commissioned major of the Eleventh. Shortly after, on December 13, 1862, he participated in the Battle of Fredericksburg, having command of the left wing of his regiment. Major Farr was with his regiment in Mississippi, but upon its return to Kentucky was granted a furlough. Upon its expiration,

he reported to General Burnside at Cincinnati, and was placed on detached service, serving most of the time until the war closed as judge advocate on court martial duty, being mustered out January 4, 1865.

After the war he practised law in Littleton, taking high rank. He was assessor of his internal revenue district, was solicitor for Grafton county, and at one time a member of the governor's council. He was elected to the Forty-sixth congress of the United States by a handsome plurality and majority, and served with great fidelity upon the Committee on Pensions. He was re-elected to the Forty-seventh congress in November, 1880. Shortly after his re-election he died, November 30, 1880. Eloquent eulogies were paid to his worth by his fellow-members in congress. A memorial volume containing their addresses was published by congress. He was buried with civic and military honors in Glenwood cemetery at Littleton. The "History of the Eleventh Regiment" has a biographical sketch and a war time portrait of the Major. He is also mentioned in Abbott's "History of the First Regiment," p. 80. A camp of Sons of Veterans at North Haverhill bears his name. The oil painting in Doric hall at the state house, though representing him in the uniform of his rank, is based upon a picture taken while he was a member of congress. Major Farr was selected by the war department as colonel to command a provisional regiment raised in the District of Columbia for the defence of Washington, but owing to complica-



HON. E. W. FARR.

tions which were well understood in New Hampshire at the time, this promotion was not effected.

MAJOR SAMUEL GRAVES GOODWIN.

Major Goodwin was a native of Littleton, born June 2, 1835. His parents were Samuel and Martha (Nourse) Goodwin. His



MAJ. SAMUEL G. GOODWIN.

maternal grandfather was ensign of the first company of militia in this town. Samuel G. Goodwin was employed in the fire department of the city of New York, and enlisted April 20, 1861, in the regiment of Fire Zouaves raised and commanded by the gallant Ellsworth. With this organization he participated in the first Battle of Bull Run. Returning home soon after, he obtained authority to recruit for the Sixth regiment, and in a short time raised a detachment of nineteen men, principally from Littleton and Bethlehem, all of whom, however, were credited to Littleton. He was made second lieutenant of Company B, November 30, 1861; first lieutenant May 16, 1862; captain July 31, 1862; brevetted major to date from April 2, 1865, for gallant and meritorious conduct before Petersburg.

Physically, Major Goodwin was a man of remarkable strength and endurance. His weight, however, was so great that it was a severe burden to him in the service, and but for his strong constitution it would have incapacitated him from a great part of the duties that devolved upon him. He was severely wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, and suffered several other injuries. He was with his regiment in most of its active service, and performed scrupulously his share of details on courts martial, etc. He was mustered out as captain, July 17, 1865. After this he returned to Littleton, and was employed as postal mail agent for some time on the line from Boston to Littleton. At times, also, he was employed and resided at Manchester in his last years. He never married. His death occurred unexpectedly at Manchester April 24, 1875. The earthly remains of this brave man now fill a soldier's grave in Glenwood cemetery in his native town.

MAJOR JOHN JOHNSON LADD.

Paymaster John J. Ladd was born at Newbury, Vt., May 11, 1828. He was a graduate of Dartmouth college in the class of 1852. Excepting during the period of his army life he was engaged in educational work from the time he left college. He was appointed paymaster of volunteers, with the rank of major, July 2, 1864, and was mustered out November 1, 1865. He was master of the high and graded schools at Littleton for three years, 1870-'73. He was afterwards superintendent of schools in the south, and agent of the Peabody Educational trust. In short it may be said that



MAJ. JOHN J. HALL.

substantially his life work was in the cause of education. He died at Brockville, Ontario, January 27, 1889.

CHAPLAIN GEORGE GARDNER JONES.

Rev. George G. Jones was born in Sterling, Mass., October 9, 1822. He was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church at the time of his appointment as chaplain, and a resident of Nashua. This was the home of Gen. Aaron F. Stevens, Lieut. Col. George Bowers, and other well known officers of the Thirteenth regiment, of which Mr. Jones became chaplain on September 3, 1862. He served with the regiment during almost the entire period of their active service at the



REV. GEORGE G. JONES.

front, which included the Fredericksburg campaign and operations in North Carolina, eastern Virginia, and the investment of Petersburg and Richmond. Mr. Jones was the minister at All Saints' Episcopal church at Littleton in 1880 and 1881. He died May 9, 1891, at Brighton, Mass.

CHAPLAIN GEORGE SEYMOUR BARNES.

Rev. George S. Barnes was born at Charlotte, Vt., May 24, 1829. He was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Littleton in 1861-'62, and was engaged in this ministry at the time of the first call for troops in 1861. His participation in the movement to meet the requisition is mentioned in Abbott's history of the First regiment, p. 89. He was appointed chaplain of the



REV. GEO. S. BARNES.

Seventeenth regiment November 4, 1862, and was mustered out April 16, 1863. The next day he was appointed chaplain in the Second regiment, but declined the commission. He was appointed chaplain of the Twenty-ninth regiment United States colored troops, November 19, 1864; served through the war with the regiment; was wounded at Bermuda Hundred, and was mustered out November 6, 1865. He is still engaged to some extent in the ministry, and resided at Charlevoix, Mich., in 1891. In the Minutes of Methodist Epis-

copal Conference for 1892 he is mentioned among the "supernumeraries" in Michigan.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON ALBERT WARREN CLARKE, M. D.

Dr. Albert W. Clarke practised his profession at Littleton for a period of about ten months in 1856, and left this field, locating at Woburn, Mass. From that place he was appointed assistant-surgeon of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry, August 14, 1862; he resigned and was honorably discharged May 1, 1863. The next year he returned to Littleton and resumed practice. He continued here till his death, March 27, 1867. He was born at Lisbon July 25, 1828. He took his degree



DR. ALBERT WARREN CLARKE.

in medicine at Dartmouth Medical college in 1851. His widow and three children survive him, all residing in Massachusetts.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON JAMES LANG HARRIMAN, M. D.

Dr. James Lang Harriman was born in Peacham, Vt., May 11, 1833. He was educated at the academies in Meriden and Exeter, and in 1853 entered the office of Dr. Albert Winch, at Whitefield, where he pursued the usual course of study. He then attended three full courses of lectures at the medical colleges at Woodstock, Vt., Albany, N. Y., and Brunswick, Me., and was graduated from the last named in 1857. The same year he began the practice of his profession in Littleton. He remained here four and a half years. On July 31, 1862, he entered the service as assistant surgeon of the Thirteenth regiment Massachusetts volunteers, and was discharged for disability January 30, 1863. He then settled in Hudson, Mass., where he now resides. He is a member of the White Mountain, Middlesex Southern, and Massachusetts medical societies. While residing in Littleton he was chairman of the school committee.



Dr. JAS. L. HARRIMAN.

WARRANT SURGEON GEORGE BEEBE, M. D.

Rev. George Beebe, M. D., was born at Bacomb, Somersetshire, England, on June 9, 1828. He served in the war with Mexico and was a practising physician at the time of the Civil War. He was called into the service of the medical department under the designation of warrant surgeon, and as such did duty during the last of the war. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church, and filled a series of appointments, including the church at Littleton in 1872-'73. While resid-



REV. GEORGE BEEBE, M. D.

ing at Gosport he was several times a member of the legislature. He died at Bethlehem, March 7, 1877, and is buried in Glenwood cemetery in Littleton. A more extended sketch of his life and ministry is contained in the obituary notice in the Minutes of the New Hampshire Conference for 1877, p. 28.

CAPTAIN HURENZO RICHARDSON.



Capt. H. RICHARDSON.

Captain Richardson was born at Cabotville in Chicopee, Mass., March 2, 1844. His christian name is a combination of that of his father, Hugh, and that of his uncle, Lorenzo. In the record it is often given as "Hugh R.," and he is familiarly called and better known as "Rennie." He enlisted at Lancaster, April 22, 1861, for three months, being the first volunteer in Coös county to present himself for enrolment. He was not mustered in for that term, as the war department decided not to have the second regiment for that term organized from the men rendezvoused at Portsmouth. He re-enlisted May 22, 1861, and was made sergeant in Company F, June 4, 1861; first lieutenant August 20, 1862; wounded severely at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; appointed captain Company C, July 4, 1863; mustered out at expiration of term, June 21, 1864; appointed captain June 24, 1864; declined appointment. Since 1853 he has been a resident of Littleton. He is a genial gentleman, as modest and retiring in private life as he was brave and patriotic in the military service. He always enjoyed the close friendship and full confidence of his colonel, Gilman Marston, and declined promotion in other regiments through the urgent wishes of his commander that he should stay with him in the old Second. As an officer he was cool and intrepid in leadership, and strict in discipline. He performed his full share of the splendid work which placed the record of the Second New Hampshire with those of the most distinguished fighting regiments of the Army of the Potomac.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ADAMS MOORE.

Captain Moore was one of the youngest officers in the famous Fifth New Hampshire regiment. He was born at Littleton, on March 27, 1842, the son of Dr. Adams Moore. Captain Moore's



Capt. WM. A. MOORE.

great-grandfather was Col. Moses Little, who commanded a company at Lexington and a regiment at Bunker Hill, Trenton, and Princeton, and from whom the town of Littleton took its name. (Appleton's Encyclopedia of Biography, p. 738.) The Moore Rifles, Company F, Third Regiment N. H. National Guard, was named in his honor, and his biography and portrait are given in Child's History of the Fifth Regiment, p. 321. He was teaching in Brooklyn at the time of the first call for volunteers, and enlisted May 9, 1861, in the

Fifth New York volunteer infantry (Duryea's Zouaves), serving till September 16, when he was discharged to accept promotion. Returning to New Hampshire, he was appointed second lieutenant of Company E, Fifth New Hampshire volunteers, October 12; first lieutenant February 23, 1862; and captain Company H, November 10, 1862. He bore a distinguished part in all the engagements in which his regiment participated, including Fredricksburg. In that important battle he was killed, December 13, 1862. He was buried on the field of battle in an unknown grave.

The account of the desperate stand made by Captain Moore and his comrades of the Fifth in defence of their battle flag, given in a recent article in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt (December, 1892, p. 236), while not strictly accurate in details, in nowise underestimates the heroic conduct and spirit of the man. He was an ideal soldier, and his commander, Colonel Cross, paid a memorable tribute to his worth in the official announcement of his death. "Aside from the fact that he was one of the most prominent young officers in the service," wrote Colonel Cross, "he was my intimate friend, in whose advancement and welfare I had always felt the greatest interest. I loved him for

his brave and faithful spirit, his honorable ambition, his kindness, and his gentlemanly deportment. Deeply have I regretted the disastrous day which stripped my gallant regiment of its honest hearts."

CAPTAIN EZRA BURLEIGH PARKER.

Ezra Parker was born in Littleton, August 26, 1838, and resided here till the beginning of the war. He enlisted in Company L,



Capt. EZRA B. PARKER.

First Rhode Island Cavalry (New Hampshire battalion). He was promoted from sergeant to second lieutenant of the same company, August 4, 1862, and to first lieutenant and adjutant, December 1, 1862. He was taken prisoner in the cavalry engagement near Middleburg, Va., June 18, 1863, and confined in Libby prison until March 21, 1864. Immediately after his capture he was promoted to be captain for gallant conduct in the engagement before mentioned. His exchange was effected March 21, 1864, through the influence of

Hon. J. W. Patterson, and in May he resigned to accept a captaincy in the First New Hampshire cavalry. He was twice mentioned in General Orders for conspicuous bravery on the field. In consequence of impaired health resulting from long confinement in Libby prison, he accepted an appointment as judge advocate of the general court martial which convened at Annapolis, Md., December 9, 1864. He served in that capacity until April 20, 1865, when he was discharged; but by special order of the secretary of war, on the same day he was appointed inspector-general of District of Annapolis, Middle Department, holding that position until the department was closed, August 25, 1865, when he was mustered out of service. Soon after this, he engaged in business in Boston, where he now is, with Messrs. Miner, Beal & Hackett.

Captain Parker is a graduate of Dartmouth college and a member of the class of 1860. His business and social relations are still in a large measure in New Hampshire, and he continues to maintain a warm and active interest in all the affairs of his college, his town, and his native state.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HOIT STEVENS.

William H. Stevens was born at West Woodstock, Vt., March 17, 1839, but was a resident of Littleton from 1868 to 1879. He was appointed second lieutenant of the Seventh squadron of Rhode Island cavalry (Co. B.), June 24, 1862. This was a three months organization, and its history is of special interest to New Hampshire readers and to the alumni of Dartmouth college, for this Company B was constituted almost entirely of Dartmouth students, and was known as the Dartmouth cavalry. The history of the campaign which occupied the term of the squadron is given by Mr. John Scales in the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* for June, 1893, p. 400. Lieutenant Stevens's service with his command ended September 26, 1862. He became captain of Company C, Second regiment of Rhode Island cavalry, December 12, 1862; was made prisoner at Port Hudson, March 14, 1863, after he had there been severely wounded in a skirmish just before the advance of General Banks upon that point. Captain Stevens was reported killed, and on his return had the grim satisfaction of perusing a multitude of obituary eulogies of himself published in the Rhode Island papers. He remained a prisoner till July, 1863, a part of the time being confined in Libby prison. He was honorably discharged August 14, 1863. He now resides at Windsor, Vt., but is a helpless invalid, having been for years totally incapacitated for business or labor.



Capt. WM. H. STEVENS.

CAPTAIN THERON ALLEN FARR.

Theron A. Farr was a farmer in his native town at the breaking out of the war. His parents were Gilman and Philena (Allen) Farr. He was born at Littleton, December 29, 1839, and that has always been his residence. His first enlistment was April 23, 1861, for a three months term. Under this enlistment he remained some time at Portsmouth in various duties. Without being sent out of the state he was discharged May 17, with a consider-



Capt. T. A. FARR.

erable number of his comrades who had not continued in the service by re-enlistment in the Second regiment. September 30, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Fifth regiment; re-enlisted, and was mustered March 29, 1864; appointed first lieutenant Company H, October 28, 1864; captain Company G, May 1, 1865; mustered out as first lieutenant June 28, 1865. He won his promotions by hard work and faithful service. Captain Farr is a well preserved man in the prime of a well ordered life, a useful citizen in our community, and trusted among men of affairs and in official stations.

CAPTAIN ORA ORLANDO KELSEA.

Ora O. Kelsea was born at Lisbon, Oct. 9, 1827. He resided at Littleton from 1856 to 1859. In that period he was active and influential in organizing the Republican party in that section, and held the office of deputy sheriff. Removing after this to Ohio he was in that state when the war opened. June 10, 1861, he en-



Captain KELSEA.



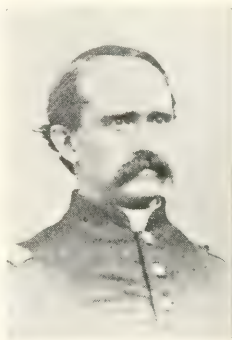
O. O. KELSEA.

listed for a term of three years; was appointed captain of Company H, Eighth Ohio volunteer infantry, to date from June 10 and was mustered in June 24. He resigned and was honorably

discharged March 11, 1862. For a time after the war he was in trade at Tilton, N. H. Returning to the west, he settled in Kansas, and held important civil offices there. He died at Topeka, July 29, 1871. His son placed the photographs in the state collection, from which illustrations have been made which represent Captain Kelsea both in war time and at a date later in life.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WELLS.

Benjamin F. Wells was born at Lisbon, January 9, 1834. He was appointed first lieutenant Company H, Eighth New Hampshire volunteer infantry, December 20, 1861; captain, Company H., September 30, 1862; was wounded at Labadieville, La., October 27, 1862; resigned and was honorably discharged December 31, 1862. The Eighth regiment served its earliest term in the Gulf department, and in that distant part of the seat of war and a most trying climate, its members made a most honorable record. Their History, by Capt. John M. Stanyan, has recently been published. Captain Wells returned to the service the next year, being appointed second lieutenant of Company A, First regiment New Hampshire heavy artillery, May 15, 1863; first lieutenant, August 10, 1863; captain, November 9, 1864; mustered out September 11, 1865. Since 1873, he has resided at Littleton. He has not aspired to or held political office, but is a substantial citizen who is a genial companion in social circles, an enthusiastic Knight Templar, and a model townsman.



CAPT. BENJ. F. WELLS.

CAPTAIN CORNELIUS WILLIAM STRAIN.

Captain Strain was born at Bethlehem, January 27, 1844. His parents were well-to-do farmers of Irish ancestry. They resided in Littleton just before the war, and this son lived at home in this place till he became employed at Manchester. He enlisted April 24, 1861, for three months' service, and was discharged



Capt. C. W. STRAIN.

July 12 without regimental assignment. He was appointed captain of Company C in the Tenth regiment New Hampshire volunteer infantry September 18, 1862. He served with distinction with his regiment till he was honorably discharged for disability on September 29, 1864. He was known during his short residence at Littleton as a young man of unassuming manners and of excellent character. He was a resident of Manchester after the war till his death, which occurred February 3, 1891.

His memory is honored by his comrades, and his name is held in respectful remembrance by the people of the city of his adoption.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A LOOK BACKWARD.

BY C. C. LORD.

[Capt. Nathan Lord, the master of an English ship, is said to have settled at Sturgeon Creek, Kittery (now Eliot), Me., about 1652, his progeny becoming numerous in Maine and other parts of the Union.]

Once on a time—Who ever heard
Before the odd, expressive statement?—
I felt the longing of the mind
For ancient lore without abatement.

I craved—and with impatience strong—
For some conception, fonder, clearer,
Of him who first on Sturgeon Creek
My race gave root for prospects dearer.

While brooding thus, with strange emprise
Of fervor, yet without displeasure,
My soul and sense sublimed,—I gained
The wizard's sight that knows no measure.

Thought peered around and strove to tell
Each object waiting expectation,
And lo! my great imprimis posed
Full face to face for conversation.

Of sturdy form and florid cheek,
He wore the old-time garb of sailor,
With all the points and lines that scare
The art that rules the modern tailor.

I louted low. "My liege," I said,
"Your son, the sixth in grade descending,
Pays homage. May your goodness know
Your offspring in submission bending!"

He gazed a moment as in doubt,
And then, as one who would not banter
With idle words, he turned aside
And brought a glass and a decanter.

With quick dismay and beating heart,
"Kind sir," I said, "the treat you render
I must decline. I never drink.
The act would wound my conscience tender."

With aspect shocked he silent paused
A space, and then, diversion giving
Its part discreet, he calmly asked
My station, trade, or mode of living.

"My noble sire," I said, "your child
No honest aim or end refuses,
But finds his proudest treasure when
He holds communion with the muses."

My great progenitor then frowned,—
"So! So!" he said. "You varses writin'!
A man thet fools his time away,
He ain't no son o' my delightin'.

"I mought hev knowed. I see yer skin
Is cullered like a taller candle,
An' fingers lean ez yourn fer life
Not e'en a marlin-spike could handle.

“More ’n thet, I allus notice how
 Them folks more paler gits an’ sicker,
 Thet lets their whims refuse their maw
 A proper taste o’ wholesome likker.

“But varsin’ caps the whole, I don’t”—
 But here the scene began to shimmer,
 And fancy fled—though incomplete
 The speech—nor left a ray to glimmer.

Since then I still cold water take,
 And loose imagination playing
 In guileless song, though age may deem
 Me fast, or slow, or only staying.

What was is past. What is to be
 Yet tarries, joyful or unpleasant:
 I hold it best of all to win
 The worth that crowns us in the present.

A “FIN DE SIECLE” LOVE STORY.

A Comedietta in one act.

BY EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER.

SCENE I.

Characters.—MISS STEINHEISER, MISS MACDONALD, BELL BOY.

Scene—*The wide piazza of Wentworth Hall, a large summer resort of the White Mountains. A hot August afternoon. Miss Steinheiser and Miss MacDonald reclining in easy-chairs and each absorbed in a novel.*

MISS STEINHEISER (*throwing down her novel impatiently*). Really, it’s absurd, Miss MacDonald, this having the fond lovers get married on the last page of every novel! Why must they always get married, anyway? Why not just leave them engaged, and let us imagine the rest?

MISS MACDONALD (*laughing*). Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Why, Miss Steinheiser, did you ever hear of a love story ending with an engagement? You would n't take the little romance there is in being in love out of it, would you?

MISS S. Oh, certainly not. But love stories are so very silly, you know, after they become engaged. It's all right as long as she is only a sister to him; but the moment they become engaged it's as plain as day.

MISS MACD. But of course you *know* they are going to be married, in the first chapter. That's what love stories are for, my dear,—just to marry off the prim little "bachelor girls" who have done with flirting and engagements.

MISS S. It's all very well to marry off the "old maids" [*sharply*]. But a sweet little girl with lovely auburn hair and brown eyes, and just the softest complexion, and stylish, too! Paris gown, you know, and all that. Then, it's too bad to marry off a girl like that on the last page of a novel, as they did in that "Reward of Love"! Why, Miss MacDonald, she was only twenty-two! Think of it! Married at our age!

MISS MACD. (*shocked*). You do n't say! It's an outrage! But there, it's only a story, Miss Steinheiser. We hardly need to champion the cause of our imaginary heroine. All that interests us is, to see that our love stories do not end that way.

MISS S. (*decidedly*). Mine most certainly will not. I have never let it get beyond the engagement, and I have had several little love stories in my day [*smiling*]. Did I tell you that I was engaged again last winter?

MISS MACD. No, dear! How delightful!

MISS S. It was really quite romantic, something out of the usual, you know.

MISS MACD. (*laughing*). Ha, ha! Ha, ha! I have almost forgotten how it seems to be engaged. Let me see [*thinking*], I returned Mr. De Tillotson's photo and ring over a year ago. Poor Mr. De Tillotson! It almost killed him.

MISS S. Why, you wicked girl! You ought to have kept them; that is the way I did, and he has never asked me to return it or anything. It's been nearly a year now since we parted [*sighing*]. Mamma and I wintered at The Raymond, you know.

Pasadena is just the loveliest spot! You can't help falling in love. Every one is either engaged or in love out there.

MISS MACD. Oh! how glad I am you spoke of it. I have a precise old maid aunt who is just wild to get married, but no one will have her, though she has lots of money. I'll tell her about The Raymond, and have her winter there this very year. But what was there romantic about your engagement, Miss Steinhiser?

MISS S. Oh, the meeting and parting, that's all. Mamma and I were driving one sultry afternoon, and when about ten miles out we overtook just the handsomest young man in an awfully cute 'cycle suit. His wheel had broken down, and he looked dreadfully forlorn. Mamma saw what the trouble was, and took pity on him. She pities all men, especially young men, since papa died. Of course mamma had the driver stop, and I inquired how far he had to go. It was funny, was n't it? But he was going to The Raymond!

MISS MACD. How very strange! Of course he fell in love at sight?

MISS S. Oh, certainly. But I could n't help it, you know. It really was n't my fault. Mamma should n't have taken him in. She had his wheel put in the box, and he got right in with us. He truly was quite bright, and his outing suit was so becoming,—knickerbockers and negligé and all that.

MISS MACD. (*interested*). Yes?

MISS S. Naturally he was very grateful when we arrived at The Raymond, and I met him several times the next few days. We went driving once or twice, and played tennis a great deal together on a court shut in by palms and surrounded by cosy little seats.

MISS MACD. What a lovely spot! You must have had some "love sets," then, my dear. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

MISS S. Why, Miss MacDonald, what a horrid pun! But we didn't have a single "love set." I beat him nearly every time, and he was a fine player, too, for he won the championship at the tournament.

MISS MACD. You don't say!

MISS S. Yes; and we had n't known each other a month

hardly before we were engaged; and such lovely times as we did have, for all the girls at The Raymond were after him, and I made him dance with me all the time [*laughing*]. Mamma said she always knew we would be engaged, from the moment she saw him by the roadside and took him in.

MISS MACD. (*laughing*). Oh, mammas know! Bless their dear little hearts! They are always planning engagements and weddings for us girls.

MISS S. Yes; that's just the trouble. It's all right to plan engagements; but weddings! Why, mamma really expected me to marry him. The idea of a girl of twenty-two, in our set, getting married. It's nonsense. But worst of all, he expected me to marry him, and when I told him that I never could be anything but his *fiancée* it almost broke his heart. He would n't take back this ring [*showing it*], or that lovely diamond brooch that you saw me have on at the ball the other evening. He said we might meet again, and that I might feel differently then. But we never shall, for he came from New Orleans; and I surely shall not feel any differently if I wear his brooch till I'm—thirty-five. But it was real good of him to leave them, they are so handsome!

MISS MACD. How very romantic, and if you ever should meet again, would n't it be interesting?

MISS S. (*doubtfully*). Yes; but then we never shall. He was going into business, he said, in New Orleans. He is probably married and settled down by this time.

MISS MACD. Yes; how disagreeable! I think you have the right idea of the model love story, Miss Steinheiser: it surely ought to end with the engagement.

MISS S. It is all very well, of course, for lovers to have their quarrels and then make up again: that's all the fun of being engaged! Just the moment the man wants to be married it spoils it all. Then I was so provoked at him that I came very near returning his photo.

MISS MACD. O Miss Steinheiser, how vexed you must have been. The photo you have on your dressing-case in a jewelled frame?

MISS S. Yes, the frame is his, too; it's lovely, is n't it? I hated to give that up, so decided to keep his picture. I wish he

had n't written his name on the back of it [*with a little frown*]; it was quite uncalled for. As if I did n't know it. If I were in his place I would want to keep my name out of sight. It's so commonplace, you know. Jones! Just think of it [*haughtily*],—I, a Mrs. Stillson-Jones!

MISS MACD. It's really quite ridiculous; but did you know that there was a Jones at the Hall? He came on the coach this morning, and mamma inquired his name of the bell boy. Would n't it be just lovely if it was your Mr. Stillson-Jones? Let's go and ask the clerk, Miss Steinheiser [*rising*]; we'll have another chapter of your model love story.

MISS S. (*smiling*). It would be pleasant, would n't it? We would make up, of course, and live last winter all over again, with the drives and tennis and balls. Oh, he is a lovely dancer, Miss MacDonald! But there, it can't be. It's too funny to be true. There is the bell boy coming now; we'll get him to inquire at the office if it *is* Mr. Stillson-Jones. [*Enter bell boy.*]

BELL BOY (*presenting card*). The gentleman is waiting in the blue reception room.

MISS S. (*exclaiming*). Why, upon my soul! Miss MacDonald it *is* Mr. Stillson-Jones. Did you ever! [*To bell boy*] Please tell the gentleman that I am very sorry, but—what shall I tell him, Miss MacDonald? I certainly can't see him: it's so unexpected.

MISS MACD. (*laughing*). Why of course you want to see him, Miss Steinheiser. It's just too lovely for anything. Think of it! He has come way from New Orleans to make up with you, my dear.

MISS S. Oh, nonsense! He is probably up on business, and has simply called to get his photo and brooch and other things. He doubtless wants them to give to another girl. [*To bell boy*] Tell the gentleman that I will be down in half an hour. Well, [*rising*] I must go up and put on his brooch and think of something real cold and severe to say to him. I'll make him believe I have not thought of him since last winter.

MISS MACD. Bye-bye, dear! I hope you will have another chapter to tell me this evening of your model love story [*taking up her novel again*].

MISS S. (*walking away*). Oh, there won't be another chapter, Miss MacDonald. I'm awfully sorry that I cannot accommodate you, but mine is a *model* love story, you know. [*Exit. Curtain.*]

SCENE II.

Characters.—MISS ESTELLE STEINHEISER, MR. HAROLD STILLSON-JONES.

Scene.—*The blue reception room adjoining the large parlor of the hall. Time, a half hour later. A sofa in one corner. Several easy-chairs scattered about. A hat and vase of flowers on the centre-table. The portière half drawn over the door from the parlor. Mr. Stillson-Jones seated on the edge of the sofa, twirling thoughtfully the ends of his silky mustache. Enter Miss Steinheiser, quietly, in a beautiful reception gown of pale blue silk, wearing diamond brooch and ring. She stands in the doorway, holding back the portière. Mr. Stillson-Jones does not look up.*

MISS STEINHEISER (*coldly, and without moving*). Mr. Stillson-Jones, I believe.

MR. S. J. (*rising excitedly*). Oh! I beg pardon, Estelle—er—Miss Steinheiser! I did not hear you till you spoke. I was thinking [*coming nearer and taking her slowly extended hand*] how much this reminded me of The Raymond and the days —

MISS S. (*interrupting*). When did you come North, Mr. Stillson-Jones? I had not anticipated a visit from you.

MR. S. J. (*without noticing the interruption*). Those were very happy days for me, and I trust they were for you—er—Miss Steinheiser. Yes, it got so beastly warm in New Orleans that a fellow could n't exist, that's all. I stood it as long as possible, and then packed up [*sitting on sofa*].

MISS S. (*taking chair by window*). But how did you ever come way up here in the White mountains [*anxiously*]? It is your first visit North, is it not, Mr. Stillson-Jones?

MR. S. J. Yes; but being at The Raymond last winter and having such a delightful time [*smiling*], I naturally came to the Hall, it being under the same management. It is a charming place, is it not?

MISS S. (*absently*). Then you find it pleasant here already?

I should think it would be such a change. Is New Orleans so very warm, Mr. Stillson-Jones?

MR. S. J. The winter and spring are much like those at The Raymond, but the summers are deucedly hot.

MISS S. Mamma and I returned rather unexpectedly last spring, you know [*Mr. Stillson-Jones evidently did know, and also that he was the cause of their departure*], and we were overtaken by a belated snow-storm in New York, and I remember now that I thought of you [*coldly*] and envied you your lovely warm days in New Orleans.

MR. S. J. I am thankful, Miss Steinheiser, if even a snow-storm has made you think of me just once since we parted under the palms at Pasadena. I assure you I have thought of you—many times.

MISS S. (*hesitatingly*). Oh, I presume I have thought of you, Mr. Stillson-Jones, at some time; but it has been so very gay here at the Hall that I really have n't had the time. By the way, have you met Miss MacDonald yet?

MR. S. J. (*carelessly*). I have not had that pleasure. I am glad that you still think enough of me to wear the ring and brooch. I hope you have not forgotten what led me to offer them.

MISS S. (*doubtfully*). Well, really! But they are so lovely, Mr. Stillson-Jones, I could n't help wearing them. [*A pause.*] There is to be a ball in the Casino this evening, and I will try and arrange an introduction to Miss MacDonald, if you wish. She's a sweet girl—a New Yorker, of course. Really, I think you will like her very much.

MR. S. J. Thank you. May I ask if—is she engaged? I hope not [*looking at Miss Steinheiser*].

MISS S. Oh, I think not. At least she's *only* engaged. She believes, as I do, that all love stories should end with the engagement. We said this very afternoon that we would never let ours go beyond that point. Married life is so horribly dull, you know.

MR. S. J. (*evidently unable to recall*). Why, how should I know, Miss Steinheiser? What is there dull about it?

MISS S. Oh, everything! No more flirtations, or balls, or parties, or engagements, and then you have to stay at home and receive, instead of making calls.

MR. S. J. (*earnestly*—*taking a chair beside her*). But, Estelle, you know I promised you last winter that you should attend every ball and party you wished to, and as for flirtations, I'll flirt with you all the time, if you say so; and we can quarrel and make up and become engaged and married, as often as you choose.

MISS S. (*laughing*). Oh, how very romantic. Would n't that be just lovely! But [*severely*], you know I do n't believe in *married love stories*, and never can.

MR. S. J. That is what you said last winter, Estelle; but now, you see, it is different. I have got settled in business in New Orleans, and we wouldn't need to live in the city at all. In fact, I would like nothing better than to spend every winter in Pasadena as we did the last. We could be just as happy and gay, even if we were married, as we used to be. Then, in the spring, we would visit New Orleans in time to take in the closing balls of the season, and as soon as it became at all warm we would run up here into the White mountains and summer at the Hall. Would n't that be an ideal life, Estelle?

MISS S. How delightfully pleasant! Do married people ever live like that, Mr. Stillson-Jones? I have never read of them in novels.

MR. S. J. I do n't know, I'm sure; but we would try to make ours a model love story, Estelle, and —

MISS S. (*interrupting*). But model love stories end with the engagement,—where ours ended [*decidedly*]. I can never let mine go beyond that [*rising*].

MR. S. J. (*rising also, and taking her hand*). But, Estelle, don't you see? Ours won't be like other love stories. Ours will be new, unusual, quite romantic all the time.

MISS S. (*nervously*). Oh, it's all very fine to talk about, but the safest way is to shut the book as soon as they are engaged. I never read beyond that point. I am very glad to have seen you, Mr. Stillson-Jones [*withdrawing her hand and bowing politely*].

MR. S. J. But, Estelle! [*Earnestly*]. We can at least be engaged, can we not—be as we were at The Raymond before we quarrelled?

MISS S. Oh, certainly! If you wish it. It's such a trifle, you know. But please do n't worry about me, Mr. Stillson-Jones. I do hate to see men in despair over such trifles. I have an en-

gagement this afternoon, and beg to be excused. [*Bows, turns, and leaves the room.*]

MR. S. J. (*to himself, dropping on sofa*). Engaged! Engaged!
Oh, Estelle! Is that all? [*Curtain.*]

SCENE III.

Characters—MISS STEINHEISER. MISS MACDONALD. MR. HAROLD STILLSON-JONES.

Scene—*The crowded and brilliantly lighted ball-room of the Casino adjoining the Hall. The evening of the same day. Miss Steinheiser and Miss MacDonald, in beautiful evening gowns, seated at the farther end of the ball-room. The first number not yet announced.*

MISS MACDONALD (*fanning herself gently*). Oh, Miss Steinheiser, did I tell you how that love story came out that I was reading this afternoon? It was ever so funny, do n't you know. When Mr. Stillson-Jones sent up his card they had just become engaged, and I expected them to quarrel and then make up again, and finally get married on the last page.

MISS STEINHEISER (*attentively*). Yes!

MISS MACD. But they did n't quarrel at all.

MISS S. How very absurd!

MISS MACD. But it was real pleasant after all. They had n't been engaged a month before they were married. [*Miss Steinheiser looks horrified.*] He was awfully good, though, and had lots of money, and they went on a long wedding tour and just did n't settle down at all. You'd never know they were married, they had such a lovely time. They spent the winter in California, and summered at Newport. Really, I think that is better than having the story end with the engagement.

MISS S. (*doubtfully*). Do you think so, dear? Of course she had to take her husband's name when they were married?

MISS MACD. Why, of course; but it was such an aristocratic name, you know. Let's see. [*Thinks.*] It was Mr. J. Gregory Vanderveldt. A New Yorker, was n't he? Oh! but Miss Steinheiser, please tell me how your love story is coming on. What did Mr. Stillson-Jones have to say this afternoon? Of course you made up?

MISS S. (*uncertainly*). Yes, just a very little. I want you to meet him, Miss MacDonald, for he surely has improved so much since last winter. He is going to be at the ball this evening.

MISS MACD. You are very kind, I am sure. It would be a great pleasure. Then you could n't think of anything cold and severe to say to him this afternoon?

MISS S. Oh, yes, I did—at least, I tried to; but he was so delightful! [*Smiles.*] Really, he asked me again to marry him, and I only got a little vexed at him. It was quite funny.

MISS MACD. (*alarmed*). You did n't give him any encouragement did you, Miss Steinheiser?

MISS S. (*decidedly*). No, I could n't; he called me Estelle, and promised all sorts of things. Said we would winter at The Raymond every year, and then go to New Orleans—he's in business there, you know—just in season to take in the closing balls, and then when it was the least bit warm we would run right up here to summer at the Hall.

MISS MACD. Oh! How very delightful! Why, that's just like the love story that I was reading this afternoon. And were n't you going to settle down at all, the way married people do?

MISS S. No, never! He said we could play we were only engaged, and quarrel and make up just as lovers always do. Truly, he was so lovely that I just did n't *dare* to stay any longer for fear I should say yes. So I told him I had an engagement, and left, apparently quite vexed; but he made me promise that we could be engaged again, just as we were at The Raymond, you know.

MISS MACD. Oh, you cruel girl! How could you get vexed? [*The first number is announced. Music begins. Mr. Stillson-Jones enters, tall and handsome, from the piazza.*] There comes Mr. Stillson-Jones, now. Do you have the first dance with him, my dear?

MISS S. Yes; but let me introduce you first.

MR. STILLSON-JONES (*coming up and bowing very politely*). I beg your pardon, Miss Steinheiser, I am sure, for keeping you waiting, but I met a friend at the door whom I had not seen for a long time.

MISS S. (*rising*). Please do n't mention it, Mr. Stillson-Jones; you are very kind. May I introduce you to Miss MacDonald?

MR. S. J. Thank you.

MISS S. Miss MacDonald, please let me introduce Mr. Stillson-Jones, of whom you have heard me speak.

MISS MACD. (*rising and bowing*). It is a great pleasure to meet you, Mr. Stillson-Jones.

MISS S. (*smiling*). How fortunate we girls are to-night in having your company. Young men are so scarce, you know. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

MISS MACD. Really, you are quite a godsend, Mr. Stillson-Jones. It is so kind of you to be bored by us girls.

MR. S. J. Oh, please don't think of such a thing, Miss MacDonald. It is awfully pleasant, I am sure. I believe I am so fortunate as to have the first number with you, Miss Steinheiser. [*Miss S. bows, and takes his arm.*]

MR. S. J. May I have the pleasure of the second with you, Miss MacDonald?

MISS MACD. Certainly. [*Mr. Stillson-Jones escorts Miss Steinheiser to the floor, and the dancing begins.*]

MISS S. (*looking up in Mr. S. J.'s eyes and pressing his hand joyfully*). Oh, how this reminds me of The Raymond, Mr. Stillson-Jones! Such a superb floor, and the party is quite select, too.

MR. S. J. I am so glad you enjoyed those delightful days at The Raymond, Estelle, and I hope these may be as pleasant.

MISS S. (*smiling*). You are so kind.

MR. S. J. I wish you would let me be something more than kind, Estelle. Don't you think you could be happy if all the days were like these?

MISS S. (*doubtfully*). Well, I don't know, really. Things would be so different, you know; and then—I should have to change my name [*with a little shudder*]. How funny Mrs. Steinheiser-Stillson-Jones would sound, would n't it? Oh, I could n't [*with a half-suppressed sigh*]!

MR. S. J. Yes, yes, Estelle! I know Jones is a commonplace name. It's mighty hard to ask you to exchange Steinheiser for Jones; but, Estelle, is that all?

MISS S. Let's not dance any more now, Mr. Stillson-Jones, it's so very warm here. Shan't we walk out the rest of the number? [*She takes his arm, and they walk out on the dimly-lighted piazza surrounding the Casino, and promenade slowly.*]

MISS. S. (*continuing*). It's so quiet and cool here, and no one to watch your gown all the while. [*Smiles.*]

MR. S. J. (*indifferently*). But, Estelle, you didn't answer my question. Would things look differently if Jones was n't so commonplace a name? Is that all, Estelle?

MISS S. (*hesitatingly*). Yes, I think—that—is all, if we ever could live as you said we could, Mr. Stillson-Jones.

MR. S. J. (*grasping her hand*). Oh! By Jove! Estelle, I have it. Why, you need n't change your name at all. I don't blame you a bit; it's all right, Estelle, all right. When shall we set the day?

MISS S. (*withdrawing her hand nervously*). All right, Mr. Stillson-Jones? How is it all right? How are we to be married if I don't change my name?

MR. S. J. (*apologetically*). Oh, I beg your pardon, Estelle. Didn't I tell you? I was so happy I forgot. *Why, I'll change my name.* I have been waiting for an excuse for a long time. And we can really be married and be so happy, and you won't have to change your name at all.

MISS S. Oh!—Oh!—Harold, how romantic! How funny! Mrs. Harold Stillson-Jones-Steinheiser! How English!

MR. S. J. (*stooping and raising her hand to his lips*). Oh! Estelle, may I—may I? [*He kisses it gently.*]

MISS S. (*putting her handkerchief to her face*). Yes [*softly*]!

MR. S. J. (*to himself*). Mrs. Harold Stillson-Jones-Steinheiser! [*Aloud.*] Ah, Estelle! I knew if you kept that brooch and ring you could n't forget me. And when shall we set the day, dear? Would Christmas be too early? We could go to New Orleans for a few days and have our reception, and then to The Raymond. You could get your gowns from Worth by Christmas, could n't you, Estelle?

MISS S. (*cautiously*). Possibly, Harold; but would n't New Year's be better? It is something so new and unusual, you know.

MR. S. J. Why, of course, Estelle. How stupid of me! New Year's, then, dear [*kissing her*]. [*Music begins again in ball-room.*] Is that the second number, dear? I was engaged with Miss MacDonald for that; sha' n't we go in now?

MISS S. (*smiling*). Oh ! may I tell Miss MacDonald, Harold ? It will be such a surprise.

MR. S. J. Surely, Estelle ; and then we will run and tell your mamma. [*She takes his arm, and they cross the ball-room to where Miss MacDonald is sitting.*]

MISS S. (*clasping her hands and blushing slightly*). Oh, Miss MacDonald, I am so happy ! That love story you read this afternoon was the model love story after all. I have another chapter to tell you on mine. It is n't going to end with the engagement. Harold—Mr. Stillson-Jones and I are to be married New Year's day.

MISS MACD. Why, Miss Steinheiser ! That is just too delightful for anything [*kissing her*]. [*To Mr. S.-J.*] May I congratulate you, Mr. Stillson-Jones, on your good fortune ?

MR. S. J. (*bowing*). Thank you, Miss MacDonald. Allow me to present our future address [*takes a card from card-case, and writes hastily*] : " Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stillson-Jones-Steinheiser, 1268 Engleside avenue, New Orleans." After the first of February at The Raymond, Miss MacDonald. [*Hands her the card.*]

MISS MACD. Thank you. [*To Miss S.*] A thousand congratulations, dear.

MISS S. The same to you, darling. There may be another model love story, so beware. [*To Mr. S.-J.*] We must run and tell mamma now, Harold. Really, it is so unexpected. [*To Miss MacD., smiling.*] Bye-bye, dear. [*Both bow, and disappear through the door.*]

MISS MACD. (*reading to herself*). " Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stillson-Jones-Steinheiser." How very funny ! What can it mean ? [*Curtain.*]

IN MIDWINTER.

BY JOHN H. BARTLETT.

Backward my thoughts turn to joys that have vanished,
 Charms of the autumn fain would I sing ;
 Midst the chill snows of the winter I'm banished,
 Patiently waiting the pleasures of spring.

BY THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN: A SKETCH OF CLAREMONT.

BY GEORGE H. MOSES.

"The New Hampshire Grants!" said a witty lawyer, speaking to a toast at a dinner of the Grafton and Coös Bar association. "The New Hampshire Grants; who were they?"

Claremont was one of them, and "by and with the Advice of our Trusty and well Beloved Benning Wentworth, Esqr., our Governor and Commander-in-chief of s'd Province of New Hampshire in New England," was granted by George III to seventy residents of Winchester and other towns in that neighborhood. October 26, 1764, was the date of the grant, though the first settlers, Moses Spafford (or Spofford) and David Lynde, had come thither in 1762, and it was not until 1767 that the town rose to the dignity of a community, and even then but few of the progenitors located on their grant, the bulk of the settlers coming from Con-

necticut and securing proprietorial rights by purchase from the original grantees. The 24,000 acres of the township were divided into seventy-five shares by the grant, and were subject to a few conditions such as accompanied each of the sixty grants made by Benning Wentworth, and which were afterward involved almost in war by litigious and controversial states. The Claremont conditions were the reservation of 500 acres for the governor's property, one share was reserved for the benefit of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, one share was allotted as a glebe to the



PARAN STEVENS.

Church of England, the first settled minister was to have one share, and the schools of the town received one. Suitable provision was made for highways, and pines suitable for masts were set

aside for the royal navy. In return, the proprietors were to pay, "on the Twenty-fifth day of December, annually, if Lawfully Demanded," one ear of Indian corn, a sort of Christmas gift to the crown.

The first settlements were made in the fertile lands along the Connecticut in the west part of the town, and it is likely that the



SULLIVAN RAILROAD HIGH BRIDGE.

first settlers made their way to their new home by a direct route up the river. The motive for the settlement at first was purely agricultural, though among the first acts of the proprietors was the granting of two acres of land to Benjamin Tyler for a mill-yard on the Sugar river. Mr. Tyler soon after built a dam with a saw-mill and grist-mill at West Claremont, and on the same privilege to-day is located a similar industry.

In March, 1768, the first town meeting was held and town officers were chosen. At an adjourned meeting \$13.33 was raised to defray town charges, and a burying-ground was provided for. Later the first highway was laid out, over what is called Town hill, an eminence at West Claremont, and still later a road to Newport was provided for. The road over Town hill was the main thoroughfare through the town. On the Windsor road was one of the first taverns of the town, now remodelled and occupied

by the proprietor of the famous Cupola farm. This house in the heyday of its youth was occupied by Benjamin Sumner, and within its walls the Masons of Claremont organized their first lodge and held their meetings. Tradition says that at the house of Alexander Ralston, a tavern on Town hill, and perhaps a rival house, the Masons were also accustomed to hold meetings, and on one occasion of their assembling the landlord's wife was overcome by curiosity and made her way to the attic over the hall to play the eavesdropper. Being a heavy woman, she came to grief by falling through the lath and plaster of the ceiling, and the brethren beneath were much astonished to find their deliberations literally broken in upon by the foot and leg of the female Paul Pry, who had to be extricated from her embarrassing plight by her husband and a brother Mason. Mrs. Ralston, so far as can be learned, was never punished for her eavesdropping, and certainly did not become the one woman who joined the Masons and who had her home in a dozen other places than Claremont. Among the first settlers on Town hill was Barnabas Ellis, who was the first person married in the town. When he was married there was no minister in the town



THE WEST PART ROAD.

and the Rev. Bulkley Olcott of Charlestown was guided through the woods by the groom's brother, who was also commissioned to secure a suitable supply of new rum. "The whole town was invited to the wedding, and as many as could come with convenience, attended." This first wedding was a gay affair. It occurred in



STEVENS HIGH SCHOOL.

the largest house in town, which boasted three rooms. The high contracting parties sat upon plain oak chairs, and before them was a stand upon which were placed a Bible, a hymn-book, and a glass of the new rum, which a local writer quaintly describes as "the sealing beverage." The parson, after the parties were seated, approached the stand, decorously quaffed down his liquor, and began reading a chapter of Scripture; after this a hymn was "lined out" and sung, the knot was tied, a long prayer was offered, and the merry-making began. The bridegroom became a man of prominence in Claremont; he filled several local offices and was a lieutenant during the Revolution. For three generations he, his son, and his grandson, occupied the farm on Town hill, and now, after 126 years, it is still in the family.

In October, 1770, Governor Benning Wentworth died, and to Martha Hilton, the servant-girl whom he had married, was left nearly all his property. John Wentworth, Benning's nephew and successor, had expected to become his heir, and was greatly enraged at his displacement. He therefore resolved to oust the

widow from her property, and in the course of the litigation which followed, the question was raised as to the validity of the late governor's title to the tracts of 500 acres each which he had reserved to himself in all the so-called New Hampshire Grants. John Wentworth's council, seven of whom were relatives of his excellency, declared the title invalid, and steps were taken to dispossess the occupants. The "Governor's Farm" in Claremont was occupied by Lieutenant George Hubbard, who was plied with threats and arguments to induce him to surrender his title. To all requests of the governor his invariable reply was,—“The law sustains me, if law is common sense, and neither the governor nor His Majesty King George shall drive me from the soil.” Nor did they; for on appeal to the king in council the grants were declared valid, and among the most precious possessions of the present owner of the “Governor's Farm” are counted the documents which figured in evidence in the suit which confirmed his ancestor's title.

Claremont was a religious community, and from the first had had a sort of ecclesiastical organization with Samuel Cole, a grad-



FISKE FREE LIBRARY.

uate of Yale, as lay reader. In 1771 the Congregationalists, who had from the first assumed a churchly jurisdiction, urged, no doubt, by a desire to secure the 250 acres of land which would fall to the first settled minister, caused a town meeting to be

called, and it was voted to call "Mr. Elijah Parsons to come and preach the gospel among us, on probation;" he failing, the Rev. Dr. Wheelock of Dartmouth was asked to give his advice, and the Rev. George Wheaton was settled February 19, 1772. He died in June, 1773, and was succeeded by the Rev. Augustine Hibbard, whose pastorate of eleven years covered the Revolutionary period. Mr. Hibbard was a staunch patriot and served under General Stark as chaplain. So fearful was he that he would give countenance to the Tories, that on one occasion he refused to baptize a child on the ground that he suspected the father of Royalist leanings. From war the parson turned to love, in which all is equally fair, and eloped with his maid-servant.

The ecclesiastical history of Claremont is most interesting. The pious bent of the first settlers' minds has been shown by their early adherence to the church, with Samuel Cole as lay reader. In 1771 a church was organized, and in 1773 a coadjutor, Rev. Ranna (also spelled René) Cossitt, began his labors as rector of the Episcopal church at West Claremont, and the church there erected is still standing and is yet used for regular services. It is one of the most interesting church buildings in New Hampshire. With the exception of the chancel its interior is unchanged, and its quaint, square box-pews and galleried slips are now as they were more than a century ago.

The church was organized in 1771 by the Rev. Samuel Peters, who was afterward chosen bishop of Vermont, but who was never consecrated. During the Rev. Ranna Cossitt's term as rector the church fell on troublous times, for the rector was a Tory, and during hostilities he was virtually on parole and was not permitted to leave the town except to exercise his priestly functions. The church building was erected before the Revolution, from a plan furnished by Governor John Wentworth, who promised to furnish the glass and nails also when the work was advanced to a certain stage.

When that time had come the royal governor had fled and the work was delayed. The building was not completed until 1789. It is fit for another century at least. It is related that once when the congregation was within a tornado sprung up without. The terrified worshippers sought flight, but were met at

the door by a brawny carpenter who had had a hand in building the church. "I know this frame," he cried, pushing back the crowd, "no wind can demolish it." A hundred years ago the church was incorporated as Union church; and about the same time, there being no rector, a proposition was made for the church-

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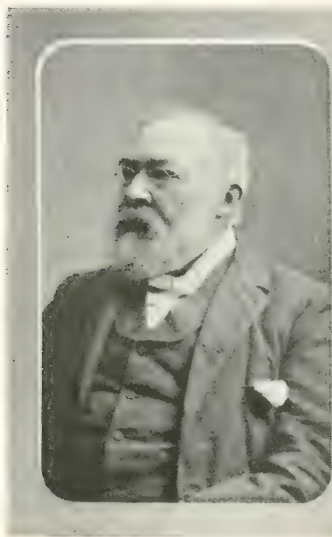
SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

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priest in the church of his father and was a teacher and rector in New York. He had a wife and children, but he renounced his family with his other vows and entered the Romish priesthood. His daughters entered a convent; one became a nun, and a son took membership with the Jesuits.

Following his admission to orders in the Catholic faith, Virgil

Barber returned to Claremont, where he founded a seminary and built a church, which is still standing at West Claremont, just across the street from the church, where his father preached. This was the first Catholic church in New Hampshire, and was used for church purposes until the erection of the new St. Mary's church in Claremont village. At West Claremont was said the



Major O. F. R. WAITE.

first mass ever celebrated in New Hampshire. This service, I conclude, was held in the Rev. Daniel Barber's house, and was conducted one Sunday morning before the reverend gentleman betook himself to Union church to minister to his people in the Episcopal faith. One rector of Union church—perhaps Mr. Barber, since he was dismissed from his pulpit by vote of the parish—kept careful account in the church books of a conflict between pastor and people. The concluding entry in his series of "war sketches" reads thus:

"Went to the church at the usual hour this morning; was locked out." From Union church sprang Trinity parish at Claremont. The Rt. Rev. Carlton Chase, D. D., first bishop of New Hampshire, was for many years, during the first of his bishopric, rector of this church.

Another preacher of Claremont who received some little notoriety, was the Rev. Jonathan Nye, of the Congregationalist communion, who was deposed from his pulpit and afterwards became postmaster of the town. When he was deposed the church met to deliberate upon his expulsion from membership. They argued pro and con, and finally asked the culprit if he had anything to say. "No," he answered, "except this: Before I am expelled, it is necessary for me to join." An examination of the records showed that he was never a member of that church, and the meet-

ing adjourned *sine die*. Another point of church history in Claremont worthy of note, is the tradition that the eccentric and noted Lorenzo Dow preached the first Methodist sermon in town.

Claremont was a patriotic town ever, and took no inconspicuous part in the wars of its time. Lieutenant Joseph Taylor was a noted fighter, and served in the French and Indian wars and in the Revolution. He was at Cape Breton in 1745, and afterward went into Maine, where he was captured by the Indians, taken to Canada, and sold to the French. He was seven years in slavery, but he finally escaped, and served Claremont as selectman in 1773. He was again elected in 1777, but he begged to be excused, as he was too busy fighting for his country. Besides being a warrior, he was an artist in his way, and a curiously carved powder-horn, bearing his signature in fac simile and scrolled about with many a clever twirl, remains to testify that he was a genuine Yankee—handy with a knife.

Colonel Joseph Waite and Colonel Samuel Ashley shared with Joseph Taylor the prominence which the Revolution enabled some



FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

to attain. Colonel Waite was a renowned soldier. The Governor's Farm was once his, given him for his services in the French wars. During the Revolution he was made a lieutenant-colonel in Bedell's regiment, and was fatally wounded in the head by a

splinter from a gun carriage in an engagement at Lake Champlain. While on the way home he died at Clarendon, Vt., where stands a monument to his memory. Colonel Ashley was a grantee of the town and came to it during the Revolution. He was with Stark at Bennington. Aside from his war record, he left a son, Oliver Ashley, who in turn left several thousand dollars to Union church, thus affording life to an emaciated parish.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Claremont was on the route from New York to Canada, and "Tory Hole" in the western part of the town was frequently made use of as a rendezvous for friends of the king. It was the custom of the Tories in the neighborhood to stock the rendezvous with provisions, and it was an indiscreet commissary who betrayed the location of the branding place; for the strange actions of a man with a huge pack on his back aroused suspicion, and a guard was posted



BAPTIST CHURCH.



CATHOLIC CHURCH.



METHODIST CHURCH.



UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

at night. In the morning the search began, and two men were roused up by the vigilant beating of the bush which ensued. They fled, and were pursued. They escaped across the Connecticut river, and were captured asleep on the summit of Ascutney. The people of the town had small use for Tories. Elihu Stevens, a Revolutionary justice of the peace, was particularly active in expressing his hostility to the king's friends, on one occasion having held a suspected



EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

traitor for the supreme court, and ordered his confinement at Charlestown. To the constable who asked for a *mittimus*, the magistrate answered: "Take my horse and carriage. If they will hold out long enough to get him to jail, it is all the *mittimus* he deserves." The sheriff thus summarily commissioned had not long since himself been before the magistrate on a charge of trea-

son. Ichabod Hitchcock he was, the only master carpenter and builder in town, and, as his services were very much in demand, he had sent a substitute to the war. Three times he had done this, and an evil-minded person circulated the report that he was a Tory. A wink was as good as a nod to our vigilant Magistrate Stevens, so he and his son set out, well armed, for Hitchcock's house to hale him before the court. Hitchcock was at breakfast, and was arrested in the name of the Continental congress. Stevens's son was mounted guard before the only outside door of the house, and Stevens himself went on to arrest a suspected neighbor.

While he was gone Hitchcock came to the door, and asked young Stevens if he had breakfasted.

"No," answered the youth.

"Come in, then," returned the hospitable captive, "and have a bite."

The boy complied, and was soon seated at the prisoner's table.

Hitchcock then coolly seized the boy's weapon and bade him eat as much as he pleased, for nobody would molest him. "Because you," he added, "as well as I, have been taken prisoner while in the discharge of your duty to your country."

Hitchcock then took up the sentry-beat outside the house, and before long was confronted by the angry Stevens, who returned to find his prisoner covering the ground in true military style.

"Lay down your arms!" roared the magistrate.

"Oh, yes," replied the confident and waggish Hitchcock. "I made him surrender arms some time ago, and I've got him safe. I'm satisfied he's a Tory, and wish that he may be taken from my house as soon as possible."

It required some argument to convince the jocose carpenter that he was actually under arrest; but after receiving what he termed "satisfactory evidence" he permitted himself to be marched away to the village, where court was convened and he and his neighbor were promptly set free.

A few days later a succession of loud reports, apparently of fire-arms, alarmed the community, and it was bruited about that the noise came from British scouts from a main party encamped at Cavendish, Vt., and that the entire force would be at Claremont before noon. Consternation pervaded the village, and a few

excitable ones gathered up their movables and posted away to the fort at Number Four (now Charlestown). The majority remained at home and awaited the attack, which never came. Afterward it was learned that the noise was caused by dashing an upright board against another lying on the ground. Could the waggish master-builder have had a hand in this?

Claremont was not one of the sixteen towns which had petitioned for admission to Vermont and received it in 1778; and in all of the difficulty which followed there is evidence that the town wavered but once in its allegiance to New Hampshire. That was in 1781, and was only an expression of doubt as to its proper place. As a New Hampshire Grant played a very limited part: and in 1782 petitioned the general shire for relief from Vermont's interference. A letter from Washington to the governor of Vermont put an end to that. Before that, however, delegates, had pro-union with Vermont contented with an-Hampshire. In the mont's record is not nious. A partial his-



BISHOP CHASE.

to the imperfections of the rolls and not to the town's lack of patriotism. Shall we do less? In the War of the Rebellion, Claremont has a glowing record. April 17, 1861, the first call for volunteers was made in New Hampshire. The next day William P. Austin enrolled his name at Claremont and was appointed a recruiting officer. Amid oratory, tears, prayers, and ovations, the first company was recruited and sent out. In all, the town furnished 370 volunteers, and more than \$25,000 of expense was assumed in connection with the patriotic duty of defending the nation.

One of Claremont's brilliant soldiers was Colonel Alexander Gardiner, who was fatally wounded at the Battle of Cedar Creek; and in all, the town gave up sixty-seven of her citizens that the govern-

ment at Washington might live. To them and to their living comrades stands a bronze memorial in the park south of the town hall; and within the building, to the dead, are mural tablets bearing their names. A complete record of "Claremont in the Rebellion" has been published.

Claremont was originally settled as an agricultural community, the fair and fertile meadows of the Connecticut being a most alluring enticement to new settlers. Nor has the town ever lost its early renown; it is still one of the banner farming towns of the state, though it has come to have another industrial distinction, which has overshadowed the first. The intervalles of the great river are as productive now as ever, and upon the hills which rise up from Sugar river have been developed at least two famous farms. One of these, the Cupola farm, is at West Claremont and has already been referred to. The other, Highland View farm, is owned by W. H. H. Moody, a wealthy native of the

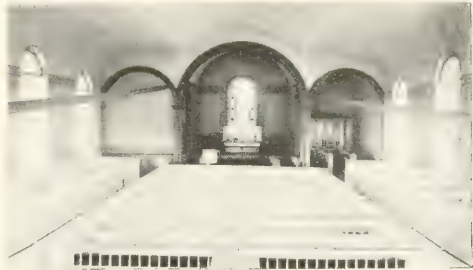


UNION CHURCH.

town, who was driven back to Eden by failing health. Here are bred and developed fine trotting horses,—a superb stud, experienced handlers, and a half-mile track, combining to make up an excellent equipment. Many thousands of dollars have been laid out on this estate, and the chief regret of the visitor is that the owner's health should have been restored to such a degree that he has returned to his business instead of staying here to enjoy the beauty spread out

before him. But it is as a manufacturing town that Claremont is to-day particularly to be noted. Since 1767, when Benjamin Tyler built his dam at the West Part, the place has been what a recent writer calls "one of those tiresome towns that manufacture on a water-power." With this exception, there is nothing tiresome about Claremont; it is, on the contrary, distinctly alive. But, as undeniably, it does manufacture on a water-power. And such a magnificent water-power it is!

The Sugar river, outlet of Sunapee lake, flows through the town, emptying into the Connecticut. In the eighteen miles of the river's length it has a fall of 820 feet. Within the limits of Claremont, along the course of this stream, there are thirteen distinct mill privileges, with a total fall of 223 feet, 150 feet of it being within the village and along a distance of half a mile. These tumbling, seething, maddening rapids give employment to some \$7,000,000 of invested capital and to more than a thousand men. To the town of Claremont they give life and wealth.



UNION CHURCH.—INTERIOR.

The early settlers knew the worth of their water-power, and the first mill privilege was entered upon and improved during the first summer after the settlement of the town; and in the next summer a grist mill was set up with much ceremony, and the quaffing of a half barrel of West India rum, of which, tradition has it, some of the men who were present imbibed too freely, and those of them who came from out of town were unable to reach home that night and slept by the sides of fallen trees.

In 1800 the power in what is now the village was first made use of, and a scythe factory was set up. This gave way to various other enterprises, and finally became the property of the Monadnock Mills company, which is by far the largest manufactory in the town, and which entered into the labors of others in 1844

after local capitalists had sunk thousands of dollars, and had become sick at heart after waiting through several years of hard times.

Beside the Monadnock mills, with their manufactures of napkins, cotton cloth, and Marseilles quilts, there are in Claremont the Sullivan Machine company, the Sugar River paper mills, a shoe shop, a slipper factory, a stair-case factory, two paper mills at West Claremont—one making tissue paper only—and saw and grist mills.

In addition to these industries, peculiar to herself, Claremont has not neglected that other staple industry of all New Hampshire and has produced men also. One does not find a famous name at every corner ; but the century and a quarter of the town's history has not been fruitless in statesmen or soldiers, men of peace and men of war.

The first Episcopal bishop of New Hampshire and the first-chosen, though unconsecrated, bishop of Vermont have already been mentioned as at one time having ministered in Claremont. To them must be added another prelate, in another church, in the person of a son of William Tyler, a nephew of Virgil H. Barber, who followed his uncle into Catholicism and became a Roman Catholic bishop.

Probably the most distinguished man of whom Claremont boasts is the Hon. Caleb Ellis, who died at forty-nine, a judge of the New Hampshire supreme court, and before that a state senator, a member of the governor's council, a presidential elector, and a member of congress. The Hon. George B. Upham, in a measure contemporaneous with Judge Ellis, though he long outlived him, was also a member of congress and a speaker of the New Hampshire house of representatives ; and he declined a supreme court judgeship. In later years Claremont has had the Hon. Hosea W. Parker in congress for two terms, and a recent ornament to the supreme bench of the state was the Hon. W. H. Allen, who was appointed from Claremont in 1876, serving until shortly before his death, which occurred in 1893.

Claremont gave Paran Stevens, the noted hotel man, birth ; and he in return provided Claremont with a high school, and bequeathed a handsome endowment to sustain it. And, though

not the mother, Claremont is the grandmother of Salmon P. Chase and Austin Corbin, the more direct grandmother of the first having been the Mrs. Ralston who disturbed the Masons, and the same relative of the second being the wife of Daniel Chase, who built the Sullivan House in 1793, which is now beginning its second century of life as a hotel. There are other hotels in town, the Belmont and the Claremont in the village, the latter a beautiful modern house newly erected upon the site of the old Tremont House, where Lafayette was entertained, and where many a public dinner was eaten; the Ascutney View at the Lower village, the Junction House, and a nameless inn at the West part.



MONADNOCK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Of churches the town has seven,—Trinity and Union (Episcopal), Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, and Catholic.

The excellent system of public schools in the town culminates in the Stevens High school, which occupies a fine school building, toward which Paran Stevens gave about \$15,000, and to which he gave \$10,000 for a permanent fund for its support. By his will, in 1872, he bequeathed \$40,000 to the town of Claremont, to be added to his first gift of \$10,000 for a fund. With singular thoughtfulness he directed this legacy to be paid within two years from the time of his death. It has not yet been received, a litigious widow having succeeded in keeping the estate in court until now. The generous example of Mr. Stevens has been followed

by others, and from Mrs. Mary J. Alden the school received a bequest of about \$4,000, the interest of which is expended for three prizes to graduates. Samuel P. Fiske, a brother-in-law of Mr. Stevens, gave \$300 for the purchase of books and apparatus. Mrs. Harriet E. Tappan made a bequest of \$30,500, the income of which is expended in prizes for scholarship and deportment in the other town schools, and to assist scholars to attend the high



HIGHLAND VIEW STOCK FARM.

school, though excellence in scholarship is not the only requisite for a share in the beneficence of the donor, who thoughtfully made provision so that, under the rules of the board of education, the indigent, though dull, may get prizes and attend the high school.

In 1873 the same Mr. Fiske who befriended the High school, presented the town with 2,000 books for a public library, and by his will \$9,000 was bequeathed as a fund for the library's support. This gift and bequest the town fully appreciated, and has provided in the Fiske Free Library building a suitable home for this useful adjunct to its progress.

At one time Claremont laid claim to being a literary distributing point. The Claremont Manufacturing company was formed for the purpose of manufacturing satinets. Its mill was located on one of the numerous privileges of the Sugar river, and with

satinets the concern made paper also. From Windsor, Vt., to the paper mill came Simeon Ide, a printer, to buy paper. "You have enough spare power here," said he, looking about, "to run my presses."

"Will you bring them over here?" was asked on the hint.

"I will."

And he did, taking stock of the company for them. From this grew up a large establishment, and the Claremont Manufacturing company dropped satinets and took up books, making the paper and



THE CLAREMONT.

doing the printing and binding. Of late the concern has languished, and is now, indeed, gone—supplanted by a slipper factory. But for many years Claremont turned out more books than all the rest of the state combined. A fire in 1880 destroyed

the company's accounts, so that a bibliography of the town will never be written, and an interesting bit of history has been lost. To literature Claremont has given one noble name, though the town's possession of it was brief. Miss Con-



COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

stance Fenimore Woolson, whose recent death is so much deplored, was born here, in 1848, when her father was a prosperous merchant. Her family lived here only a short time after her birth, removing to Cleveland, Ohio.

Claremont, as will be seen, is a town of "firsts" and "onlys." With another of these, and that a combination, the list will end. Union "Mark" Lodge of Masons, the first and only one ever chartered in New Hampshire, was organized in Claremont, under a dispensation from De Witt Clinton, then at the head of the grand



TREMONT SQUARE.—UNION BLOCK.

chapter of America. The history of this unique organization has been told in a clever monograph by Mr. Charles B. Spofford.

Though Claremont was, in a measure, a frontier town, it was never molested during any of the wars through which it has passed. The Indians were well-nigh extinct when the first settlement was made, and but one live aborigine remained in the land of his fathers which the white man came to possess. This Indian, Tousa, was filled with an unrelenting hatred of the newcomers, and on the occasion of the raising of Union church, maddened by the liquor which graced the occasion, he served notice on all hunters that he would shoot the next white man who set foot upon his hunting-ground. A giant settler, Tim Atkins by name, heard the threat, and a few days after ventured, with loaded gun, to the forbidden soil. Tousa was a memory from that day.

Since then the town has had a peaceful career. It has had the

ambitions, the struggles, the reverses, the successes that belong to all communities which persist for more than a century. All these deserve and demand a fuller transcript than I can give them. In the hands of Major Otis F. R. Waite there now lies, completed, the manuscript for a history of Claremont which shall do it justice, written in the spirit of accuracy, unfolded with the minutiae of detail, and transcribed in the language of scholarship.

I have named this sketch "By the Beautiful Mountain" because of my unbelief. I am unable to convince myself that the grantees of Claremont who selected its lovely site, and the first settlers who dwelt by the noble river, especially that Yale man who read the lessons of the Church of England and taught the settlers' children—I cannot believe that they and he, when a name was chosen for the grant, were moved by any thought of Lord Clive's country-seat. Rather do I think they pressed their travel-worn feet more firmly upon the velvety sward of the intervalle, that they fixed their earnest gaze on blue Ascutney rising mild and lovely to the west of them, that they saw perchance the mirrored hill in the placid river, and, with some bit of romanticism no doubt, christened their new possessions *Clair Mont*, The Beautiful Mountain.

If they did not, they are not deserving of their monarch's bounty; and as for that Yale man, he was unworthy his laurels, and falls short of the memorial to his honor which ornaments the chancel of Union church.



CLAREMONT'S MOTIVE.

LUMBERING ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER BETWEEN 1840 AND 1850.

BY JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D.

Newport, Vermont.

As early as 1840, nearly all the pine timber suitable for sawing into boards, along both sides of the Connecticut river for several miles back into the country, had been cut off, as far up as, or a little past, the middle of Grafton county. This lumber was taken down the river in rafts,—some of it in logs, and some sawed,—and found a market at all the large villages on the Connecticut as far down as the sound, but mostly at Hartford, Conn., where it could be loaded into vessels and distributed to various places along the Atlantic coast. The waters of the Connecticut were the only feasible route of transportation for this lumber, but after the railroads were built along and out of the valley, transportation of lumber to market in rafts soon declined, and was carried on by rail. Very little manufactured lumber was floated down the Connecticut after 1850, and soon after that date the locks at the various falls on the river fell into disuse, and were taken out whenever they came to need repairs. The transportation of lumber by rail changed the market places as well as prices. Each mill in the interior had a market of its own and did its own retailing. Buyers of lumber could look around and make purchases wherever they could do the best. The market places along the Connecticut ceased to be the centres of trade in lumber, to a greater or less extent.

Very little spruce lumber was taken to market down the river before 1850, not until the pine lumber had become scarce in the northern parts of New Hampshire and Vermont, along the Connecticut valley. Previous to that time pine boards were freely used for covering buildings and building fences. My father built a shed about 1833 or 1834, and covered it with pine boards, some of which were nearly three feet wide, clear lumber.

The lumbering was usually done in the winter. The logs were

drawn and left on the brow of a bluff near the river, until the freshet in the spring, when they were rolled off into the stream. Lumber that was designed to be sawed out at McIndoe's Falls, Vt., and Monroe, N. H. (then Lyman), was caught up and fastened to the west bank of the river, about one mile above the mills. That which was to be sawed out at Dodge's Falls,¹ opposite Bath, N. H., was caught about one mile up the stream in the bend of the river on the east side. One company every year caught and rafted their lumber in the bend of the river on the east side, just above Currier's Bar,² about three fourths of a mile below Dodge's Falls. This lumber was taken down river, through the locks, to various mills and sawed out. Other companies caught up their logs further down stream at some convenient "catching place," or "landing." After the logs were all caught up they were rafted into "boxes," thirteen feet wide and not over sixty-six feet in length; that being the limit as to size that could pass through the locks at the various falls on the Connecticut below Dodge's in Bath. The logs in these "boxes" were fastened together at each end by a cross-beam, and pinned. When the logs were all rafted into "boxes," six or eight "boxes" were joined together into a "raft" and floated down stream. Each "raft" had a "pilot" on the front end, and a "second-hand" on the hind end, each one being provided with an oar, a long, heavy plank edgewise between two large upright pins, by means of which the raft could be guided and kept in the channel of the river, and avoid obstructions. The pilots were men of experience on the river, and commanded extra wages, sometimes as high as \$2.50 or \$3 per day. The second-hands were usually men who had had but little experience on the river, and could be hired for \$8 to \$12 per month, their duty being to throw the raft around to the right or left, under the direction of the pilot. These men had to endure all kinds of weather, wet or dry, hot or cold, without shelter, and there was no getting away from their task. I have heard old river-men say that they sometimes would have their trousers freeze so stiff that they would

¹ Named after John Dodge, who settled on a farm near the falls, and who sleeps in an unmarked grave only a few rods east of that place.

² Named after Capt. Samuel Currier, one of the early settlers of Bath, who purchased the farm below the falls at the very beginning of the present century.

stand alone when taken off, having been wet all through the day. These men usually contracted articular rheumatism very early, which followed them through life.

Many times these "boxes" carried top loading, such as boards, shingles, laths, and clap-boards. Lumber that was sawed at Dodge's Falls was usually rafted below the dam. But the lumber manufactured at McIndoe's Falls was taken down to Dodge's Falls in irregular floats, hauled by the dam, and rafted into "boxes" below the falls. Sawed lumber was not always carried on "boxes" of logs, but was built into "boxes" on a frame pinned together of the usual size. Lumber dealers or companies would have several rafts to take down at a time, and they would keep as near together as possible, so as to assist each other through the locks, or in case of any accident. When they arrived above any falls they all "hitched up" their rafts to the banks of the river and took each "box" through the locks singly, and reunited them into rafts below the falls. After all had passed the locks, and lockage was settled for, the rafts again floated off down stream. There were sometimes a great many hindrances occurring at the locks that were quite annoying; a "box" would be a little too wide to pass, when a portion would have to be hewn off; or the water would be low, or the gates require some repairing. Sometimes the "boxes" were carrying too much top loading, and would have to be unloaded before they could go through the locks.

Cooking was done on one of the "boxes" for all the crew of the company, in a low "shanty" or kitchen built wholly of boards. In this shanty was a cook-stove and all the cooking utensils required for boarding several hearty men. The table was a wide board nailed to the side of the shanty at a convenient height. No chairs were used, but long benches took their place. On the side opposite the table was a row of bunks filled with straw, in which the men slept. At night all the rafts were "hitched up" near the raft on which the shanty was located. Supper was not eaten until all the men came on board for the night. In the evening a jolly conversation was kept up until the men retired. Usually a few games of "High, Low, Jack" were played by several of the crew. In the morning breakfast was served very early, in the shanty, before the men went to their respective rafts. Dinner was

carried to each raft by the cook in a skiff.¹ Sometimes he would have to row a mile or two up or down stream before he would overtake or meet every raft. After the men were all served, the cook returned to the shanty, washed up his dinner dishes, and commenced to prepare supper. River men were usually a very hardy class of men and ate very heartily. Salt pork, corned beef, and plain bread constituted a greater portion of their larder. Fancy pastry dishes were not on their "sideboard," although occasionally doughnuts (nut cakes) and pies were either bought at some farm-house near where they "tied up" for the night, or were made by the cook when they happened to have an adept. In the evening, sometimes, the men would fish for eels after supper, which would vary the bill of fare for breakfast the next morning.

There never were any locks on the Connecticut river above Olcott Falls, two miles below Hanover. Boats could come up the river only as far as Dodge's Falls in Bath. Boxes of lumber, permanently constructed for passing through the locks on the river below Dodge's Falls, were never rafted above that place till after 1840. About that time the lumber-men conceived the idea of building a chute, or sluice, wide and deep enough to allow a "box" to pass through it, on an inclined plane from the still waters above the dam into the stream below. This sluice, or "slip," as it was ever after called, was built about 1842, on the east side of the river, by the various lumber-men interested in lumbering in the upper Connecticut valley. It was constructed of heavy timber, bolted to the rocks and weighted down by heavy stones blasted out in its construction. It was built of the same width as the canal of the locks at the various falls down the Connecticut, the upper end being a little the widest so as to admit the "box" readily, without liability of hitting the corner as it entered

¹ The boats used in catching logs were also called skiffs. They were of a peculiar shape, flat bottom, without keel, but were not easily overturned. They were from eleven to fifteen feet in length, and about three and one half feet wide in the middle; the front end was about six inches deep, the hind end about twelve, and the middle fifteen to eighteen inches. The sides were flaring, and the bottom circular like a chair rocker. The boat was propelled by two oars on row-locks on either side in the centre. In the centre of the hind end of the boat was fastened a steel "dog" by a rope or chain about three feet long. When the boatman came to a log he turned the "dog" end of his boat to the log and quickly sprang to the log, into which he drove his dog by means of a mallet, then quickly sprang back to his oars again, and pulled the log to the raft.

the mouth. The depth of the slip was about three and one-half or four feet. When this structure was finished and the water allowed to run through it, its velocity and momentum were very great. Several thousand dollars had been invested in its construction before any trial could be made of its utility, and the lumber-men were all anxious to see how it would work. A raft of "boxes" was floated down from McIndoe's Falls to the bay above Dodge's Falls, and "tied up," awaiting the trial trip. Everything being in readiness, the interested lumber-men having assembled to witness the experiment from the shore, one "box" of boards was cut loose and floated down to the mouth of the slip. It was guided into the plunging waters of the "slip" by means of long "spike poles" in the hands of men along the shore. The current took the "box" quickly, and it shot through the "slip" with great rapidity. As the "box" passed out of the "slip" into the stream it plunged deeply beneath the surface, striking the rocks at the bottom, and smashing the framework into fragments, and scattering the loosened lumber into the stream. The lumber was picked up and rafted over below the falls, and for the present the remaining "boxes" were left above the falls. This did not seem to be much of a success, but the lumbermen could not give up but what it would in the end be made successful. The following device was hit upon to prevent the "box" from plunging so deeply into the water as it emerged from the "slip": An "apron," consisting of several logs chained together so that they would not separate nor approach each other, was fastened to the lower end of the "slip" by means of heavy cable chains, the opposite end of the "apron" floating freely in the stream. This device was only a partial success. The second "box" that was sent through the "slip" did not plunge so deeply as the first one, nor was it shattered so much. A second device was planned, which made the whole scheme a success. This was a fender, made of several thick planks firmly bolted together, and chained to the under side of the front end of the "box" in a diagonal position, so that it would over-ride the waters in front. The third "box" that was sent through plunged but very little and escaped all injury. These devices were ever after used with all "boxes" with uniform success.

A year or two later a similar "slip" was put into the dam at McIndoe's Falls, by other parties lumbering above that point, which was equally as successful as the first one. It was built in the middle of the stream, on one side of the small island that divided the dam into two parts.

By blasting out the rocks in the channel of the river at the various falls above McIndoe's Falls, "boxes" were now rafted and floated down from the upper parts of the Connecticut river, through the "slips" and locks to its very mouth.

After the pine timber became scarce lumber-men began to cut down the spruce lumber, and float it down the river to the mills along the banks at various points, but the method of taking down the logs was changed from that of pine lumber. They were not rafted, as in the case of pine lumber, but were floated down the stream freely and singly and caught up in booms at any point desired. A gang of river-men followed these logs down stream, called "driving the river," to keep the logs from lodging on the banks and "to break up the jams" that would occasionally form at various points of obstruction. Sometimes these jams would form on the piers of bridges, on some projected rock, or on a dam, and reach completely across the river. So powerful were these jams that dams, mills, or bridges have been carried away before them. Locks and slips then became obsolete and useless on the Connecticut.

MISS KATE SANBORN.

BY MARION HOWARD.

As a bright young Boston writer said recently, "If all the abandoned farms in New England could fall into the hands of enterprising women, what a growing country it would be!"

If all enterprising women had the brains, pluck, love of nature and of dumb animals, that Kate Sanborn possesses, there would be indeed no abandoned farms anywhere. Kate Sanborn is something more than a farmer; she is a writer of marked individuality, a lecturer of rare magnetism, a teacher, compiler, reviewer, essayist,

a typical New England housekeeper, a practical woman, earnest, yet full of wit and humor.

Miss Sanborn has the honor of belonging to the Granite state, where she was born July 11, 1839, at Hanover. It is interesting, at this time, to trace the ancestry of this gifted woman, who inherits rare qualities indeed. The maternal ancestor of Miss Sanborn, Ebenezer Webster, was born at Kingston, N. H., in 1739. He enlisted at 18, and served throughout the French War, under General Stark, and later, at the taking of Ticonderoga, under Sir Jeffrey Amherst. In 1761 he removed to Salisbury, and in those



MISS KATE SANBORN.

days the smoke from his cabin was the most northerly sign of civilization this side of Canada. He built the first mill, and was the promoter of the town's prosperity. His active interest in the local militia soon won for him a military title, so that when the news came of the Battle of Lexington, Captain Webster led his men from the Granite hills to Cambridge. Soon after the arrival of General Washington, Captain Webster was selected to guard the tent of the commander-in-chief, in addition to which he was freely consulted on matters of grave moment. He took part in prominent battles and attained the rank of colonel. After the

Revolutionary War he served his state in both house and senate, and as a delegate to the constitutional convention in 1788 he was a warm advocate of the adoption of the present constitution. He died in 1806, leaving a widow and several children. The children of his second marriage were, Ezekiel Webster, born March 11, 1780; Daniel Webster, born Jan. 18, 1782, and Sarah Webster, who died in her 21st year.

Ezekiel Webster, the grandfather of Miss Sanborn, and Daniel Webster, the statesman, her great uncle, were remarkable men, although of different temperaments. They assisted each other in obtaining an education, and both were graduated from Dartmouth college,—Ezekiel in 1804. The biography of Daniel Webster is familiar to all readers.

Ezekiel Webster rose to the head of the bar in New Hampshire, and was one of the state's most influential citizens. His daughter, Mary Ann Webster, married, in December, 1837, Edwin David Sanborn, who was a native of Gilmanton, N. H., born May 14, 1808. His early life was passed on the farm, and his youthful education was acquired in the public schools and academy in the village. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1832, and from 1837 to 1859 was professor of Latin in that institution, and from 1859 to 1863, was professor of history and classical literature at Washington university, St. Louis, Mo. He then became professor of oratory and belles lettres at Dartmouth, where he remained until failing health caused his resignation in 1882, after forty-seven years in the cause of education.

Edwin David Sanborn was a man of rare attainments, of vigorous common sense, and large public spirit. He passed away in New York city, Dec. 29, 1885. His brothers, Dyer H. and John Sewall Sanborn, were men widely known; the latter, at his death, occupied the position of judge of the highest judicial court of Canada.

Mary Webster Sanborn, the mother of Kate Sanborn, died at Hanover, N. H., Dec. 30, 1864.

Miss Sanborn was educated immediately under her father's care, following throughout the regular college course, and this early culture has since been built upon by careful study. At nineteen, she began to teach at the Mary institute, St. Louis, Mo., connected

with the Washington university, where she remained two years. Miss Sanborn then returned to Hanover and opened a day school, composed of small boys and girls learning the "3 Rs," and tall youths fitting for college. While conducting this school, she began her first journalistic work for *The Youth's Companion*.

Miss Sanborn taught elocution for two years at Packer institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., and at that time she made the acquaintance of the late Mrs. Anne Lynch Botta, whose salon was the first established in this country. Miss Sanborn became the guest of Mrs. Botta,



ON THE VERANDAH.

and a devoted admirer of this remarkable society queen and accomplished woman. She met there the most distinguished personages of the day, and frequently dined with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bayard Taylor, William Cullen Bryant, "Grace Greenwood," and others. While visiting in this home, Miss Sanborn established classes in literature on current topics, condensing new books, and was much sought in literary circles. Here she remained until

called to Smith college as professor of literature. During her four years at this college, Miss Sanborn was occupied in lecturing twice a week, publishing her noted "Round Table Series," issuing a calendar and holiday books, and met several classes of married ladies in Springfield and other towns. In addition to all this, she found time for regular correspondence for the *Cincinnati Commercial*. Her lectures, given in Cincinnati and other western cities, earned for her an enviable reputation. Miss Sanborn, instead of following out a hackneyed theme, always has something new to present. She has a method peculiarly her own, and she holds her audience fast in her grasp.

So with her books, which differ so widely from each other. She has a fresh, crisp, witty style, as illustrated in "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," and in her late book, "A Truthful Woman in Southern California."

Miss Sanborn has the sort of intelligence which comes from constant attrition with thinking people, besides inherited claims to genius. She lectured for many years before a large clientele.

Miss Sanborn is an exceedingly clever journalist, and is especially fond of this work.

Miss Sanborn's hand-book of English literature, entitled "Home Pictures of English Poets," is a remarkable work, so free from the formality of a text-book, and so fascinating as to produce a strong desire for further acquaintance with the great classics. Her "Sunshine calendar" has caused the receipt of hundreds of letters from those who have derived comfort from the cheering quotations.

The work on which Miss Sanborn especially prides herself is her "Wit of Women." Besides those already referred to, may be mentioned: "The Vanity and Insanity of Genius," "A Year of Sunshine," and "A Hen Book by a Hen Woman." "Purple and Gold," a booklet arranged by Miss Sanborn, devoted to the golden rod and aster, is a charming collection of verse, the first poem being especially contributed by Edna Dean Proctor, also of the Granite state.

Miss Sanborn is most comely in appearance, a blonde of a healthy type, medium height, with auburn hair, regular features, and a fine clear complexion. She is full of exuberant spirits, and gives out

no end of comfort and cheer to all around her. She adores nature, while all dumb beasts appeal especially to her. Her home on the abandoned farm, Metcalf, Mass., furnishes full scope for the gratification of her love in this direction.

Miss Sanborn's farm is a model one in all respects and in every detail, one which she has idealized in many ways. In-doors one sees not only comfort everywhere, but many antique relics and works of art. She has her grandfather's library, much of his furniture, as well as the early manuscript correspondence between the brothers, Daniel and Ezekiel Webster. In the door-yard is the old bird-house made by her ancestor for his Boscawen home.

Miss Sanborn has one sister, Mary, wife of Mr. Paul Babcock of New York city, and one brother, Mr. Edwin W. Sanborn, a lawyer by profession and a man of fine literary ability, who resides in the Empire city. Mr. Sanborn's "People at Pisgah," issued in 1893, is a very bright book, unique and full of genuine humor.

Miss Sanborn is the soul of hospitality, and her latch-string is always out to her friends. Last summer, on one occasion, she entertained two hundred and seventy-five persons at an out-door picnic, while distinguished men and women have frequently been her guests.

"If 'a merry heart maketh the soul glad,' then cheery Kate Sanborn has accomplished a noble mission.



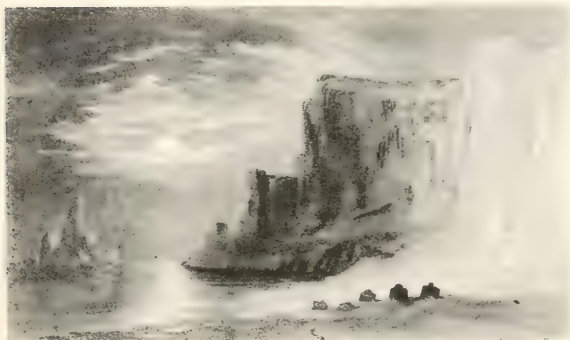
THE ABANDONED FARM.



THE LAND OF SLEEP.

BY EDWARD A. JENKS.

Eternal Silence ! World forever dumb !
 Ten thousand æons lie within thy cold
 And unrelentless arms ;—and they enfold
 Rich argosies of human lives, that come
 From out thy frigid breast into the hum
 And fever of our thought, with wealth untold
 Of Arctic secrets—nevermore. Bells tolled,
 Unheard, their exit ; and the muffled drum
 Of soundless under-heaving waters rolled
 Its sullen ice-cold music through the vast
 Unsympathetic waste of frozen breath
 That spans the brazen Northland, when the bold
 True hearts grew strangely still, and, shudd'ring, passed
 Into the bosom of this double death.



THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A Domestic Story of the Forties.

BY JONAS LIE.

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

II.

Two days before Christmas Great-Ola with Svarten and his load was expected from Christiania, where he went twice a year, St. John's day and Christmas, for the household supplies. Today was the ninth day; but in sleighing like this, when the horse's feet struck through at every step, no one could be sure of anything.

The load, met on the run, far down the slippery, slushy hill, by the children and the barking, one-eyed Pasop, came along in the afternoon, while Svarten, even in his exertions on the steep part of the hill, neighed and whinnied from recognition and longing to get into the stall by the side of Brunen again. He was entirely contented with the journey and worked himself into a foam in the harness to get over the Gilje hill.

Marit, the cook, and Torbjoerg were out in the porch before the kitchen; the three girls and Joergen stood wholly absorbed by the load and the horse, and the captain himself came down the stairs.

"So, Great-Ola, how has Svarten pulled through? Sweaty and tired I see! Did you get my uniform buttons? Ah, well! I hope you did not forget the tobacco!—and my watch, could they do anything with that?—Have you the bill?—Well, then, you must put up Svarten—he shall have an extra feed of oats today. What? What have you got there?"

Besides the bill, Great-Ola had taken out of his inside vest pocket a letter wrapped up in paper, blue postal paper, with a beautiful red seal on it. The captain looked at it a moment with surprise. It was the writing of the governor's wife and her seal in the wax, and without saying a word he hastened in to his wife.

The load from the city, the great event of the half year, occupied the attention of the whole household. Its contents interested all, not the children alone, and when Great-Ola, later in the evening, sat in the kitchen, where he was treated as a guest on account of his return home, and told about his trip to the city and about Svarten and himself, what miracles they had wrought on such and such hills—and the load weighed this time at least two hundred pounds more than the last—then there was a sort of glamour about him and Svarten, too.

One evening he had actually found his way in a snow-storm, and once the salt-bag was forgotten and then Svarten actually would not stir from the inn-yard, but lashed his tail at every lash of the whip, and kept looking back, until the boy came running out of the hall and shouted out about the bag, then off he started willingly enough.

The captain had gone in and had wandered up and down in the room for a while, with the letter of the governor's wife in blue postal paper in his hand. He looked very much offended at ma, when she seemed to wish to think more about the load from the city than of his letter. She only gently suggested that they must talk about all that in the evening.

"All this—all this, ma!—That Inger-Johanna is invited down there next winter—and we have Roennow to thank for that. That is short and clear enough, I should think! What? What?" he roared out impatiently. "Is it not plain?—or have you some notions about it?"

"No—no, dear Jaeger!"

"Yes, then you should not delay the whole unloading of the goods with your quiet sigh, full of importance, and your secret meanings which always make me mad. You know I hate it! I go straight to the point always!"

"I was merely thinking about your uniform coat, whether the tailor has sent the pieces with it, you know——"

"You are right, you are right, Gitta," and out he rushed like a flash.

An unpacking went on in the kitchen, before the spice case with its numerous compartments, where raisins, prunes, almonds, the different kinds of sugar, allspice, and cinnamon, was each put into

its own place. Now and then fell a tribute, a prune, two almonds, three raisins, to each of the children; and it could not be denied that this load from the city was like a foretaste of Christmas eve.

At first the captain was intensely interested in getting hold of the ink bottles, the tobacco, and the strong wares which were to be kept in the cellar—everything else must be put aside for them. And then he flew in and out, with one bill or another in his hand, and a quill pen full of ink to compare with the general bill which his wife had nailed up on the upper door of the spice closet.

“Ma, can you conceive such extortion?” stopping suddenly before the bill, which still finally was always found to be right, and then turning thoughtfully round again, while he dried his pen in his chocolate-colored every-day wig.

His plethoric, vociferous, somewhat confused nature always became furious when he saw a bill; it operated like a red cloth on a bull, and when, as now, all the half year’s bills came storming down on him at once, he both roared and bellowed. It was an old story for his wife, who had acquired a remarkable skill at taking the bull by the horns.

The wrongs, which thus he did *not* suffer, seemed nevertheless to awaken an increasing storm of resentment in him. With a violent tug at the door-latch, and his wig awry, he would come suddenly in, exclaiming,—

“Seventy-five dollars, three shillings, seventeen pence!—seventy-five—dollars—three shillings—and seventeen pence!—it is almost enough to be crazy at. And so you ordered citron—citron,” he put on a falsetto tone, and laughed out of pure offense.

“He, he, he, he!—now have we the means for that?”

“And then, almond-soap for the guest-chamber!” This last came in a deep, suppressed, gloomy bass. “I cannot understand how you could have hit on that!”

“My dear husband, that was thrown in. Don’t you see that it is n’t carried out for anything?”

“Thrown in—oh, thrown in—yes, there you see how they cheat! Seventy-five dollars, three shillings, and seventeen pence—plainly that is enough to be frightened at! Where shall I get the money?”

“But you have already got it, Jaeger,—remember the servants,”

she whispered suddenly. It was a quiet prayer to put off the rest of the outburst till later in the afternoon, between themselves.

The captain's various ecstatic flashes of passion about the bills went over the house that afternoon like the refreshing and purifying thunder-storm before Christmas. The children, cowed and tortured, took refuge during the storm, under the protection of their mother, who warded off the bad weather; but when his step was heard again in the office, their work went on equally persevering and inquisitive, peeping into and shaking out the bags in order to find out a raisin or two, or a currant that had been forgotten, collecting the twine, looking after the weight, and cutting up the bar soap.

During all these anxieties the tall form of the mistress stood in uninterrupted activity, bowed like a crane over the box with the city wares, which had been lifted in on the kitchen floor. Jars, willow baskets filled with hay, small bags, and an infinity of packages in gray wrappers, tied up with twine, small and great, vanished by degrees into their different resting-places, even to the last, the bag with the fine wheat flour, which was brought in by Great-Ola and put by itself in the meal-chest in the pantry.

When the spice closet was finally shut, the captain stood there for the twentieth time. With the air of a man who had been made to wait and been tormented long enough, he gently tapped her on the shoulder with his fingers and said, rather reproachfully,—

"It really astonishes me, Gitta, that you do n't pay more attention to this letter which we have received to-day."

"I have n't been able to think of anything else than your troubles with the bills, Jaeger. Now I think you would like to taste of the French brandy this evening, to see if it is good enough for the Christmas punch. Cognac is so dear."

"That's a good idea, Gitta!—yes, yes—only let us have supper soon."

The plates with oatmeal porridge and the blue milk in the cold cups were placed upon the table; they stood like black, dreary islands over the cloth, and presented no temptation for lingering over the evening meal.

After the necessary part of it was swallowed and the children sent upstairs, the captain sat, now quite cosy and comfortable,

before the table, still extended, with his tobacco and his taste of toddy made of the French brandy, whose transformation into Christmas punch was going on in the kitchen, from which there was also heard the sizzling of the waffle-iron.

"Only strong, ma!—only strong!—Then you can manage with the brown sugar."

"Yes, yes," tasting of the wooden dipper, which his wife brought in, "you can treat the sheriff with that with pleasure."

"Now Marit is coming in with the warm waffles,—and then it was this about the letter of the governor's wife."

"You see, Jaeger, we cannot send the child there, unless we have her suitably fitted out; she must have a black silk confirmation dress, city boots and shoes, a hat, and other things."

"Black silk conf———"

"Yes, and some other dresses, which we must order in Christiania;—there is no help for it."

Captain Jaeger began to walk to and fro.

"So, so!—so, so! Yes, if that is your idea, then I think we will say thank you for the invitation, in so many words."

"I knew that, Jaeger! You would like to have the yolk, but as to the breaking the egg, you hesitate."

"Break the egg? Break my purse, you mean."

"I mean, you can call in a part of the six hundred dollars you got with me. I have thought and reckoned it over enough. Inger-Johanna alone is going to cost us over one hundred dollars this year, and when Thinker shall go to Ryfylke, we shall not get off with two hundred."

"Over two hundred dollars!—Are you crazy? Are you crazy—really crazy, ma? I think you have a screw loose!" He made a sudden turn over the floor. "The letter shall sooner go at once into the stove."

"Yes; you know very well, that I think that all that you do is sensible, Jaeger."

He stopped, with the letter in his hand and his mouth half open.

"And the slight chance Inger-Johanna could have of being provided for, that perhaps is not so much to be taken into account. She is certainly her nearest relation. There was nothing in the way to prevent her being the heir also.—N—no, do as you will and

as you like, Jaeger. You probably see more clearly in this than I do—And you will then take the responsibility yourself, Jaeger,”—she sighed.

The captain crumpled the letter together, gave her a hasty glance like a wounded lion, and then stopped a while and stared on the floor. Suddenly he threw the letter on the table and broke out :

“She must go!—But the cost of the campaign,—the cost of the campaign, ma ; that, I learned in my strategy, must be borne by the enemy ! And the governor’s wife must naturally take care of her outfit there.”

“The governor’s wife, Jaeger, must not pay for anything—not a bit—before she has decided if she will keep her. We must not be anxious to be rid of her ; but *she* shall be anxious to get her ; and she must ask us for her, both once and twice, you understand.”

That the winter was coming on was less noticed this year than usual. Two children were to be fitted out : Soon spinning wheel and reel accompanied, in the short day and long evening, the murmur of the stove. Ma herself spun all the fine woof for the linsey-woolsey dress. There was knitting, weaving, and sewing, nay, also embroidery on linen—“twelve of everything for each one.” And in school hours, in the office, the captain worked not less zealously on the French grammar.

The stiffening cold frost, which blew about the house and cut like ice from every crack ; the fierce cold, so that the skin was taken off the hands when any one was unlucky enough to take hold of the latch of the outer door or of the porch without mittens ; complaint of the nail ache, when the children came in from out doors ; or else that the drinking water was frozen solid in the tubs and pails, that the meat must be thawed out,—that was only what was usual in the mountain region. The doleful monotonous howling and the long hungry yelling of the wolves down on the ice could be heard from the Gilje hills both by day and by night. The road on the lake lasted a long time. It was there till long into the spring thaw, though worn, unsafe, and blue with its dirt-brown mudstreak.

But when it did disappear, and the ice was melted by the heat of the sun, there lay, on the steep hill behind the house, a long line of bleaching linen, so shining white that it seemed as if the snow had forgotten to go away there.



THE ROAD ON THE LAKE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

Who can measure the value of a life devoted to a given or chosen profession, and put it into words which will do justice and honor to long and patient hours of study, to self-sacrifices, to the sufferings of a sensitive heart, pained by disappointed ambitions, to faithfulness and a desire to benefit mankind and help build for art an everlasting fame, open the way for enjoyment of others, true to God for the gifts so bountifully bestowed, and true to man by a fulfilment of duty? There are many who make no great stir in a community, but when the last day comes and such an one is called to an everlasting reward, and we turn about and reckon up the grand column of fidelity, we are wonderfully impressed by its magnitude, and though he be dead, he just begins to live with us.

John Jackman was born at Boscawen, N. H., July 21, 1823. His father was a thrifty farmer, and both father and mother were lovers of music and considered in those times excellent musicians, possessing fine tenor and soprano voices, as well as being performers upon instruments. This being true, it is but natural that a child should inherit such talents.

At an early age young Jackman expressed in unmistakable terms his desire to become a musician, and no attraction among play-mates could be so great but what he would leave them and walk miles to attend singing schools and musical entertainments. At the age of 16 he began the study of the organ with Miss Emmons, then quite a noted teacher in Concord, and very soon was able to fill the position of organist, his first instrument being a new organ which was placed in a church



JOHN JACKMAN.

in Boscawen about this time, and which inspired him to make this instrument a serious study. Later he studied with celebrated teachers in both Boston and New York, one of his instructors being the famous John Zundel, for years organist at Beecher's church in Brooklyn. Mr. Jackman possessed a fine tenor voice, and studied with many teachers of repute. He began his career in Concord in 1848, accepting a church engagement as organist, and for forty years was either tenor soloist or organist in some one of the churches of this city. When quite a young man he took up band instruments and made a careful study of them, being connected with several bands in and about Concord, and those who are living now, who were members of such organizations, testify to the excellence of his performance on any of the instruments he pretended to master.

As a director of church and chorus music, Mr. Jackman was very successful. He drilled a large chorus for the Peace Jubilee, and it is said that no chorus was better prepared to do their

work than the New Hampshire chorus under his direction. He was a remarkable man in church music, as his sympathies were in that direction, and he was of great help to the pastor and congregation in their devotional exercises. Mr. Jackman was for many years among the most faithful teachers of the state of the piano and voice culture, and his pupils went from him a help to the world and a credit to the art. He also was considered an ideal singing-school master,—a branch of the art so neglected at the present time. Many are the pupils who received their first musical inspirations from his great and kind heart, and many a poor boy was aided in laying a sure foundation for the success of after years.

Mr. Jackman was married to Sarah R. Boynton, January 17, 1860; unto them one son was born, Joseph H., who inherits much of his father's musical nature, and is a well known tenor singer; and who, for several years, like his father, was teacher of music in the public schools of Concord.

Mr. Jackman was a rare man, a firm and true friend, in whom could be placed the most implicit trust, a man possessing the happy faculty of quieting all disturbances by the right word at the proper moment. His happy laugh and ways always dispelled the gloom and restored good-fellowship and harmony. If he had an enemy living, he has never shown himself. My own associations with him were of the most charming nature. He was the first man to encourage me in choral work as a conductor, and the first attempt of my orchestra at oratorio work was with the oratorio of Elijah, twenty years ago, when Mr. Jackman was conductor of the Concord Choral society. Although we never publicly performed it, many were the happy evenings spent together rehearsing and admiring the wonderful work. I shall always feel that my associations with him were a blessing and encouragement to me.

The last four years of his life were spent upon his farm in Boscawen, which he heartily enjoyed, particularly so during the last year of his life. On the 16th day of November, 1893, he was light-hearted and joyous, and closed the day, as well as his earthly career, with an evening of song at the house of his son in Penacook. On his return home he was without warning stricken down with apoplexy, and lived only about four hours. Thus ended a

life of usefulness, and his memory will, with those who know him best, ever be cherished as a worthy example of Christian manhood, a warm friend, and a devoted husband and father.

The annual festival of the Sandwich Musical association occurred December 18-22. Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard took charge of the chorus in drill and performance, and also presided at the piano. Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan, soprano, Mr. H. H. Powers, basso, W. S. Cotton, violin, G. H. Wilder, flute, and A. F. Nevers, cornet, were the soloists for the occasion. The chorus numbered about sixty, and did excellent work. The affair was a success in every way, and it reflects great credit upon the musical ability and energy of the little town of Sandwich to carry through an enterprise of this kind, and a worthy example for towns of more pretensions throughout the state. Mrs. Shepard is a pronounced success as a chorus directress.

The subject of church music and choirs is being discussed considerably, and wisely. That a reformation in this branch of the worship of the evangelical churches is needed, no thoughtful or devout person can deny, and an attempt to place the responsibility for existing evils involves nearly or quite all who are connected with the worship of God.

A hymn is a poem-prayer, impressive by being associated with melody and harmony, which should be original and expressive of the sentiment of the poem, made thrilling, and appealing intensely to the heart of man by the uniting of choir and congregation in one grand effort of praise and supplication to Almighty God. The musician endowed with talents and given health and strength for their development, who finds the composition or interpretation of this class of music a drudgery or beneath one's dignity, is a subject for pity rather than censure. Organists, choir-masters, and leaders are in no small degree responsible for many musical blasphemies. For instance, a short time ago an organist of a prominent church approached me and asked the advisability of performing, for a voluntary, a transcription on a well-known air from the

opera "Faust." Another example: A well known writer of church music has taken a beautiful hymn and set it to the music of an excellent song of its class, "Thine eyes so blue and tender," by Lassen. What can be the devotional effect upon a congregation accustomed to associate such music with the concert and drawing-room! Certainly religion loses in sacredness and church music in dignity. It is an undeniable fact that, excepting the Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, the only fixed musical purpose or service is hymns, which are universal. For example,—I was once called to direct a choir in one of the liberal churches not considered evangelical. Among the selections which were taken up was "Te Deum Laudamus," which belongs to and occupies a prominent position in the morning service of the Episcopal church. To conform to the liberal ideas of the officiating clergyman, we were compelled to change the words "The Holy Ghost," to "The Holy One," and "Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin," to "Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a woman." This is a sort of a musical borrowing—perhaps theft and sacrilege,—which the obligation of honor between man and man ought to prevent, if the sacredness of religious creeds fails.

It would be wise if the heads of the evangelical and liberal churches would insist on music in sympathy with their services—music which would be an aid,—and for the evangelical societies to expect and insist on musical worship, and not musical entertainment; engaging their choirs with the understanding that they are ministers in the service of God, and not holding the position, relative to the prayer and sermon, of a theatre orchestra to the acts of a drama. The indifference of organists may be questioned in their preludes of hymns for congregational singing, and congregations for a lack of knowledge of the sentiment of the hymns to be rendered. The remedy for all this is a musical director, who may be of the greatest assistance to the clergyman and bring gladness to the Christian heart.

Thus far I have dwelt upon hymn worship only. With the more florid of church music, particularly of anthems, the responsibility rests mainly with choir-masters and organists, the one important point being the selections made. The adaptations of hymns or Bible text or sentences, should be considered the only

proper forms, and there is no excuse for dabbling in anything else, as there are works or compositions of this kind without number, and by a strict adherence to these principles the consistency of the church is maintained. Telling, indeed, would be the results if church music committees (when financially possible) would engage the most cultured vocalists.

The music of the Roman Catholic church is of the highest order. Rendered in the original tongue expressive of the utterances of the churches, it ranks with the most profound and classical productions of the world's greatest masters. When every church can claim its own in a musical way, expressive and consecrated to its creeds and practices, the sincerity of religious beliefs and devotions will have been made stronger, and the art elevated. This can be attained only by honesty of purpose among those participating, and when intelligence shall rescue the dictatorial powers of the church in these matters from the mires of ignorance, then, and only then, may we hope for a much needed improvement in matters of the church musical.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

DR. FRANCIS MINOT WELD.

Francis Minot Weld was born in Dalton, on January 17, 1840, and died in Jamaica Plain, Mass., on December 31. He was educated for his profession at Hanover Medical school, and from May, 1862, until September 21, 1865, served the Union honorably and faithfully as an assistant surgeon of the navy, and a regimental, brigade, and division surgeon in the army. In 1866 he began the practice of his profession in New York city, and was attending and consulting physician, and surgeon to various dispensaries and infirmaries, beside being, for a time, medical superintendent of the New York hospital. Dr. Weld was married, on April 11, 1872, to Fannie Elizabeth Bartholomew, of Hartford, Conn.; they had three children.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

Stephen M. Allen was born in Albany, April 15, 1819, and died in Virginia, in January, 1894. He was a mechanical engineer of

mark; president of the Webster Historical society, and noted for his devotion to the memory and fame of Daniel Webster. Mr. Allen resided upon the Miles Standish farm, in Duxbury, Mass., and presided over the first convention of the Republican party in that state.

WILLIAM GORDON MEANS.

William Gordon Means, of Boston, died on January 4. He was born in Amherst, in 1815; for 30 years was treasurer of the Salmon Falls Manufacturing company, and from its organization in 1854, until his death, was treasurer of the Manchester Locomotive works. He is survived by three sons and two daughters.

GEORGE E. PINKHAM.

George E. Pinkham, a native of Farmington, died in Haverhill, Mass., on January 7, aged 66 years. He was a prominent business man of the city of his adoption, and identified with its shoe industries. He was regarded as the pioneer manager of excursion parties, and in September last conducted his twentieth annual pilgrimage to the White Mountains. In a single year his mountain excursions had 800 patrons, and he had visited the summit of Mount Washington thirty-six times.

JOHN P. P. KELLY.

John P. P. Kelly, a native of Northwood, died in Exeter, on January 10, in his seventy-fifth year. His father, Hon. John Kelley, was for many years register of probate for Rockingham county and was afterwards editor of the *Exeter News Letter*. John P. P. Kelly had been for more than a half century a member of the firm of Kelly & Gardner, a house which had existed for 125 years controlled by the members of one family, and had occupied one business site for 90 years. Mr. Kelly was married, on January 10, 1861, to Harriett N. Safford, of Concord.

HON. PETER SANBORN.

Hon. Peter Sanborn died in Concord, on January 10. He was born in Deerfield, on October 9, 1807, and was engaged in trade in that town from 1825 to 1853. He was assistant clerk of the

state senate in 1838-'39-'40; representative from Deerfield in 1841-'42; representative from Concord in 1855-'56; state treasurer from 1857 to 1871. He was commander of the Eighteenth regiment of state militia from 1836 to 1840.

DR. CHARLES GILMAN SMITH.

Charles Gilman Smith, M. D., of Chicago, died on January 10. He was born in Exeter, on January 4, 1828, a son of Josiah Gilman Smith and Frances Annie Smith. He was educated at Phillips Exeter academy, and Harvard college (class of 1847), and in medicine by Dr. William Perry and at the University of Pennsylvania. He had practised his profession with much success in Chicago, since 1853.

MISS WOOLSON.

Constance Fenimore Woolson was born in Claremont, in 1848, and died in Venice, on January 14th. Her father, C. J. Woolson, was a native of Claremont and a successful merchant there, and her mother was a niece of James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist. In Miss Woolson's childhood her parents moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where she was educated. Since the death of her mother, in 1879, she had resided in Europe, visiting America but once. Miss Woolson is generally accorded a place among the best American prose writers, her published books including "Castle Nowhere: Lake Country Sketches," (1875); "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches," (1880); "Anne," (1882); "For the Major," (1883); "East Angels," (1886); "Jupiter Lights," (1889).

PORTER B. WATSON.

Porter B. Watson was born in Corinth, Vt., on July 14, 1825, and died in Littleton, on January 16. He was educated at the academy in Salisbury, and as representative from that town sat in the legislature of 1862-'63. Since 1869 he had resided in Littleton, and was interested in glove and leather manufacture. He took deep interest in the affairs of Littleton, and was an esteemed citizen. He leaves a family, one of his sons being Irving A. Watson, M. D., secretary of the New Hampshire board of health and of the American Public Health association.

GEORGE BARTLETT PRESCOTT.

George Bartlett Prescott, one of the pioneers of electrical research, died in New York city, on January 18. He was born in Kingston, on September 16, 1830, and was a descendant of James Prescott, an incorporator of the town in 1694. He was educated in private schools; began the study of electricity in 1846, and learned the art of telegraphy soon after its invention by S. F. B. Morse; acted as manager of telegraph offices, and as an officer of telegraph companies, from 1847 to 1883. He patented several inventions in connection with the telegraph, and was a joint owner with Thomas A. Edison in all the quadruple patents in this country and in England. He was the author of several important works on electrical subjects. Mr. Prescott married a grand-daughter of General Israel Parsons of Revolutionary fame, and is survived by her, and by one daughter.

JAMES B. STRAW, ESQ.

James B. Straw, Esq., of Manchester, died on January 21. He was born in Lowell, Mass., on April 9, 1831, and had resided in Manchester for the past forty years. He was deputy collector of internal revenue for several years, tax collector, and city auditor from 1890 until his death. He died at the same age, 62 years, as did his brother, ex-Governor Ezekiel A. Straw.

REV. CARROLL CUTTER, D. D.

Rev. Carroll Cutter, D. D., was born in Windham, on January 31, 1829, and died in Talladega, Ala., on January 25. He graduated from Yale college in 1854, afterwards studying abroad and travelling extensively. He was a tutor at Yale for two years; professor of mental science and rhetoric in Western Reserve college, 1860-'71, and its president, 1871-'89; professor of theology in Biddle university two years, and at the time of his death professor of theology in the University of Talladega. He is survived by a widow and a daughter.



U. S. S. KEARSARGE.

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THE ARCH ON A HILL-TOP: A SKETCH OF TILTON.

BY GEORGE H. MOSES.

Like most figurative language, it would not be wholly true to say of Tilton that it was taken from Sanbornton's side while Sanbornton slept. Sanbornton was wide-awake enough when Tilton was taken from the good old hill-town; its sleep began after that

event, not before it. The excision occurred in 1869, the legislative act creating the town of Tilton being signed by Governor Stearns June 30 of that year. This was not the first occasion of the Cæsarian operation among townships, so far as Sanbornton was concerned. The initial bit of territorial surgery was accomplished in 1828, when the southwest portion of Sanbornton was cut off to become the village of Franklin Falls in the new town of Franklin. This early bit of vivisection was bit-



HON. CHARLES E. TILTON.

terly resisted by the party operated upon, and the ensuing litigation set up by Sanbornton against Franklin was a matter of contention as late as 1836.

Tilton was born with less labor. The agitation for a new town



RESIDENCE OF HON. CHARLES E. TILTON.

to be carved from Sanbornton's still ample soil began in 1850, when a proposition to divide the town was voted down, one hundred and ninety-nine to one. In 1860 two special town meetings voted unanimously against several propositions for new town lines; and at the March meeting in 1861 and at a special meeting in 1866 the plan was similarly disposed of. In 1869 the final decisive assault was made on what the majority at that time termed the "geographical integrity" of the town. By a majority of



BAY HILL.



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE H. BROWN.

fifty-one the invaders were outvoted, and the contest was immediately transferred to the legislature, where it was more successfully carried on by the advocates of the new town, though the town lines, as fixed by the original proposition, were afterward modified slightly.

Tilton, therefore, is but twenty-five years old. Happily these years have been peaceful, prosperous ones. There is little to record of them. Moreover, what is now Tilton has been and is so



RESIDENCE OF FRANK HILL.



NEW HAMPSHIRE SOLDIERS' HOME.

intimately connected with Northfield, its neighbor over the way just across the Winnipiseogee, that it is a difficult matter to single out the history of the community as distinct from that of the town.

The first white men who ever ventured upon Sanbornton soil, according to the Rev. M. T. Runnels, the historian of the town, were a committee of surveyors, sent hither by the government of Massachusetts to fix upon the northeasterly bound of that colony. These men, in 1639, set their mark upon a blazed pine "three miles north of the Crotch,"—where the Merrimack forms—only to have it wiped out thirteen years later by John Endicott's more avaricious transit-men, who left their initials in the Endicott Rock at The Weirs, a dozen miles beyond the pine tree of 1639, which Dr. Bouton concludes to have stood in what is now Tilton soil.

From "his majesty, King George the Second," came the first grant of the territory, made in 1745 to sixty men, resident in Exeter, Hampton, Stratham, and Chester, who afterward amicably settled the difficulties with the Masonian proprietors and christened their new possession "Sanborn Town," in honor of twelve men of that name who figured among the grantees. Five years were occupied in thus arranging to enter the promised land, and then the actual passage was delayed nine years more by the French War; and it was not until 1764 that the first *bona fide* settlers took up a residence.



PUBLIC LIBRARY.

That portion of the town first settled upon is now within the borders of Tilton, and the very first settlement was of a very temporary nature, being nothing more than a fishing lodge, a summer affair only, standing near the waters of Middle bay.

The first permanent saw-mill of the town was set up on Tilton territory by one Daniel Sanborn, who had previously had a disastrous experience at the town privilege on Salmon brook, where a freshet washed his mill down stream almost before it was completed. This second mill stood, however, and from it the miller carried on his back up the hill to Sanbornton Square the lumber for his house. To the saw-mill was afterward added a grist-mill, the first whirring of whose stones was anxiously waited by a lad of thirteen, who had arrived on the opening day as the guest of John Sanborn. The latter's store of meal was exhausted, and he was depending on the new mill for a supply. The mill was delayed in starting, however, and the young visitor went supperless to bed, solacing himself with a "good cry," taken in that retreat of youth, behind the barn. At eleven o'clock he was awakened: his brother had come home with the grist, and the family fed sumptuously that night on hasty-pudding and milk. Eben Darling and his wife succeeded to the management of these mills, he attending the saw and she the grist, herself carrying the bags of corn up and down the steep stairways. On this privilege is now located one of the most thriving of the town's present industries.

Around this mill-privilege and the others along the Winnipiseogee, sprang up the village of Sanbornton Bridge, not confining itself to Sanbornton soil, but spreading in time across the river into the town of Northfield. It was this village, or at least the Sanbornton part of it, that became Tilton. Its name was suggested by the Hon. Charles E. Tilton, a native of the town and a descendant, in the fourth generation, of Nathaniel Tilton, who settled here in 1768 and who was the second to sign the first church covenant and was afterward chosen a deacon, serving until released at his own request.

formed and has been sig- by its sponsor, tified it and en- yond all towns haps in New has been his Here he was and here he re- having made a South America, among the gold- by investments ern cities. Here to enjoy his magnificent res-



REV. J. M. DURRELL.

ing a hill, he may look down upon the village in the valley beneath, or may look across to other hills. Nowhere can his gaze fall without his being brought to modest self-consciousness of his own benefactions.

Across the street from the open gateway of his spacious estate lies the seminary, the almost daily recipient of some gift, and the street itself, smoothly paved, is one of his gifts to the town. Below, at the corner, stands the Tilton town hall, a model of its class of buildings, his gift; before it rises a drinking fountain, surmounted by a chaste bit of statuary, also his gift. A short way up the street, in the river, lies the island, with its summer-house, its bronzes, its water-falls, its shrubbery, a pleasant resort for the

The town, thus thus named, nally favored who has beau- riched it be- in the state, per- England. It chief pride. born in 1827, turned after fortune in on the Isthmus, diggings, and in various west- he returned wealth. From a idence, crown-

townspeople, his gift. In the business portion of the town the handsomest block was built by him. Next to it stands Squantum, a legendary Indian, in bronze, viewing impassively from his granite pedestal in the middle of a grassy court, the passing trains, for on his left sits the railroad station, a handsome building. All of these are Mr. Tilton's gifts; and there are a score of others.

To him the town owes much. It was he who planted shade trees along its streets; it was he who determined that it should be supplied with water and lighted with electricity; it was he who enticed here the New Hampshire Soldiers' Home; it was he who equipped here the finest fair-ground in the state, and gave its use to the



NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE SEMINARY.

Grange State Fair association, whose annual exhibitions draw here thousands of people to witness the most wholesome and best of the yearly agricultural fairs in New England.

All this, however, would have been wasted had the recipients been less responsive. But it seems as if every citizen of Tilton took worthy pride in the beautiful village. There is an evident air of neatness about every house, no matter how humble; and of handsome residences there are more than a due proportion.

The morals of the town are high. Four churches, with a Catholic mission, administer to its spiritual needs. Crowning one of the hills is the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College, a most worthy and honorable school, which was removed



BANK BLOCK.

to its present site from Northfield, where it was first established, the locality being chosen by reason of gifts made and inducements held out by citizens of the place. Fire caused the school to move from its original site, but it has not driven it from its present eminence; rather has it left it more firmly planted than before, for its present handsome, convenient, and commodious building sprung from the ashes of a disastrous conflagration. Under the direction of the Rev. J. M. Durrell, president, the seminary is doing better



G. H. TILTON'S MILL.



TILTON MILLS.

work than ever. In days gone by, the New England conference has recruited itself from among the graduates of this school. The work of training young men for the Christian ministry is still going on, with increased zeal, greater scholarship, and more complete consecration. Many a famous man, many an earnest woman, has gone out from Tilton seminary. They, and many more less famous, but all as earnest, will come trooping back next year, when the semi-centennial of the school's establishment will be celebrated.



TILTON MILLS.

Supplemental to the seminary's work is the public library, which is handsomely housed in a beautiful building on the Northfield side of the river. This building was a gift to the two villages memorial to Dr. Adino Brackett Hall, a native of the place. Some number of thousand volumes now rest on the shelves, and are in charge of Mr. L. F. Batchelder. The building stands in what was formerly known as Deer Park, being a triangular piece of land between three roads, which was formerly enclosed, and contained a handsome piece of bronze, a deer. This work of art now stands before the main entrance to the library building.

On the Northfield side of the river, too, are the graded schools of the place, culminating with the High school.

In Northfield, too, have lived many of those who have made the community what it is. In Northfield lived Asa P. Cate, perhaps the most eminent man of the community; a lawyer of renown; a judge of probate for his county; senator and president of the state senate; a liberal benefactor of the seminary; county solicitor; railroad commissioner; a colonel of militia; his party's candidate for governor; the founder of the Citizens' National bank.

He was a Northfield man, moreover, who is quaintly handed down to memory in a tale of his religious fervor. It seems that this nameless worthy embraced the faith held out to him in a series of school-house revival meetings, and was much exercised as to whether his duty required him to make a full confession of his sins. He confided his misgivings to his son, one day, as they were at work in the field, and the young man replied, "Why, father, if you told all you 've done they'd hang you."

"No," slowly replied the convert, "I guess they would n't hang me, but they'd put me in prison for the rest of my life."

Another Northfield man, now living, deserves mention. In war time, when he was a lad, he lived on the Sanbornton side of the river, in a house fronting on the square, where the flag-staff stood. One morning he woke to find the Stars and Bars afloat from the peak. The nimble lad flew out of the house, and in short order had climbed the pole and removed the treasonable emblem. While descending the pole, he was observed by some men, and a lively chase ensued, in which the boy was victorious, and found cover in the house with his prize. The flag was a home-made affair, and

was worked up into a rug by the lad's grandmother, who exhibited her handiwork at many a fair, but never explaining its unique material.

The whirl of industry is in the atmosphere of Tilton. A mile of river is within its borders, with a fall of forty-two feet. Four dams utilize the flow, and furnish power to hosiery mills, woolen-mills, shoddy-mills, box-shops, eye-glass factory, and saw- and grist-mills. An annual product of nearly a million dollars, with pay-rolls aggregating close to two hundred thousand dollars, makes the village prosperous.

One of Tilton's hills, which are less numerous than those of Rome, but like them each bears its appropriate monument—one of Tilton's hills is New Hampshire comfortable structure, erected by the state, and dedicated in 1890 as a refuge for the indigent and dependent soldiers and sailors of the state. It is in every sense a home. As is customary in such institutions, a more or less rigorous discipline, somewhat touching the military, is maintained. Branches of the Woman's Relief Corps, in various parts of the state, have interested themselves in the home, and the library, the chapel, and the inmates' rooms bear witness to the generosity and taste of the wives and sisters and daughters of the veterans.



ASA P. CATE.

This home is, perhaps, the noblest charity of the state. Certainly none is better administered. The board of managers were confronted with an almost impossible task, when the enterprise was projected. A meagre appropriation had been secured from the legislature, with which to build and equip the home, yet only a little more than a year later the building was dedicated free from debt, and perfect in every detail. The apparently impossible had been done. An explanation is found in part in what has already been said with reference to the Woman's Relief Corps. But even



LOVERIN HOTEL.

with that the home would have fallen far short of its completeness, had it not been for Mr. Tilton, who was a member of the first board of managers, and who has served in a like manner ever since. It was he who secured the home for Tilton by presenting the state with a site. It was he who, as one of the building committee, watched every day's work, who saw that full value was received for each one of the state's few enough dollars, and doubtless eked them out with his own.

Mr. Tilton's love for the town is part of his inheritance. His ancestors were always among the foremost of the town's citizens. His father and his uncle left their mark long before he began to set his. The latter, as the manufacturer of "Tilton's Tweeds," a brand that, like Washington's, was never questioned, was among the first to build up the town's industrial importance, and in gifts to the public, he set an example for his nephew.

Mr. Tilton's father, Colonel Samuel Tilton, was one of the most prominent men in town. He held several offices, among them that of sheriff, and on one occasion, it is said he was called into a town in the southern part of the state to arrest a man who had become surety for another. On this errand, his son Charles, a small boy, accompanied him. The pitiful scene so impressed the lad that he resolved never to put himself under such liability.

Colonel Tilton was, for a long time, the landlord of the village



TOWN HALL.

hotel, and to this day is told the story of the drover who got a free treat for himself and his friends. The drover had just returned from the cattle-mart, where he had sold his herd on good terms and come back with a crisp, one-thousand dollar bill in his pocket. His friends were bantering him to be generous and treat, and the drover answered that he would if the landlord could change a bill for him.

"Change it!" said the landlord, "if I can't I'll treat the crowd myself."

Out came the drover's bill. The landlord treated.

In days gone by, the community of which I write was a fierce political battle-ground. Party feeling ran high, and both sides worked hard for victory. At one hard pressed election, the leaders of one party were very ingenious in getting a great many men to the polls. At last a leader appeared at the desk with an extremely disreputable looking character at his heels. "Hold on," cried an opposition spokesman, "I've caught you fellows at last. You've been digging up dead men and voting them. You have n't even scraped the dirt off of this one."

But what singles Tilton out from all the other towns of the country is, singularly enough, a feature of its adornment which is on Northfield soil. That is the Tilton memorial arch. Before its erection, the town was far ahead of its fellows in the way of

public works. Parks, statuary, and fountains made the place lovely. Tilton memorial arch transcends all these. Perched on a hill-top, its chaste outlines reared in granite stand out upon the heavens, catching the gaze of travellers and holding it till the last. A noted preacher has called this "the most European thing on this continent." And yet it is most intensely American in all that it signifies. Europe, to be sure, is dotted with similar structures, and from them not only comes the idea of this unique memorial, but, if tradition is correct, its very lines are taken from one of the numerous arches of Rome, and the architecture which Titus approved finds place in New Hampshire.

The arches of Europe commemorate warriors, battles, and victories bathed in blood. The Tilton memorial arch commemorates the conquests of peace. From its eminence it looks down upon a peaceful scene. The placid river is one of the mightiest weapons of the only war the memorial has ever seen, the unceasing war for the advancement of civilization.

That war may be yet in progress when this memorial shall have crumbled away. It will be ended long before that, however, if all men are seized with as great an affection for their fellows as he who gave this town its name, who placed this village foremost in a foremost band of villages, and who set above it all, this arch upon a hill-top.



CONCORD & MONTREAL R. R. STATION.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

BY CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

Pray excuse my inattention : I was dreaming. I'm afraid,
For the gorgeous scene before me for a moment seemed to fade,
And instead of spacious parlors, all ablaze with golden light,
Where the city's wealth and culture meet in grand array to night,

Came a vision of a farm-house—quaint, old-fashioned, low, and wide,
With a tangled mass of woodbine climbing o'er its ancient side ;
And close by, with spreading branches tow'ring to the chimney's height,
Stood an apple tree apparelled in a robe of pink and white.

Every twig was rich in snowy promises of harvest cheer,
Every blossom spilled its fragrance on the balmy atmosphere
Till 't was heavy with a perfume sweeter than the flow'rs of May,
More alluring than the odor-haunted breezes of Cathay,

And to make complete the picture of the cherished long ago,
By the window, with her knitting, slowly rocking to and fro,
Sat the dear old-fashioned mother in her old accustomed place,
With the sunshine of God's favor lighting up her placid face.

I can see how much you marvel that my truant wits should roam
From this scene of mirth and revel to my boyhood's country home ;
Yet you cast the spell that lured them, for my dreaming all began
With a breath of apple blossom from your dainty, perfumed fan.

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD.

BY HARLAN C. PEARSON.

In almost all the varied walks of American life men of New Hampshire birth have gained pre-eminence. It is but adding to an already long list to name the technical knowledge of books and to mention as its master Ainsworth R. Spofford, a native of Gilmanton, and for the last thirty years Librarian of Congress.

The history of the Spofford family in this country is both ancient and honorable, and its genealogy reveals an array of

justly distinguished names. Few among them, however, represent longer or worthier service than that of the Reverend Luke A. Spofford, a devout and energetic clergyman who toiled hard and successfully not only in the rather rocky vineyards of the Granite State, but also in many sections of the then "wild west."

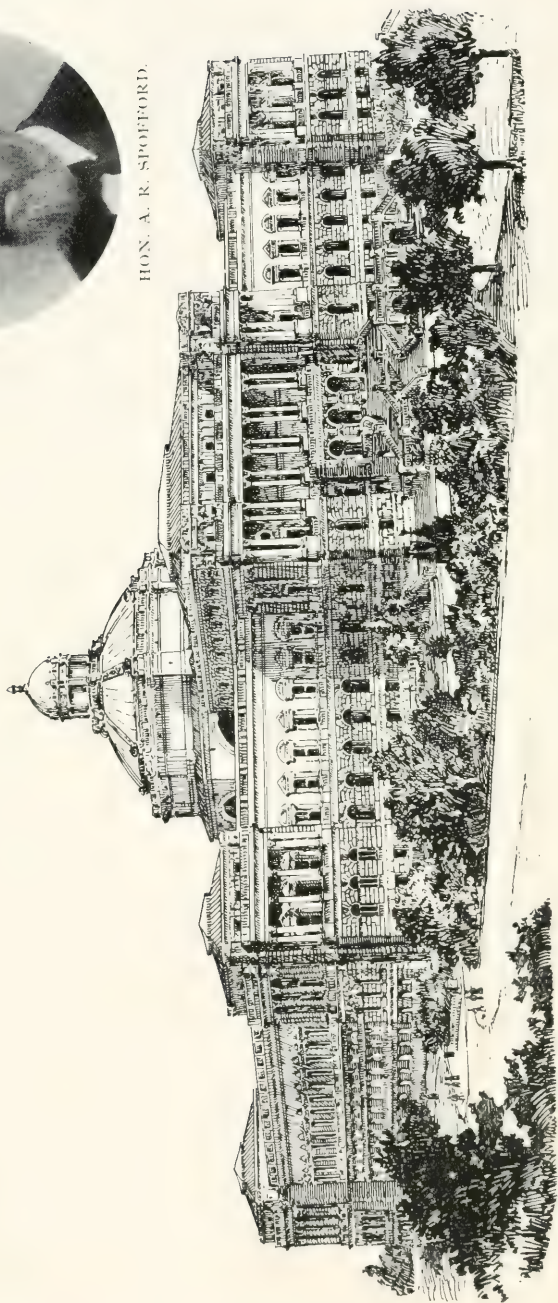
To him and his wife, Grata Rand, was born on September 12, 1825, the subject of the present sketch. He was prepared by private tuition for a classical college course, but owing to the failure of his health was unable to carry out his plans in this direction. Emigrating to Cincinnati, Ohio, he became a book-seller and publisher. From 1859 to 1861 he was actively engaged in journalism as associate editor of the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial*. In the latter year he was appointed first assistant librarian in the Library of Congress, in 1864 became its chief, and has ever since ably discharged the onerous duties of that responsible position.

It is hardly possible to conceive from a description, of the extent and variety of Mr. Spofford's work and of the unfavorable circumstances under which it is conducted. For a full appreciation it is necessary to see him in the midst of his books and to spend an hour or two with him during any day while Congress is in session. One is first struck with the multiplicity of the demands made upon him, ranging from a question as to the position of some particular book or document to a general request for information on any one of the ten thousand topics. The readiness and correctness with which the answer is invariably given, fill the spectator with wondering admiration. Mr. Spofford seems to know the location of every book and pamphlet in the vast stores with which he is surrounded, and to know as well just what they contain. Few, indeed, are the senators and congressmen of the past thirty years who have not received valuable aid from him in the preparation of speeches and reports. That interesting publication, the *Congressional Record*, counts him as indirectly one of its voluminous contributors.

The library whose interests Mr. Spofford has so long and faithfully guarded, now occupies and overflows the entire western projection of the central capitol building. Commenced in 1800, it was burned by the British in the War of 1812 and started once



HON. A. R. SPOFFORD.



NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
(Constructed of Concord (N. H.) Granite.)

more by the purchase of Thomas Jefferson's 7,000 volumes. In 1851, fire again destroyed more than half the collection, but in the next year Congress appropriated \$75,000 for its replenishing and has since bestowed upon it yearly, gifts averaging about \$11,000 per annum. Additional sources of increase are by copy-right, by exchanges, from the Smithsonian Institution, and from private donations. The total number of volumes at present in the possession of the library is over 665,000, besides 220,000 pamphlets. While universal in its scope, the collection is especially rich along the lines of history, political science, jurisprudence, and Americana. It is free to the public though only congressmen and a few privileged officials are allowed to take books away.

The three fire-proof halls in which the library is now contained are, and have been for a long time, woefully insufficient for its proper accommodation. To the east of the Capitol, however, there is now fast nearing completion, one of the handsomest of Washington's many public buildings, which is designed to furnish spacious and convenient quarters not only for the million publications now belonging to the government, but for the million more that will accumulate as the years go by. Congress has been very liberal in its appropriations for this new library, and all the resources of modern architectural taste and skill have been expended upon it. The fact that its imposing walls are built entirely of New Hampshire granite, causes an involuntary thrill of pride in every son of the state who gazes upon its magnificent proportions. In it Mr. Spofford and his assistants will be able to attend to their duties under much more favorable conditions than at present.

An important branch of their work not heretofore mentioned, is the issuing and recording of copyrights. By the act of 1870, Congress placed this branch of the public service entirely under the control of its librarian, and ever since that time it has steadily and rapidly increased in extent and usefulness. The recent International Copyright law makes rather heavy linguistic demands upon the library force, since under its provisions publications in some twenty languages require their attention.

Outside of his official labors Mr. Spofford has done valuable

work along literary lines. He has been a frequent contributor to the periodicals on historical, economic, and literary subjects, and is the author or compiler of "Catalogues of the Library of Congress," "The American Almanac and Treasury of Facts," "Library of Choice Literature," "Library of Wit and Humor," "Manual of Parliamentary Rules," etc. He is a member of many historical and philosophical societies, and received the degree of LL. D. from Amherst college in 1884. He was married September 15, 1852, to Sarah P. Partridge and their union has been blessed with three children.

Quiet, modest, kindly, helpful, Mr. Spofford rejoices most in his vast and varied knowledge because it enables him to aid his fellow-men. A typical man of letters who has made himself a necessity to the nation's men of affairs, he reflects all honor and credit upon the state which gave him birth.

THE WAR ALBUM AT THE STATE HOUSE. A LOCAL CONTRIBUTION.

BY HON. A. S. BATCHELOR.

[CONCLUDED.]

CAPTAIN GEORGE FARR.

A brother of Major Evarts W. Farr, who has been already mentioned in this article, George Farr was born at Littleton, February 12, 1836. He is a graduate of Dartmouth college in the class of 1862. Soon after the completion of his college course he entered, the volunteer service, and was appointed captain of Company D Thirteenth regiment, New Hampshire Volunteer infantry, September 27, 1862. He served through the war under this commission. He was severely wounded June 1, 1864, at the Battle of Cold Harbor, and was unable to participate in the further campaigns of his regiment, but did good service on courts-martial and military commissions, at Norfolk, Va., until mustered out in 1865, as the senior captain of his regiment, which was the first organized body of Union troops that entered the rebel capital. Captain

Farr prepared himself for admission to the bar, but the condition of his health prevented the gratification of his purpose in this direction. He engaged in trade and manufacturing for some five years; was deputy sheriff nine years, selectman two years, collector two years, and justice of the police court of Littleton since 1880. Several years ago he purchased the Oak Hill House, and has made it a famous summer hostelry. For several years he was master of Northern Pomona Grange. He was for many years a member of the board of education, trustee of the public library, and chairman of the committee on town history. He was active in instituting a post of the Grand Army at Littleton, was one of its early commanders, and was department commander of the New Hampshire G. A. R. in 1886.



Capt. GEORGE FARR.



Capt. GEORGE E. PINGREE.

CAPTAIN GEORGE ELY PINGREE.

George E. Pingree, son of Joseph and Polly Pingree, was born in Littleton, April 29, 1839. He first enlisted for three months, April 24, 1861, and was mustered as a private in Company G, Second regiment, New Hampshire infantry, from which he was discharged August 9, 1862, on account of wounds received in the Battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862. He was with the Second regiment when, with loaded muskets, it marched through Baltimore on its way to Washington, where it was attached to a brigade commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) A. E. Burnside. He was in the Battle of Bull Run, fighting from 10 o'clock a. m. until 4:30 p. m., and then marching forty miles to Wash-

ington, reaching there the next forenoon, meantime with absolutely nothing to eat or drink. He then accompanied his regiment to Bladensburg, where it was brigaded under General Hooker; after which he went down the Potomac, and worked in the trenches and on the forts at Yorktown, under McClellan, thence to Williamsburg, fighting from daylight until dark, in that hotly contested engagement. He was there wounded by a volley from the Fourteenth Louisiana, the ball passing through his right arm between the wrist and elbow. He was taken from the field to Fortress Monroe, thence to Hampton Roads hospital, and from there to his home in New Hampshire. He was commissioned captain of Company G, Eleventh regiment, New Hampshire infantry, September 4, 1862. At the Battle of Fredericksburg he was knocked senseless by a piece of shell, but not permanently injured. A piece of the same shell instantly killed George W. King of Company G. He was with the regiment in Kentucky, and in the Mississippi campaign. On the return to Kentucky, on account of his wounds he was detailed on court-martial for a couple of months. He was afterwards transferred to the command of Company I, in the Fifth regiment, Veterans' Reserve corps, and ordered on duty at the prison camp at Indianapolis, where the regiment was disbanded in the fall of 1865. He then reported for duty to R. K. Scott, at Charleston, S. C., May 1, 1866, and was placed in charge of several counties in the interest of the Freedmen's bureau. He was honorably mustered out of the United States service, January 1, 1868. He resides at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and an appreciative biographical sketch, illustrated by an engraving from a recent photograph, is given in "Cogswell's History of the Eleventh Regiment," p. 241.

CAPTAIN MARSHAL SANDERS.

Marshal Sanders was born at Enosburg, Vt., April 10, 1833, and resided at Littleton from 1857 till his death, which occurred at that place April 4, 1866. At the time of his enlistment he was in business as a wheelwright, a man of pronounced social instincts, having a multitude of warm friends. He was master of the then newly organized Burns lodge of Freemasons. He was appointed second lieutenant of Company D, Thirteenth regiment, Septem-

ber 27, 1862 : first lieutenant, January 25, 1863 ; captain Company B, July 15, 1864 ; wounded at Chapin's farm, September 29, 1864 ; mustered out June 21, 1865. He did not long survive his release from the hardships and casualties of this long and faithful service. He was buried in Glenwood cemetery at Littleton, where a simple slab, bearing the emblems of Freemasonry, and noting his military record, marks his resting place. In honor of this worthy soldier, Marshal Sanders post, No. 48, G. A. R., of Littleton, took its name.



Capt. C. R. BLODGETT.



Capt. MARSHAL SANDERS.

CAPTAIN CYRUS ROBBINS BLODGETT.

Cyrus R. Blodgett was born at Stewartstown, N. H., October 26, 1841. He enlisted August 15, 1862, and became a member of Company H, Thirteenth regiment, New Hampshire Volunteer infantry. He was made corporal September 19, 1862, the date of muster in. December 22, 1863, he was discharged to accept promotion. He received a commission in the Twenty-second regiment, United States Colored troops. He was appointed first lieutenant Company C, Twenty-second United States Colored infantry, January 1, 1864 ; mustered in January 29, 1864, to date January 1, 1864 ; mustered as captain Company B, March 24, 1865.

He was mustered out October 16, 1865, and finally left the service at Philadelphia, December 21, 1865. He is engaged in the business of dairy farming, near the village of Littleton. He is an active and devoted member of the Congregational church, and is

an eminently useful and respected citizen. He never seeks or accepts civil office. He is successful in business, for he is "diligent in business."

CAPTAIN MARTIN VAN BUREN KNOX.

Rev. M. V. B. Knox, D. D., is a native of Schroon Lake, New York, born October 4, 1841. His parents were Jephtha and Philura (Lewis) Knox. In April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company I, of the Twenty-Second regiment, New York Volunteers, infantry. His occupation was then recorded as that of a farmer. His next service was in the One Hundred and Eighteenth New York infantry volunteers, which he joined August 2, 1862, being mustered as corporal in Company E. His third muster was as second lieutenant in Company E, Twenty-third regiment, United States Colored infantry. This commission was in March, 1864. He was wounded at the mine affair before Petersburg, July 30, 1864. The following November he was promoted to first lieutenant, and to a captaincy in May, 1865. While serving in Texas, on the 22d of June, he was prostrated by a sunstroke, resulting in congestion of the spinal cord, which permanently disabled him. He was honorably discharged, August 12, 1865, having served in different organizations nearly four years. He was under several special details, among which was one as regimental commissary two months in the summer of 1864; another in the brigade ambulance corps three months in the autumn of the same year; and a third as regimental quartermaster three months in the winter of 1864-'65. He took part in engagements at Suffolk, Bottom's Bridge, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, North Anna Bridge, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, Mine Affair at Petersburg, all in Virginia.



Capt. M. V. B. Knox.

He completed his education at the seminary at Tilton, Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., and Boston University

School of Theology, after the war. He was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Littleton, three years, 1885-'88. A more extended biographical sketch is given in the report of the class of 1868, New Hampshire Conference seminary, pages 26-29. He is now president of Red River University, Wahpetan, North Dakota.

CAPTAIN CHARLES OSCAR BRADLEY.

Captain Bradley entered the military service as first sergeant, Company I, First New Hampshire infantry, April 20, 1861, serving in that organization till August 9, 1861; was captain Thirtieth New Hampshire infantry, September 19, 1862, to June 10, 1864, and captain First New Hampshire artillery, September 17, 1864, and after serving about Washington, gaged at the Battle of Suffolk, Va., and burg, was honorably volunteer service, was appointed a lieutenant-infantry, U. S. A., transferred to the September 21, 1866, August 25, 1874, and ular army as long as death of Captain ing in the defences and having been en-Fredericksburg, siege in front of Peters-mustered out of the June 15, 1865. He tenant in the Eleventh February 25, 1866, Twentieth infantry, promoted captain, continued in the reg-he lived. "In the death of Captain Bradley," said Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie Smith, in the order announcing the event, "the regiment loses a gallant soldier, an accomplished gentleman and officer, and an upright man. He has gone to the grave with the sincere affection and deep sorrow of all who knew him."



Capt. CHAS. O. BRADLEY.

Captain Bradley never resided in Littleton, but he is identified with her military history as the captain of the company of heavy artillery whose membership was largely of Littleton men, and as having made his own assignment for that enlistment upon the quota of this town.

He was born at Hampstead, February 21, 1837, resided at Concord at the time of the Civil War and subsequently, and died after a lingering illness of some five months' duration at Fort Maginnis, Montana, May 14, 1887.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM DAVIS.

William Davis resided at Littleton from 1858 till he entered the army. The date of his birth, which is said to have been at Gibraltar, Spain, has not been definitely ascertained. The rolls give his age as twenty-two years at the date of his enlistment, August 20, 1861. He was the publisher of the *People's Journal*, a local paper at Littleton. He had been a resident of the place since 1858. His paper urged the prosecution of the war for the suppression of the rebellion in a way that was both discreet and effective. (Abbott's History First Regiment, page 82.) He became a private in Company H, Third regiment, upon his enlistment; corporal, May 8, 1863; sergeant, July 1, '63; first sergeant, August 26, '63; was severely wounded in an assault upon an advanced work in front of Fort Wagner, August 26, '63; appointed second lieutenant, Company G, January 5, '64; discharged for disability, September 4, 1864. He was engaged in the newspaper business and as a printer in several places in the west, and died at Lexington, Mich., January 31, 1874. A more extended biographical sketch may be consulted in Eldredge's History of the Third Regiment, page 709.



Lieut. Wm. Davis.



Gen. Edward O. Kenney.

GENERAL EDWARD OAKES KENNEY.

General Kenney has a place in the military record of the town not as an officer actually commissioned, but as the drill master of the companies organized at this point. He gave them an edu-

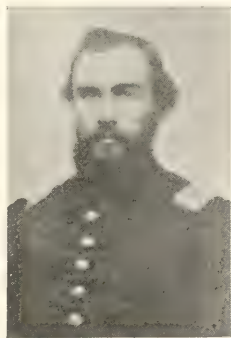
cation in the school of the soldier which served them well in the stirring scenes which followed. He accompanied the first company to Portsmouth, and assisted in the duties which devolved upon trained officers of the higher rank, while the men collected there were being put in readiness for active service. It is understood that he declined a commission as a regimental field officer. He was born at Bethlehem, November 16, 1816; resided at Littleton from 1852 till his death, which occurred August 8, 1883. He attained the rank of brigadier-general in the New Hampshire militia, commanding the Eighth brigade in 1851. An extended biographical sketch, illustrated by a steel engraved portrait, may be found in Child's Gazetteer of Grafton County, p. 499.

LIEUTENANT ANDREW JACKSON CLOGSTON.

A. J. Clogston was born in Manchester, N. H., November 22, 1845, but was a Vermont soldier, enlisting July 21, 1862, in Company G, Tenth Regiment Vermont volunteers. He was appointed corporal August 18, 1864, and sergeant October 27, 1864. He was wounded at the Battle of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864. He was appointed second lieutenant June 15, 1865, but was mustered out as orderly sergeant June 22, 1865. From 1881 to 1893 he resided at Littleton, but in November of the latter year, he removed to California, where he now has his home at or near Los Angeles. He has been, for many years, an active Odd Fellow and Grand Army man.



Lieut. A. J. CLOGSTON.



Lieut. C. S. HAZELTINE.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES STEPHEN HAZELTINE.

Lieutenant Hazeltine was born at Stanstead, Province of Quebec, December 9, 1833, and resided at Littleton from 1848 till 1864. He died at Sunbury, Pa., November 17, 1874. He was appointed first lieutenant, Company C, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteer infantry, November 3, 1862, and was mustered out August 13, 1863. This regiment, though enlisted for a shorter term than had been required of most of the regiments previously sent out from this state, experienced peculiar hardships in the service which it rendered in the lower Mississippi valley and particularly in the siege of Port Hudson. Lieutenant Hazeltine's health was permanently impaired and his vitality exhausted from the climatic causes which seriously affected a large part of the officers and men of that command.

LIEUTENANT ANDREW JACKSON SHERMAN.

This sturdy soldier was a native of Lisbon, born May 15, 1832. He resided at Littleton in 1858 and has been engaged in lumbering the greater part of his life in the same region. He enlisted August 15, 1862, and was mustered in September 19, 1862, as first sergeant of Company D, Thirteenth regiment. He was wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; was promoted to second lieutenant, January 25, 1863; first lieutenant, October 28, 1864, and was mustered out June 21, 1865. After Captain George Farr was disabled by his wounds at Cold Harbor, Lieutenant Sherman assumed command of Company D. At the conclusion of the last campaign against Richmond this was the right or leading company in the regiment, and the Thirteenth was the first organized body of Union troops to enter the city after its abandonment by the Confederate army. This episode has a prominent place in S. M. Thompson's history of the regiment. Thus by the fortunes of war a peculiar and not undeserved distinction was given the brave and unostentatious commander of the Littleton company.



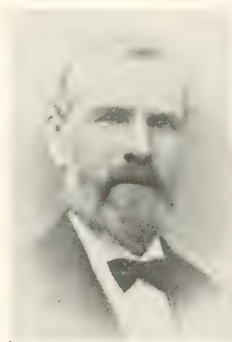
Lieut. A. J. SHERMAN.

COLONEL HENRY WARD ROWELL.

Another citizen who was actively identified with military events and military organization at the beginning of the war, was Colonel Rowell. He was the first recruiting officer at this place, being at the time also military aide to Governor Goodwin, with the rank of colonel, and in active duty in that office in the spring of 1861. He was born at Waterford, Vt., January 16, 1834, and resided at Littleton from 1855 to 1862. In that time he was the editor of the first Republican paper established in town, and held the office of county treasurer. (Littleton Centennial, p. 111.) He has been the incumbent of many responsible public offices in the state of Illinois, where he resided for some years after his removal from Littleton, and at Washington. His home is now at Brightwood, a suburb of Washington.



COL. HENRY W. ROWELL.



LIEUT. EDWARD KILBURN.

LIEUTENANT EDWARD KILBURN.

"Old John and Young John Kilburn," who made the famous defense of Kilburn's garrison at Walpole, in 1755, in the French and Indian war, were ancestors of Lieutenant Edward Kilburn and his brother, Benj. W. Kilburn, the well known Littleton artist and manufacturer of stereoscopic views. Company D of the Thirtieth regiment was raised in Littleton and the immediate vicinity. Edward Kilburn was one of its recruiting agents and upon its organization was made first lieutenant, his appointment being dated September 27, 1862. Something of the quality of its material

may be inferred from the fact that there was no man in it who could not read and write. He resigned and was honorably discharged January 24, 1863. He was born at Littleton, February 27, 1830, and died there February 25, 1884, having always been a resident of the place.

LIEUTENANT ALDEN QUIMBY.

A company for the First regiment of heavy artillery having been recruited in the vicinity, with a large proportion of its members from Littleton, Alden Quimby was designated as the one from this component to receive a commission. He was born at Lisbon, August 10, 1823, and was for many years a trusted railroad agent at Littleton. He enlisted August 30, 1864, and was appointed second lieutenant September 8, 1864. He did not remain long in the service, resigning and receiving an honorable discharge December 7, 1864. He was a man of infinite good humor and fond of exchanging jokes with his acquaintances. There was no malice in his jesting, and not a few of his humorous conceits will be kept current by those who caught them with their original pith and point. He died at Littleton, January 8, 1886, and was buried, under the honors of the G. A. R., in Glenwood cemetery.



Lieut. ALDEN QUIMBY.



Lieut. JOHN T. SIMPSON.

LIEUTENANT JOHN TENNEY SIMPSON.

Although a Maine man until after the war and an officer in a Maine regiment, few men are better known in local military and veteran circles than John T. Simpson. He was born in Mayfield,

Me., December 10, 1832. He was appointed second lieutenant in the Tenth Maine volunteer infantry October 3, 1861; resigned and was honorably discharged July 10, 1862. He has been a resident of Littleton since 1869. From June 24, 1884, to January 5, 1888, he was captain of the Moore Rifles, Company F, Third regiment, New Hampshire National Guard. He has been a hard working member of the G. A. R., having often been called to official positions in that order. In 1885, he was a member of the staff of the commander-in-chief of the national encampment. He was a member of the legislature in 1887, and the speech which he delivered in the debate on the questions then pending relative to railroad legislation was published in full and attracted favorable comment. He has also been selectman, district commissioner, and superintendent of streets for several years.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE WASHINGTON FERGUSON.

Geo. W. Ferguson was born in Lyman (now Monroe), N. H., August 15, 1829. He enlisted August 19, 1862; was appointed sergeant in Company D, Thirteenth regiment, September 19, 1862; commissary sergeant, May 1, 1864; first lieutenant, May 1, 1864, and was mustered out June 21, 1865. He was at the time of his enlistment, but lived at West Littleton after the war and until his death which occurred there March 6, 1869. He was buried in the cemetery at North Littleton. Lieutenant Ferguson was a representative man and an officer of his regiment. His record as a soldier was without blemish and he earned and enjoyed the respect and confidence of all who knew him, whether in military or civil life.



Lieut. G. W. FERGUSON.

LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN JAMES BURNHAM.

The successor of Rev. C. E. Harrington, D. D., the first principal of the Littleton High and Graded schools, was F. J. Burnham, a graduate of Dartmouth, of the class of 1869. He was at the head

of this institution one year, 1869-'70, and then began the study of law in Chicago, obtaining admission to the bar in 1871. He practised in Chicago, Glyndon, Minn., and Moorhead, Minn., where he became permanently established. He has been president of the First National bank at that place, since 1882. He was born at Norwich, Vt., December 31, 1842, prepared for college at Meriden academy, at Plainfield, N. H., and entered the volunteer service from that place. He enlisted July 25, 1862, and was appointed first sergeant. He was promoted to second lieutenant, November 1, 1864, and appointed first lieutenant February 1, 1865. He was mustered out June 10, 1865. His work as an instructor at Littleton was eminently satisfactory, and an account of it is given in a sketch in the Littleton Centennial, p. 215.



Lieut. CHAUNCEY H. GREENE.



Lieut. FRANKLIN J. BURNHAM.

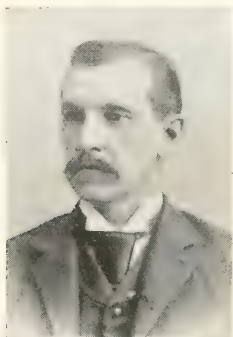
LIEUTENANT CHAUNCEY HASTINGS GREENE.

Chauncey H. Greene was born at Weare, N. H., July 17, 1836. He has been a resident of Littleton since 1860. He has been prominently identified with Freemasonry, having been master of Burns Lodge at the time he enlisted in 1864. He was the first commander of St. Gerard Commandery at Littleton and was grand commander of Knights Templar in New Hampshire in 1877. He enlisted August 30, 1864, for three years, being mustered the 7th of September as orderly sergeant of Company I, First New Hampshire heavy artillery. December 26, he was promoted to be second lieutenant. He served with credit till after the close of the

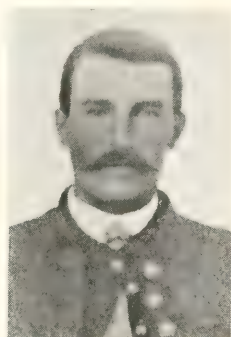
war, and was mustered out June 15, 1865. He has held several important public positions, and is now postmaster at Littleton by appointment of President Harrison. Not the least valuable of his public services was the indexing of the records, books, and papers in the state treasury from the early part of the provincial period. He accomplished this undertaking in a little more than two years, completing it in 1891.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE WEBB HALL.

Another worthy soldier in the Maine volunteers was Lieut. Geo. W. Hall. For several years after the war he was employed as a skilled workman in the scythe and axe manufacturing establishment in this place. He was born at St. George, Me., September 21, 1836; appointed second lieutenant Company G, Twenty-fourth regiment, Maine volunteer infantry, October 27, 1862, and was mustered out upon the expiration of his term of enlistment, August 25, 1863. His residence has been at Auburn, N. Y., for several years past. He is an unassuming citizen who has the confidence of his fellows, and deserves it.



Lieut. GEO. W. HALL.



Lieut. A. C. GASKELL.

LIEUTENANT AUGUSTINE CLARK GASKELL.

A. C. Gaskell was born at Charlestown, Vt., May 27, 1835. He resided at Littleton at the time of his enlistment and this has been his home since to the present time. He joined the company being raised by Captain George Farr and Lieutenant Kilburn, and

was enrolled August 13, 1862. He was appointed corporal January 6, 1863, and sergeant March 12, 1863; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 1, 1864; was appointed first sergeant, August 15, 1864, and second lieutenant June 15, 1865, but was mustered out as orderly sergeant, June 21, 1865. Lieutenant Gaskell has been a well known figure in the community ever since his return from the war. He has special skill in several lines of employment and is a useful and respected citizen.

LIEUTENANT MOSES PETER BEMIS.

Lieutenant Bemis was a resident of Bethlehem at the time of his enlistment, but he was one of the men who entered the service with Sam. G. Goodwin, at Littleton, and was added to the quota of this town. He

Aug. 2, 1841. From had resided with his tleton. He served regiment during its ing a veteran reën- He first enlisted No- captured at the sec- August 29, 1862; re- 1862; appointed cor- 1863; sergeant No- enlisted and mus- 1864; was wounded



Lieut. MOSES P. BEMIS.

was born at Lisbon, 1847 to 1859, he father's family at Lit- faithfully with his entire term, includ- listment, from 1864. vember 9, 1861; was onnd Bull Run, Va., leased December, poral, February 1, vember 1, 1863; re- tered in, January 2, at the Mine affair,

Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864; appointed second lieutenant, Company G, June 1, 1865; final muster out, July 17, 1865. He participated in no less than twelve hard battles, including the sieges of Vicksburg and Petersburg. He settled permanently at East Haverhill after the war. The military life of such officers as Major Goodwin an Lieutenant Bemis can best be read and studied in the story of their regiment.

Fortunately, the narrative of what the Sixth experienced in camp, march, ocean voyage, siege, and battle has been preserved in the regiment's valuable contribution to history, which has recently been prepared by Lieutenant Jackman, and published in a convenient and attractive form.

LIEUTENANT JOHN RICHARDSON THOMPSON.

This officer served in the Fifteenth Vermont regiment (Colonel Redfield Proctor), being commissioned as second lieutenant Company K, October 22, 1862, and promoted to be first lieutenant Company C, January 5, 1862. He served on the staff of Colonel Blunt and General Stoughton and General Stannard. During a considerable part of his term Lieutenant Thompson was in charge of the ambulance corps of Stannard's Second Vermont brigade, and was with Stannard at the Battle of Gettysburg and during the campaign of 1863. He was mustered out August 15, 1863, the day upon which the term of his enlistment expired. Between the close of the war and the early part of Mr. Cleveland's first administration, Mr. Thompson years held a position partment at Washington served as an assisted States senate, and cease was clerk of of the Antietam bat- prominent member sonic fraternity, unit- umpsic lodge, No. 27, had been connected mandery, No. 2, of ly thirty years. He was elected worthy master December 20, 1865, serving as such through the year 1866; was chosen as prelate in 1872, and as eminent commander in 1873-'74. He also became a life member of the commandery June 6, 1870. He held the office of treasurer from December 16, 1868, to December 7, 1887, when he declined further service. He will be remembered in Masonic circles at Littleton, as principally instrumental in organizing the local branch of the order of the Eastern Star. He was born in that town May 4, 1893, and died at Washington February 12, 1894.



Lieut. J. R. THOMPSON.

He was known as "a genial, wholesouled, loyal friend, and as thorough a patriot as ever lived."

THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A Domestic Story of the Forties.

BY JONAS LIE.

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

III.

It was midsummer. The mountain region was hazy in the heat ; all the distance was as if enveloped in smoke. The girls on the farm went about barelegged, in waists and short petticoats. It was a scorching heat, so that the pitch ran in sticky and white lines down from the fat knots in the timber of the newly built pigsty, where Marit was giving the swill to the hogs. Some sand-scoured milk-pans stood on edge by the well, drying, while one or two sparrows and wag-tails hopped about or perched nodding on the well-curb, and the blows of the ax resounded from the woodshed in the quiet of the afternoon. Pasop lay panting in the shade behind the outer door, which stood open.

The captain had finished his afternoon nap, and stood by the field seeing Great-Ola and the horses plowing up an old grass-land which was to be laid down again.

The humble-bee was humming in the garden. With about the same monotonous voice Thinka and Inger-Johanna sat by the stone table in the summer-house over the cracked blue cover and the dogs-eared, well thumbled leaves, and mumbled over the catechism and commentary, with elbows and heads close to each other. They had to learn the pages eighty-four to eighty-seven before supper-time, and they held their fingers in their ears so as not to disturb each other.

There was darkness like a shadow just outside of the garden fence. But they saw nothing, heard nothing : the long passage of Scripture went entirely over on the second page.

Then there was a gay clearing of a throat.

" Might one interrupt two young ladies with earthly affairs ? "

They both looked up at the same time. The light hop leaves about the summer-house, had not yet entirely covered the trellis.

With his arms leaning on the garden fence there stood a young man—he might have been standing there a long time—with a cap almost without a visor over thick brown hair. His face was sun-burned and swollen.

They were awfully cunning eyes which gazed on them.

Neither of them saw more; for by a common impulse at the phenomenon, they ran in utter panic out of the door, while the books lay spread open behind them, and up the stairs in to ma, who was standing in the kitchen, superintending the supper.

“There was a man standing—there was a man out by the garden fence. It was certainly not any one who goes around begging, or anything like that.”

“Hear what he says, Joergen,” said ma, quickly comprehending the situation; “this way, out the verandah door. Appear as if you came of your own accord.”

Both the girls flew into the windows of the best room in order to peep out under the curtains.

He was coming in by the steps to the outer door with Joergen, who suddenly vanished from him into the kitchen.

Little Thea stood in the door of the sitting-room with a piece of bread and butter, holding on to the latch, and, holding the door half shut and half open, looked at him: she was altogether out of it.

“Is your father at home?”

“Yes, but you must go by the kitchen path, do you hear? and wait till we have had supper; he is not going up to the office before that.” She took him for a man who was going to be put on the roll.

“But I am not going to the office, you see.”

Ma herself came now; she had managed to get her cap on in her hurry, but it was all awry.

“A young man, I see, who has perhaps been a long distance to-day. Please walk in.”

Her smile was kind, but her eye underneath it was as sharp as an officer's review; but here were holes and darns with coarse thread for the nonce and rents in abundance, and it was not easy to free herself from the suspicion of some questionable rover, especially when he dropped straight in through the door with the remark:

"I came like a tramp up from the mountain wilds, madam. I must make many excuses."

Ma's searching look had in the meantime broken through the shell. The white streak on the upper part of the forehead under the shade where the skin had not been reddened by the sunburn, and his whole manner, determined her to scrutinize him prudently.

"Please sit down, Jaeger is coming soon." She incidentally paused by the sewing table and shut it. "Won't you let me send you in a glass of milk in the meantime?"

A girl came in with a great basin, something like a bowl, and vanished again.

He put it to his mouth, noted with his eye how much he had drunk, drank again, and took another view.

"It is delightful—is not at all like the mistress of the house, for she seemed like sour milk, and"—he suppressed a sigh—"dangerously dignified."

He drank again.

"Yes, now one really must stop; but since and whereas ——"

He placed the basin quite empty on the plate.

"Best to attack him at once. Dead broke, will you on my honest face lend me four—no, that does not sound well, better out with it at once,—five dollars, so that I can get to Christiania?"

The small eyes twinkled quickly! and if only the captain had come then. Some one was walking about out there.

He gazed abstractedly; he repeated his speech to himself. It was always altered, and now he stood again at the ticklish point—the amount. He considered if perhaps he only needed to ask for four? three?

There was a growling out in the hall, the dog rushed out barking loudly.

It was plainly the captain.

The young man rose up hurriedly, but sat down again, like a spring ready to jump up out of a chair: he had been too much in haste.

"In the parlor—some sort of fellow who wants to talk with me?"

It was out on the stairs that some one was speaking.

A moment or two later and the captain appeared in the door.

"I must beg you to excuse me, captain. I have unfortunately,

unfortunately"—here he began to stammer; bad luck would have it that one of the two young girls whom he had seen in the summer-house, the dark one, came in after her father; and so it would not do—"come over the mountain," he continued. "You will understand that one cannot exactly appear in the best plight."

The last came in a forced and easy tone.

The captain at that moment did not appear exactly agreeably surprised.

"My name is Arent Grip!"

"Arent Grip!" rejoined the captain, looking at him. "Grip! The same phiz and eyes. You can never be the son of Perpetuum? cadet at Lurleiken? He is a farmer, or proprietor I suppose he calls himself, somewhere among the fjords."

"He is my father, captain."

"Does he still work just as hard at his mechanical ideas," asked the captain. "I heard that he had carried the water for his mill straight through the roof of the cow barn, so that the cows got a shower bath when the pipes sprung a leak."

Inger-Johanna caught a movement of indignation as if the stranger suddenly grasped after his cap.

"Shame, shame! that those times did not give a man like my father a scientific education."

He said this with a seriousness utterly oblivious of the captain.

"So, so. Well, my boy, you must be kind enough to take a little supper with us, before you start off. Inger-Johanna, tell me that we want something to drink, and bread and butter. You must be hungry coming down from the mountains. Sit down."

"And, what is now your—your occupation or profession in the world? if I might ask." The captain sauntered around the floor.

"Student; and, captain," he gasped, in order to use quickly the moment while they were alone, "since I have been so free to come in here thus without knowing you."

"Student!" the captain stopped in the middle of the floor. "Yes, I would have risked my head on it, saw it at the first glance, but yet I was a little in doubt."

"Well, yes," clearing his throat, "nearly plucked perhaps; eh, boy?" inquired he good-naturedly. "Your father also had trouble with his examinations."

"I have not the fractional part of my father's head, but with what I have, they gave me this year *laudabilis præceteris*.

"Son of my friend, Fin Arentzen Grip."

He uttered each one of the names with a certain tender recognition. "Your father was, all things considered, a man of good ability, not to say a little of a genius,—when he failed in his officer's examination, it was due to all his irregular notions. Well, so you are his son! Yes, he wrote many a composition for me—the pinch was always with the compositions, you see."

"And, captain," began the young man again earnestly, now in a louder and more decided tone, "since I can thus, without further ceremony, confidently address you ——"

"You can tell ma," said the captain, when Inger-Johanna again came in with her taller, overgrown sister, "that it is student Arent Grip, son of my old delightful comrade at the military school."

The result of this last message was that the contemplated plate, with a glass and bread and butter, was changed to a little supper for him and the captain, spread out on a tray.

The old bread-basket of red lacker was filled with slices of black, sour bread, the crusts of which were cracked off. More's the pity, ma declared it had been spoiled in the baking, and the gray, heavy crust was due to the fact that so much of the grain on the captain's farm last year was harvested before it was ripe.

The student showed the sincerity of his forbearance of the defects through an absolutely murderous appetite. The prudential lumps of salt, which studded the fresh mountain butter with pearly tears in a superfluous abundance, he had a knack of dodging boldly and incisively, which did not escape admiring eyes; only a single, short stroke of his knife, on the under side of the bread and butter, and the lumps of salt rained and pattered over the plate.

"You will surely have some more dried beef? I guess you have not had much to eat to-day. Go and get some more, Thinka."

"A little dram with the old cheese,—what?"

"You can believe that we tested many a good old cheese in the den at your father's, and when we had a spree, we sent for it and it circulated 'round from one party to another; and then the apples from Bergen which he got by the half-bushel by freighting—

vessel from home ! He was such a greenhorn, and so kind-hearted, —too confiding for such rascals as we !—oh, how we hunted through his closet and boxes !—and so we did our exercises at the same time ;—it was only his that the teacher corrected through the whole class.”

The captain emptied the second part of his long dram. “Ah !” He held his glass up against the light, and looked through it as he was accustomed to.

“But nevertheless, there was something odd about him, you know ; you must see such a one, straight from the country, does not fit in at once. Never forget when he first lectured us about perpetual motion. It was done with only five apples in a wheel, he said, and the apples must be absolutely mathematically exact. It was that which got out and ruined him, so people came to—yes, you know—comment on it, and make fun of him ; and that hung on till the examination.”

The student wriggled about.

The young ladies who were sitting with their sewing by the window, also noticed how he had now forgotten himself ;—during the whole time he had kept one boot under the chair behind the other, in order to conceal the sole of his shoes gaping wide open. They were in good spirits, and hardly dared to look at each other—son of a man who was called Perpetuum, was a cadet, and gave the cows a bath. Father was dreadfully amusing when there were strangers present.

“Not a moment doubt that there were ideas—but there was something obstinate about him. To come, as he did, straight from the farm, and then give himself up to disputing with the teacher about what is in the book never succeeds well, especially in physics in the Military School. And you can believe that was a comedy.”

“Then I will bet my head that it was not my father who was wrong, captain.”

“Hm, hm—naturally yes,—his father to a dot,” he mumbled—“hm, well, you have got *præceteris*, all the same,—will you have a drop more ?” came the hospitable diversion.

“No, I thank you. But I will tell you how it was with my father. It is just as it was with a hound they had once at the

judge's. There was such blood and spirit in him that you would search long to find his equal; but one day he bit a sheep, and so he had to be cured. It was done by locking him up in a sheep fold. There he stood alone, before the ram and all the sheep fold. It seemed to be splendid fun. Then the ram came leaping at him, and the dog rolled heels over head. Pshaw, that was nothing; but after the ram came tripping—before he could rise up—all fifty sheep trip—trip—trip—trip, over him: then he was entirely confused. Again they stood against each other, and once more the ram rushed in on the dog, and trip—trip—trip—trip, came the feet of the whole flock of sheep over him.

“So they kept on for fully two hours, until the dog lay perfectly quiet and completely confused. He was cured, never bit a sheep again. But what he was good for afterwards we had better not talk about—he had been through the military school, captain.”

When he looked up he met the dark, ponderous eyes of the mistress fixed on him: her capped head immediately bent down over the sewing again.

The captain had listened more and more eagerly. The cure of the hound interested him. It was only at the last expression that he discovered that there was any hidden meaning in it.

“Hm—my dear Grip. Ah! Yes, you think that. Hm, can't agree with you. There were skilful teachers, and—ho, ho,—really we were not sheep,—rather wolves to meet with, my boy. But the cure, I must admit, was disgraceful for a good dog, and in so far—well, was it a drop more?”

“Thank you, captain.”

“But what kind of a road do you say you have been over, my boy?”

With the food and the glass and a half of cordial which he had enjoyed, new life had come into the young man. He looked at his clothes, and was even so bold as to put his boots out; a great seam went across one knee.

“I certainly might be set up as a scarecrow, for terror and warning for all those who will depart from the highway. It was all because at the post station I met a deer-hunter, an excellent fellow. The chap talked to me so long of what there was on the mountain that I wanted to go with him.”



THE MOUNTAIN CREST.

“Extremely reasonable,” muttered the captain, “when you are boarding a son in Christiania.”

“I had become curious I must tell you, and so started off for the heart of the mountains.”

“Is he not even more aggravatingly mad than his father,—to start in at a haphazard over the black, pathless mountain?”

“The track led over the débris at the foot and stones at first for five hours, and then afterwards a short walk, said Gunnar, of four hours. But I don’t know what it is upon the mountains; it was as if something got into my legs. The air was so fine and light, as if I had been drinking champagne, it intoxicated me. I would have liked to walk on my hands, and it would have been of no consequence to any one in the whole wide world, for I was on the summit. And never in my life have I seen such a view as when we stood, in the afternoon, on the mountain crest,—only cool, white, shining snow, and dark blue sky, peak on peak behind each other in a glory as far as the eye could reach.”

“Yes, we have snow enough, my boy. It stands close up against the walls of the house here all winter, as clear, white, and cold

as any one could even wish. We find ourselves very well satisfied with that,—but show me a beautiful green meadow, or a fine field of grain, my boy.”

“It seemed to me as if one great fellow of a mountain stood by the side of another and said,—You poor, thin-legged, puny being, are you not going to be blown away in the blue draft, here on the snow-field like a scrap of paper? If you wish to know what is great, take your standard from us!”

“You got *præceteris*, you said, my man! yes, yes, yes, yes! What do you say if we get the shoemaker to put a little patch on your shoes to-night?”

It was as much as an invitation to stay all night!—extremely tempting to postpone the request till next day.

“Thank you, captain, I will not deny that it might be not a little practical.”

“Tell the shoemaker, Joergen, to take them as soon as he has put the heel-irons on those I am to have for the survey of the roads.”

Oh! So he is going away, perhaps early to-morrow morning: it must be looked after this evening, nevertheless! Now, when his daughters were beginning to clear off the table, it were best to watch his chance.

The captain began walking up and down the floor with short steps.

“Yes, yes, true! yes, yes, true! Would you like to see some fine pigs, Grip?”

The student immediately sprang up.

The way out!

He grabbed his cap.

“Do you keep many, captain?” he asked, extremely interested.

“Come!—oh, it is no matter about going through the kitchen—only come out a little while on the stairs to the porch. Do you see that light spot in the woods up there? There is where we took the timber for the cow-house and the pigsty two years ago.”

He went out into the farm-yard bareheaded.

“Marit, Marit, here is some one who wants to see your pigs. Now you shall be reviewed.”

“There are a sow and seven—you see.”

"Ugh, ugh, yes. Hear your little ones Marit!"

"But it was the brick wall, you see. Just here was a swamp hole; it oozed through from the brook above. And now a dozen—see the drain there?—as dry as tinder."

Now or never must the petition be presented.

"And now they live like lords all together there," continued the captain.

"All seven of the dollars—what am I saying, all five of the pigs?"

"What?"

"Here is your hat, father!" came Joergen from in-doors—"and so they are standing there and waiting, some of the people down from Fosser."

"So? We will only just look into the stable a little."

There stood Svarten and Brunen, just unharnessed, still dripping wet and with stiff hair, after the work at the plow.

"Fine stall, eh?—and very light; the horses don't come out of the door half blind. Ho, Svarten, are you sweaty now?"

There was a warm pleasant smell of the stable—and finally—

"Captain, I am going to make a re—"

"But Ola," interrupted the latter, "see Brunen's crib there! I do n't like those bits. It can't be that he even nibbles there?"

"Ha, ha, ha—no, by no means," Ola grinned slyly; he was not going to admit in a stranger's presence that the captain's new bay was a cribber!

The captain had become very red; he pulled off his cap, and hurriedly walked along with it in his hand—"such a rascal of a horse jockey."

He no longer looked as if he would listen to a request.

Out of the afternoon shade of the stable walls the two men just spoken of appeared.

"Is it a time of day to come to people?" he blurted out. "Ah well—go up to the office."

At this he strode over the yard, peeped into the well, and turned towards the window of the keeping-room:

"Girls! Inger-Johanna—Thinka," he called in a loud tone. "Ask ma if the piece of meat ought to lie there in the well and rot?"

"Marit has taken it up, we are going to have it for supper." Thinka tried to whisper.

"Oh? It is necessary on that account to keep it where Pasop can get it."

"Show the student down in the garden, so that he can get some currants," he called out of the door as he went up by the stables to his office.

—Arent Grip's head, covered with thick brown hair, with the scanty flat cap upon, could now be seen for a good long time among the currant bushes, by the side of Thinka's little, tall, blonde form. At first he talked a great deal, and the sprightly, bright, brown eyes were not in the least wicked, Thinka thought: she began to feel a rather warm interest in him.

He found his boots in the morning standing mended before his bed, and a tray with coffee and breakfast came up to him. He had said he must be off early.

Now it all depended on making an end of what must be with closed eyes in the dark.

When he came down the captain stood on the stairs with his pipe. Over his fat neck where the buckle of his military stock shone, grayish locks of hair stuck out under his reddish wig. He was looking out a little discontentedly into the morning fog, speculating whether it would rise or settle, so that he would dare order the mowing to go on.

"So you are going to start, my boy?"

"Captain, can—will you lend me"—in his first courage of the morning he had thought of five, but it sank to four even while he was on the stairs, and now in the presence of the captain to—"three dollars? I have used up every shilling I had to get to Christiania with. You shall have them by money order immediately."

The captain hummed and hawed. He had almost suspected something of the sort yesterday in the fellow's face—yes, such a student was the kind of a fellow to send back a money order!

There began to be a sort of an ugly grin on his face. But suddenly he assumed a good-natured, free and easy mien.

"Three dollars, you say?—If I even had three on the farm, my boy! but here, by fits and starts in the summer, it is as if the ready money was clean swept away."

He stuck his unoccupied hand in the breast of his uniform coat, and looked vacantly out into the air.

"Ah! hm-hm," came after a dreadfully oppressive pause. "If I was only sure of getting them back again, I would see if I could pick up three or four shillings at any rate in ma's household box—so that you could get down to the sheriff or judge. They are excellent people, I know them: they help at the first word."

The captain, puffing vigorously at his pipe, went into the kitchen to ma, who was standing in the pantry and dealing out the breakfast. She had the hay-making, and the whole of the outside affairs, upon her shoulders.

He was away quite a little time.

"Well, if ma did not have the three dollars, all the same I have got them for you."

"And so good-by, Gilje! Let us hear that you get on well."

"You shall hear it in a money order," and the student strode jubilantly away.

It is true that at first ma had stopped for a moment and pinched her lips together, and then she declared as her most settled opinion, that if the captain was going to help at all, it must be with all three. He was not one of those who shirked everything—was not one who was all surface,—and it would not do at all to let him beg at the judge's, the sheriff's, and perhaps the minister's, because he could not get a loan of more than three shillings at Gilje.

—From time to time Thinka told of all that she and the student had talked about together.

"What did he say then?" urged Inger-Johanna.

"Oh, he was entertaining almost all the time; I have never heard any one so entertaining."

"Yes, but do you remember that he said anything?"

"Oh, yes, it is true he asked why you were reading French. Perhaps you were to be trained to be a parrot, so that you could chatter when you came to the city."

"So, how did he know that I was going to the city?"

"He asked how old you were; and then I said that you were

to be confirmed and to go there. He was very well acquainted at the governor's house ; he had done extra writing, or something of that sort, at the office, since he had been a student."

"That kind of acquaintance, yes."

"But you would n't suit exactly there, he said ; and do you know why?"

"No."

"Do you want to know? He thought you had shown too much back-bone."

"*What*—did he say?" she wrinkled her eyebrows and looked up sharply, so that Thinka hastened to add,—

"Whoever comes there must be able to wind like a sewing thread around the governor's wife, he said ; it would be a shame to your beautiful neck to get a twist so early."

Inger-Johanna threw her head back and smiled :

"Did you ever hear such a man!"

Thinka had gone to Ryfylke. Her place at the table, in the living-room, in the bed-chamber, was empty air. The captain started out time after time to call her.

And now the last afternoon had come, when Inger-Johanna was also going away.

The sealskin trunk with new iron bands stood open in the hall ready for packing. The cariole was standing in the shed, greased so that the oil was running out of the ends of the axles, and Great-Ola, who was going the next morning on the three days journey to bring the horse back, was giving Svarten oats.

The captain had been terribly busy that day : no one understood how to pack as he did.

Ma handed over to him one piece of the new precious stuff after the other ; the linen from Gilje would bear the eye of the governor's wife.

But the misfortune of it was that the blood rushed so to Jaeger's head when he stooped over.

"Hullo, good ! I do n't understand what you are thinking of ma, to come with all that load of cotton stockings at once ? It is this, this, this I want."

Naturally used to travelling as he was—"But it is so bad for you to stoop over, Jaeger."

He straightened up hurriedly.

"Do you think Great-Ola has the wit to rub Svarten with Riga liniment or the bruise on his neck, and to take the bottle with him in his bag? If I had not thought of that now, Svarten would have had to trot with it. Run down and tell him that, Thea.

"Oh, no!" he drew a despairing breath; "I must go myself, and see that it is done right."

There was a pause until his last step had ceased to creak on the lowest step. Then ma began to pack with precipitous haste:

"It is best to spare your father from rush of blood to his head."

The contents of the trunk rose layer upon layer, until the white napkin was at last spread over it and covered the whole, and it only remained to sit upon the lid and force the key to turn in the lock.

Towards supper time the worst hubbub and trouble were over. Ma's hasty-pudding, as smooth as velvet, with raspberry sauce was standing on the table, and solemnly reminded them that again there would be one less in the daily ring.

They eat in silence without any other sound than the rattling of the spoons.

"There, child! take my large cup. Take it when your father bids you."

Certainly she was beautiful, the apple of his eye. Only look at her hands when she is eating! She was as delicate and pale as a nun.

He sighed, greatly down-hearted, and shoved his plate from him. Tears burst from Inger-Johanna's eyes.

No one would have any more.

Now he walked, and whistled, and gazed on the floor.

It was a pity to see how unhappy father was.

"You must write every month, child—at length and about everything—do you hear? large and small whatever you are thinking of, so that your father may have something to take pleasure in," ma admonished, while they were clearing off the table. "And listen now, Inger-Johanna," she continued when they were alone in the spice-closet: "If it is so that the governor's wife wants to read your

letters, then put a little cross by the signature. But if there is anything the matter, tell it to old aunt Alette out by the bishop's field; then I shall know it when Great-Ola is in, with the city load. You know your father can hear so little that is disagreeable."

"The governor's wife read what I write to you and father! That I will defy her to do."

"You must accommodate yourself to her wishes, child. You can do it easily when you wish, and your aunt is so extremely kind and good to those she likes when she has things as she likes! You know how much may depend on her liking you, and, you understand, gets a little fond of you. She has certainly not asked you there without thinking of keeping you in the place of a daughter."

"Any one else's daughter? Take me from you and father? No, in that case I would rather never go there."

She seated herself on the edge of the meal-chest and began to sob violently.

"Come, come, Inger-Johanna," ma stroked her hair with her hand. "We do not wish to lose you; you know well enough,"—her voice trembled—"it is for your own advantage, child. What do you think you three girls have to depend upon, if your father should be taken away? We must be glad if a place offers, and even take good care not to lose it; remember that, always remember that, Inger-Johanna! You have intelligence enough, if you can also learn to control your will: that is your danger, my child."

Inger-Johanna looked up at her mother with an expression almost of terror. She had a bitter struggle to understand. In her, in whom she always found advice, there was suddenly a glimpse of the pathless.

"I can hardly bear to lose the young one out of my sight to-night, and yet you let me be alone in there," came the captain creaking in the door. "You have n't a thought of how desolate and lonesome it will be for me, ma." He blew out like a whale.

"We are all coming in now, and perhaps father will sing a little this evening," ma said encouragingly.

The captain's fine, now a little hoarse, bass was his pride and renown from his youth up.

The piano was cleared of its books and papers—the cover must be entirely lifted up when father was to sing.

It stood there with its yellow teeth, its thin, high tone, and its four dead keys; and ma must play the accompaniment, in which always, in some part or other, she was lying behind, like a sack, which has fallen out of a wagon, while the horse patiently trots on over the road. His impatience she bore with stoical tranquillity.

This evening he went through “Heimkringlas Panna, Du Höga Nord,” and “Vikingebalken,” to

“See there comes the queen of the hunt, poor Frithiof look
not there,—

Like a star in the spring sky she sits on her white steed.”

He sang so that the window panes rattled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNTO THE LIGHT.

BY FRANK WOLCOTT HUTT.

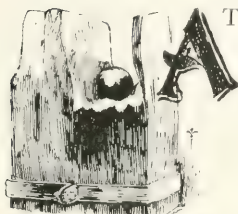
Truth mirrors many faithful likenesses
Along thy way, and howsoe'er thou fare,
To-day, to-morrow, Heaven's increasing care
Sends forth her tried, triumphant witnesses,
Who, lest thy feet shall falter or transgress,
Have set on by-ways, high-ways, everywhere,
Guide-posts of love and warning to prepare
The course wherein thine eager feet shall press.

The best is placed before thee and within
Thy scope and ken: the bitter lurks behind,
Or flames in fond device to left and right.
A thousand paths lead downward into sin,
But one, the easiest of all to find,
Leads ever outward, upward, to the Light.

PORTSMOUTH, CHERBOURG, AND RONCADOR.

The Story of the Alabama and her Conqueror.

BY ENSIGN LLOYD H. CHANDLER, U. S. N.



SHELL IN KEARSARGE'S
STERNPOST.

AT the Forest Hill cemetery, Boston, on the Orange path, stands a massive boulder of uncut New Hampshire granite. Exposed alternately to the frosts and snows of winter, to the biting winds that sweep down our stormy New England coast, and to the burning summer sun, this noble rock from one of New Hampshire's grandest mountains keeps watch and ward over the earthly remains of a hero of the War of the Rebellion. Beneath it lies the grave of one of Massachusetts's most famous sons, and on the face of the rock is a bronze tablet which bears the following inscription :

REAR ADMIRAL
JOHN ANCRUM WINSLOW,
U. S. NAVY,
BORN IN WILMINGTON, N. C.,
Nov. 19, 1811,
DIED IN BOSTON, MASS.,
Sept. 29, 1873.
HE CONDUCTED THE MEMORABLE
SEA FIGHT IN COMMAND OF
U. S. S. KEARSARGE,
WHEN SHE SUNK THE ALABAMA IN THE
ENGLISH CHANNEL, JUNE 19, 1864.

THIS BOULDER FROM
KEARSARGE MOUNTAIN, MERRIMACK COUNTY, N. H.,
IS THE GIFT
OF CITIZENS OF WARNER, N. H., AND IS ERECTED
TO HIS MEMORY BY HIS WIFE AND
SURVIVING CHILDREN.

On the edge of a jagged coral reef, in the Caribbean sea lies the wreck of the ship which Winslow so gallantly commanded. The relentless waves that play around this "graveyard of the Caribbean," this Roncador bank, have doubtless broken up and dispersed ere this the timbers of the most famous vessel ever built by New Hampshire shipwrights. When last seen by her rescued crew, the American flag was flying from the peak of the fast disappearing ship, and so she went to her death, faithful to her support of the honor of that ensign to the last. Surely, that glorious old flag, flying to the end over the sinking ship, and that massive boulder, are both fit emblems of the firm and unyielding efforts to uphold their country's honor and safety that were so characteristic, not only of the *Kearsarge* and her commander, but of every man who took part in that memorable engagement off the coast of France some thirty years ago. Built of timbers from the slopes of granite-tipped Kearsarge and manned by the stoutest of American hearts of oak, right well did she show the world how men and Americans answer to the call of honor and duty.

On the fifth of October, 1861, the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., was the scene of a launching. A sloop of war glided from the stocks into the waters of the Piscataqua. This vessel was christened by a clerical error, the *Kearsage*. A very short time afterwards the error was discovered, and the name was changed to *Kearsarge*. She cost, ready for sea, \$286,918, and her engines were constructed at Hartford, Conn., by Woodruff & Beach for \$104,000. The hull was built by the navy yard workmen, under the superintendence of Naval Constructor Isaiah Hanscom, U. S. N.

It has been frequently claimed that this famous ship was named after the mountain in Carroll county, and not after our noble peak of Merrimack. In view of this fact, the following report of the committee on towns and parishes of the New Hampshire legislature of 1876, is of interest:

"From the evidence submitted, it appears that there are two mountains in New Hampshire now known by the name of Kearsarge,—one in Merrimack, and the other in Carroll county,—and the orthography of the word, like that of others derived from

the Indians, has undergone various changes. On the elaborate English map by Blanchard and Langdon, from surveys made in 1761, and published in 1768, the name Kyasage is given to the mountain in Merrimack county. The Holland map of 1784 gives the name Kyar-Sarga to the mountain in Merrimack county, and no name to that in Carroll county; and your committee are unanimously of the opinion that the mountain in Merrimack county is justly entitled to the name of Kearsarge.

"GEO. C. GILMORE,
"For the Committee."

The *Kearsarge* was esteemed a very fast cruiser at the time that she was launched, and so, on February 5, 1862, she sailed from the Portsmouth navy yard to search for and destroy the rebel cruisers that were, at that time, sweeping our merchantmen from the seas. She was commanded by Commander C. W. Pickering, and she made her first run from Portsmouth to Madeira, and thence to the southern part of Spain. The rebel cruiser *Sumter* was found at anchor in Algeciras harbor, directly across the bay from Gibraltar, and was promptly blockaded. This blockade began on March 7, 1862, and continued until September 30, when it was raised in order that the *Kearsarge* might go in pursuit of the *Alabama*, the latter having been reported as destroying American whalers in the vicinity of Madeira and the Azores. The chase was unavailing, however, and the *Kearsarge* returned to her old duty of watching the *Sumter*. This continued until the end of the year, when that vessel was sold to foreign citizens, and so the long blockade was proved of no avail. The *Kearsarge* then went into dry dock at the navy yard at La Carraca, to have her bottom cleaned.

The search for rebel cruisers was re-commenced early in 1863, and was continued in southern waters. On April 8, 1863, at Fayal in the Azores, Pickering turned the command over to Capt. John A. Winslow. This officer was born in North Carolina, of Massachusetts parents, and obtained his appointment to the navy largely through the influence of Daniel Webster. He entered the service in 1827, and continued in active service almost continuously until the end of the Rebellion. He took a prominent

part in the Mexican war, and was promoted for gallantry therein, and in the first years of the last war he was in active service on the Mississippi, being wounded while on that duty. Upon his recovery from the wound he was sent to command the *Kearsarge*, and, therefore, came to that ship an officer who had been tried in actual service and not found wanting.

The *Kearsarge* remained in the vicinity of Madeira, the Azores, and southern Europe until the last of the year, when she went into northern waters. January 3, 1864, finds her blockading the

Florida in the harbor but another wild southern seas after the rebel his opportunity. So, when the *Kearsarge* returned on February 19, the bird had flown, and the cruise was continued on to the northward. Early in June the news was received that the *Alabama* was at Cherbourg, France, and Winslow promptly took his ship into the port, and sent a challenge to Captain



JOHN A. WINSLOW.

Semmes, of the *Alabama*. After considerable correspondence through the diplomatic agents and French admiral on shore, Semmes accepted the challenge, and steamed out of port on the morning of June 19, 1864, to meet his adversary. No more clear and concise, and withal, modest and unassuming account of the fight can be found than that contained in Winslow's report to the secretary of the navy. It is as follows:

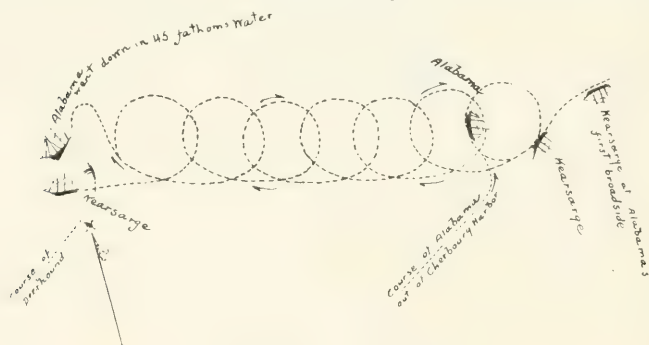
“At twenty minutes past ten the *Alabama* was descried coming out of the western entrance, accompanied by the *Couronne*. I had, in an interview with the admiral at Cherbourg, assured him that in the event of an action occurring with the *Alabama*, the position of the ship should be so far off shore that no question could be advanced about the line of jurisdiction. Accordingly, to perfect this object, and with a further purpose of drawing the *Alabama* so far off the shore that, if disabled, she could not return, I directed the ship's head seaward, and cleared for action, with

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the battery pivoted to starboard. Having attained a point about seven miles from the shore, the head of the *Kearsarge* was turned short around, and the ship steered for the *Alabama*, my purpose being to run her down, or, if circumstances did not warrant that, to close with her.

"Hardly had the *Kearsarge* come around before the *Alabama* sheered, presented her starboard battery, and slowed her engines. On approaching her, at long range of about a mile, she opened her full broadside, the shot cutting some of our rigging, and going over and alongside of us. Immediately I ordered more speed, but in two minutes the *Alabama* had loaded and fired another broadside, following it with a third, without damaging us except in rigging.

"We had now arrived within about 900 yards of her, and I was apprehensive that another broadside—nearly raking as it was—would prove disastrous. Accordingly, I ordered the *Kearsarge*



THE FIGHT OFF CHERBOURG.

sheered, and opened on the *Alabama*. The position of the vessels was now broadside and broadside, but it was soon apparent that Captain Semmes did not seek close action. I became fearful lest, after some fighting, he would make for the shore. To defeat this I determined to keep full speed on, and with a port helm to run under the stern of the *Alabama* and rake her, if he did not prevent it by sheering and keeping his broadside to us. He adopted this mode as a preventive, and as a consequence the *Alabama* was forced with a full head of steam into a circular track during the engagement.

"The effect of this manoeuvre was such that at the last of the action, when the *Alabama* would have made off, she was near five miles from shore ; had the action continued from the first in parallel lines, with her head inshore, the line of jurisdiction would have been reached. The firing of the *Alabama* from the first was rapid and wild ; toward the close of the action her firing became better. Our men, who had been cautioned against rapid firing without direct aim, were much more deliberate ; and the instructions given to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water line, and clear the deck with the lighter ones, were fully observed.

"I had endeavored, with a port helm, to close in with the *Alabama* ; but it was not until just before the close of the action that we were in a position to use grape. This was avoided, however, by her surrender. The effect of the training of our men was evident ; nearly every shot from our guns was telling fearfully on the *Alabama*, and in the seventh rotation on the circular track, she winded, setting fore trysail and two jibs, with head inshore. Her speed was now retarded, and by winding, her port broadside was presented to us with only two guns bearing, not having been able, as I learned afterward, to shift over but one. I saw now that she was at our mercy, and a few more well directed guns brought down her flag. I was unable to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away, but a white flag having been displayed over her stern, our fire was reserved. Two minutes had not more than elapsed before she again opened on us with the two guns on the port side. This drew our fire again, and the *Kearsarge* was immediately steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and our fire was again reserved. Shortly after this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and informed us the ship had surrendered and was fast sinking. In twenty minutes from this time the *Alabama* went down."

Such is the account of the engagment as it fell from the pen of the man who fought it, and its brevity and conciseness stamp John A. Winslow as what he was, a man of deeds and not of words. As all the world knows the *Alabama* was totally des-

troyed, but few appreciate how slight was the damage to the *Kearsarge*. The only repairs that could not be made by her own crew with the material already on board were those on her funnel, which had been wrecked by a 100-pounder shell. A similar shell had lodged in her sternpost, but it failed to explode. Had it done so the termination of the battle would probably have been of a different character. This old timber, with the shell imbedded in it, is still to be seen in the museum of the Washington navy yard.

The descriptions of this fight which appeared at the time, most of which were inspired by British venom, give such exaggerated accounts of the relative powers of the two ships that a comparison is interesting. The relative dimensions of the two ships are,—

	<i>Alabama.</i>	<i>Kearsarge.</i>
Length over all	220 feet.	232 feet.
Length on water line	210 feet.	198½ feet.
Beam	32 feet.	33 feet.
Depth	17 feet.	16½ feet.
Engines	2 of 300 h. p.	2 of 400 h. p.
Tonnage	1040	1031

The *Kearsarge* was probably able to develop a slightly higher speed than the *Alabama*, reaching as high, perhaps, as eleven or twelve knots, but the question of speed was of no great importance in the fight, for the two ships were forced, by the tactics pursued, to regulate their speed by each other.

The *Kearsarge* carried two 11-inch, smooth-bore, muzzle-loading, Dahlgren guns, which were mounted as pivot guns, one just abaft the break of the forecastle and the other just forward of the break of the poop. On the forecastle was a 30-pounder, muzzle-loading, Parrott rifle, mounted as a pivot gun, and in the waist were four 32-pounder, muzzle-loading, smooth-bore guns, mounted in broadside, two on each side. This arrangement allowed of the use on one broadside of the three pivot guns and two of the broadside guns, and it was with this broadside that she sunk the *Alabama*.

The *Alabama* carried one 7-inch, 100-pounder, Blakely rifle, one 68-pounder smooth bore, and six 32-pounder smooth bores. The two former were pivot guns, and the other six were mounted



THE GUN THAT SUNK THE ALABAMA.

in broadside. She fought in her starboard battery the two pivots and five of the broadside guns. The Yankee ship fired at a broadside 334 lbs. of metal, while the *Alabama* threw 328 lbs.

The *Alabama* carried a crew of 149 men, and of them 40 were killed or drowned, 70 were wounded or made prisoners, and 39, including Semmes, escaped on the English yacht *Deerhound*, Winslow being too generous to fire upon the vessel that was running away with his lawful prisoners. The *Kearsarge* had but three men wounded, and but one of them died.

This great naval duel was fought, therefore, between two ships as evenly matched as are ever likely to come together in combat, for, although the *Kearsarge's* crew was slightly the larger in point of numbers, still each ship had enough men to work all her guns in the most efficient manner. The cause of the tremendous difference in efficiency of the two ships is not difficult to find. The *Alabama* was manned by mercenaries hired from the English marine, merchant and naval, while the *Kearsarge's* crew were, all



THE PRESENT WINSLOW HOUSE AND THE GRANITE PEAK.

but eleven of them, Americans, and, although many of them had never smelt powder before, they were fighting for the honor and glory of their native land. The *Alabama* fired, during the hour and twenty minutes that the engagement lasted, 370 shot, and only twenty-eight of them struck the *Kearsarge*, only two of those that did strike endangering the ship in any way. One of these two was the shell that entered the stern post and did not explode, while the other struck the chain cables that Winslow had strung along the sides of the ship to protect her boilers and engines. This latter shot parted one link of the chain and dropped harmlessly into the water. Of the 173 shot fired by the *Kearsarge*, it is estimated that only twenty-eight missed their mark, and the execution done was tremendous. Well did the crew of that noble ship deserve the tribute recently printed in the London *Daily News* :

“Her crew had a nobler idea to fight for than had the medley of mercenaries who crowded the *Alabama*. It was a glorious victory.”

After the battle the *Kearsarge* entered Cherbourg and made a few repairs, and then continued her cruise in the English channel. In the middle of August she started for Boston, taking the southern route through the trades and stopping at Fayal, Barbados, and Saint Thomas on the way.

The reception given to the *Kearsarge* and her officers and crew upon their return to the United States is beyond description. Winslow received the thanks of congress, was made a commodore, and his time on the active list of the navy was extended ten years. Soon after the fight a hotel was built on the north-western side of Kearsarge mountain, which was named the Winslow House after the gallant admiral. The hotel was burned in 1867, and was rebuilt on a much larger plan. Admiral Winslow was given a reception at the first house, and attended the opening of the second, which occurred on August 12, 1868. Since the close of the war the *Kearsarge* has been in almost constant service, but has done little to bring her before the public eye.

In January last the *Kearsarge*, then bearing the flag of Acting Rear Admiral Stanton as commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic station, was lying at Port au Prince, Haiti. A war broke out between Nicaragua and Honduras, and the old ship, ever caring for those under the protection of the "Stars and Stripes," started for Bluefields to protect American interests. On her way she struck on the fatal bank of Roncador, where many a gallant ship has before this left her ribs bleaching beneath a tropic sun or sinking to the lands of sand and coral which lie beneath the green waters of the Carribean.



KEARSARGE MOUNTAIN.

[Photographs by W. G. C. Kimball, Concord, N. H., and E. H. Hart, naval photographer, New York.]



"A MILITARY GENTLEMAN," BY REMBRANDT.

BY EDWARD A. JENKS.

An iron face, remorseless, grim, and cold;
An eye as piercing as the gleaming sword
His mighty arm hath swung when battle rolled
Its thunderous tide along; a voice that roared
Fierce songs and battle-cries in hot pursuit
Of flying foes; a mouth as strange to love
And all sweet offices, as heavenly fruit
To lips of angels fallen from above.
Rembrandt! thy canvas shows, as if by magic,
A face, dark, cold, relentless, semi-tragic.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FRED GOWING,

State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Concord, N. H.

SALUTATORY.

The educational department of the GRANITE MONTHLY will be devoted to the educational interests of New Hampshire. The school system of the state, the laws and their interpretation, improvements in statute and practice, the numerous problems arising in the local administration of schools, will receive such consideration as their importance warrants and demands. Adequate treatment of courses of study, of the best methods in teaching and school management, of aids for teachers in their studies and reading, will be attempted. The school committees, to a great extent shaping the external conditions for good instruction, the teaching force, determining largely the work in the school-room, the people who furnish the children and the means for educating them, may look to these pages for help and counsel in affairs educational with the assurance that honest and conscientious endeavor will be made to meet their several wants.

While due regard will be paid to all schools of any kind whatsoever from the lowest to the highest grades, the *common school*, city, village, and rural, graded and ungraded, will be the chief concern of this department. No effort will be spared to spread abroad in our state sound pedagogical learning, to elevate teaching ideals, to arouse an enthusiasm in and for our own schools. Narrow lines, however, are not to be drawn and serious attention must necessarily be given to phases of educational work, important at all times and in all places.

Writers of ability and worth, of the state and out of it, acquainted with our conditions and needs, will furnish articles upon topics with which they are most familiar and for the consideration of which they are most competent.

This department will also be the organ of the state department of public instruction in communicating with school officials and teachers.

All friends of the schools are cordially invited to coöperate in this endeavor to move forward our educational standards.

FOR SCHOOL BOARDS.

Questions concerning administration of local school affairs are constantly coming to the department of public instruction. Some such questions are of general interest, and occasionally will receive consideration in these pages.

What should be done when pupils refuse to study grammar and are upheld by their parents?

The school board prescribes regulations concerning studies. The law specifies English grammar as one of the subjects for the teaching of which school money shall be expended. It has been decided that if a scholar refuse to take a required study, he may be expelled. School boards, however, should consider such cases *with care and without prejudice*.

In regard to the transportation of pupils to and from school, Hon. J. W. Patterson wrote as follows: "The law leaves it entirely at the discretion of the school boards as to when and what they shall pay for the transportation of scholars to and from school. As you will see the law is not obligatory, and the practice is quite different in different towns. Originally no provision was made for carrying children, and if a man lived at a great distance from the school-house, it was his misfortune, and neither the town nor the district was under any obligation to transport his children. He had to do it himself or they must walk. Some years ago the legislature, in order to increase the attendance upon the schools and to relieve cases of hardship, passed a law by which the school committee might provide for the transportation of children who lived more than a mile and a half from the school, but it was at their discretion. If the children were small or in feeble health, or girls, they would generally help them, but if they were boys and strong, they did not. At that time they were allowed ten per cent. of the school money for that purpose. When the new law

passed, it was thought that by the union of schools the distances might be increased, and so create prejudice against the law, and hence it was provided that twenty-five per cent. of the money might be expended for this purpose where the committee thought it best, but no limit of distance was fixed. The law is still optional, not mandatory. In cases where the distances are not changed under the new law there would seem to be no good reason for paying children or their parents for getting them to school. It is not the object of the law to give people a chance to make money out of the privilege of sending their children to school which the state provides, but simply to prevent hardship."

THE VOICE IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

E. W. PEARSON,

Director of Music in Public Schools, Nashua.

It has been well said that the eye is the window of the soul, and the ear its doorway. Yet how often do we knock at this threshold with little of the care and considerate grace which usually marks our approach to the doorways of wood and stone designed of man.

Familiar as we are with the intricate and wonderful anatomical structure of the ear and its direct communication with the brain, we give but little thought to the manner in which we constantly play upon this sensitive and delicate organ with the voice.

Mr. Bates's ideal teacher seeks her class in modest and becoming raiment, not only that the eyes of her little charges may receive no offense in outline and color, but that they may be led to instinctively recognize that symmetry and harmony of parts, which the bit of ribbon and snowy apron but accentuate.

But alas! how frequently does the voice of this same ideal teacher clothe her speech with distressing negligence, and play upon the sensitive little organs of her hearers with unceasing discord.

Indeed few of us realize the influence of the speaking voice upon the ear. More particularly is this true with reference to the ear of the child.

Bach says,— “The sense of hearing is to be looked upon as at once the reflexive and the regulating agent of audible speech, and it is only under the sway of the ear that we attain to refinement and smoothness of articulation.”

We know, too, that sound has color, and one of the most important elements in the art of speaking is that of tone-color. Unfortunately this cannot be described in written words, it can only be acquired by constant communication with good and cultivated speakers.

Thus we see that the voice of the teacher, in the formation of correct habits of speech on the part of the child, is by no means an unimportant factor. “The ambition, therefore, of every teacher, should be to cultivate an easy-flowing, pure, smooth, and pleasant quality of voice.”

It is not alone the influence of the voice of the teacher in the formation of correct habits of speech on the part of the child, however, that we should at this time discuss.

Discipline must necessarily be assured before work of any character can be successfully undertaken, and it is the influence of the voice of the teacher in the maintenance of discipline, to which we may now with profit address our attention.

In the class-room most of us pitch the voice much too high, and I venture to affirm, that of the day's fatigue, oftentimes fifty per cent. is attributable primarily to the exercise and maintenance of the voice at an abnormal pitch.

The young, unconsciously, are close imitators, and the pitch of the voice of the teacher establishes the pitch of the voices of the pupils while in the room. This means that if the voice of the teacher is pitched too high, forty or fifty boys and girls are maintaining an abnormal pitch in their exercises. Many of the annoying features of the class-room may be directly traced to this cause alone. Owing to imperfect enunciation and faulty inflection induced by the acuteness of the voices, questions and answers are unnecessarily multiplied. The multiplication of questions and answers leads, in the raising of hands, the arrangement and rearrangement of books and papers, and innumerable careless changes of position, to movement in the chairs, and movement in the chairs in turn readily conduces to that peculiar, indescribable,

unbearable disquietude, for which no one pupil seems accountable and which is arrested only by the close of the session.

I have never yet observed a quiet and orderly class-room where the voice of the teacher was habitually pitched too high, and I have seldom seen one in disquietude where the teacher habitually exercised her voice rather below its middle register.

Oftentimes a sudden and complete change in the voice of the teacher to a pitch somewhat lower, will, if maintained, convert a disorderly and noisy class into an orderly and attentive one for the remainder of the period.

A tone thus taken invites attention by its pitch alone. It implies that quiet, firm, unassuming authority which is seldom questioned. It cultivates on the part of the pupils that knack of listening which is more conducive to quiet study or well modulated conversation in the recitation than anything else, and renders absolutely impossible all audible confusion. If persisted in by the teacher, the pupils WILL listen. If momentarily abandoned for a tone of higher pitch, in order, seemingly, to overcome disquietude, all is lost for the time, for the teacher no longer commands the attention of the class, although possibly holding the thought of a few individual pupils.

Gardner says: "There is nothing in nature that arouses our attention or impresses our feelings more quickly than a sound; whether it be the tone of sorrow, the note of joy, the voices of a multitude, or the soft inflections of the breeze, we are easily awakened to the sense of terror, pleasure, or pain, which sounds create in us," and I believe that there is no one thing that will conduce more towards the success or failure of a teacher than the management of her speaking voice in the class-room.

WHAT TO DO.

There is little that is defective in the voice of the average teacher that cannot be corrected by her own efforts, and there is not much to be desired that she cannot unassisted acquire.

It has already been intimated that one of the most important elements in the correct use of the speaking voice is that of pitch, and in many cases attention to this alone will go far towards eliminating much that is defective.

The earnest and painstaking teacher will first ascertain the normal pitch of her voice. To do this will require repeated trials, an attentive ear, a thoughtful mind, and persistent effort.

When once discovered, however, she will treasure it above rubies. She will maintain it in the drift of conversation, exercise it on all ordinary occasions, and she will abandon it not, except willfully, and for some special and imperative reason, increasing or diminishing the power as occasion may require.

To maintain the pitch and increase or diminish the power will be found much more effective than maintaining the power and changing the pitch. The latter should be carefully avoided.

Remember, also, that no two voices are alike. Your work is not to imitate the apparent excellences of the voice of another. Do not forget this. We are so prone to think that which belongs to another more desirable than that which we ourselves possess. The excellences of the voice of another, however, will never be the excellences of your voice, although those of your voice may in time far surpass those of the other.

In this matter it is important that you make no mistake. Your work is to discover the normal pitch of *YOUR* voice and cultivate that.

HOW TO DO IT.

It would seem a simple matter to ascertain the pitch of the voice in its functional exercise, but repeated effort and careful attention may be required to lead to its perception.

Seat yourself alone in a furnished room of moderate size. Keep silence until the stillness becomes impressive, and then gently lift the voice with only sufficient force to be distinctly audible in all parts of the room. You will doubtless be surprised to learn how little power is required, and how much lower is the pitch, than that which you usually assume, but it is the normal pitch of your voice, and it is the pitch you are to maintain and cultivate.

The first trial may not satisfy you of its discovery, but repeated efforts and close attention will sooner or later reward you with the consciousness that the pearl is found, and that you know the sound of your own voice when you hear it—a knowledge which few of us possess.

This experiment, repeated in rooms of varying size and acoustic properties, will demonstrate the fact that the voice, your voice, exercised at its normal pitch, will fill with great distinctness and perfect ease any ordinary class room.

WHAT TO DO NEXT.

When the use of the normal pitch of the voice has become habitual, much is accomplished, and yet, even then, we have acquired proficiency but in a slight degree in the principles and exercise of an art, the possibilities of which are well nigh unlimited.

Inflection, emphasis, enunciation, articulation, etc., may each receive a large amount of attention with marked results.

"The human voice, in its tone and accent, is unquestionably the most pure and sonorous of any which distinguish the vocal animals. In those countries where man, like a plant, may be said to grow and flourish, it expands, ripens, and comes to perfection; but in the northern and colder regions, where the mouth is more constantly closed, the voice is restricted, and escapes with difficulty." It is this difficulty that we must strive to overcome.

"In a climate like ours, where nature has been less generous than in Greece and Italy, those far-famed countries which have been the admiration of the world for their mild and beautiful climate, it is rare to meet with any voices which are truly excellent. Many of our words have had their origin in several climes, and partake so much of the nasal and guttural tones as to destroy almost every vestige of melody."

This would seem to discourage us, but the author of the above concludes, "These defects may in a great measure, be remedied by art, and if we commence soon enough, a voice may be made to approach the excellence of the Italians."

Much might be added with reference to the putting into action the various movements of the mouth, so as the better to convert the vocal tones into words, in which the lips, teeth, tongue, and chin perform an important office; but the purpose of this article is intended to be no more than suggestive, and such details would lead us into a broad field of investigation.

When you have learned habitually to exercise the voice at its

normal pitch, you will have gathered that the voice is indeed a curious machine "capable of a variety of effects; and that the beauty of language depends upon the succession of sounds that it can execute with ease and fluency."

When you shall have discovered this, all else is but a matter of practice and time. Until you have discovered this, all else is impossible.

Shakespeare says,—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

Of what incomparable excellence is this thing in woman, if that woman but be a teacher.

THE REPORT OF THE "COMMITTEE OF TEN."

"The recommendations of this report will draw the attention of great numbers of teachers to the question of educational values, and this will lead to a better understanding of what the pupil should study to gain the most from his work in school. In this respect I consider this the most important educational document ever published in this country." This statement of Commissioner Harris in his letter of transmittal to the secretary of the interior will be corroborated by intelligent readers of the report of the Committee of Ten.

It is not the intent to give here a critical analysis of the report, but to hint at a few of the more prominent points.

While it may be urged that the college element was dominant in the committee and in the conferences, still the distribution of membership among college-men and school-men was so nearly equal that a criticism of results based upon inequality of representation would be captious. The most striking feature of the report is the unanimity of all in the main conclusions. There is force in the two minority reports and heed is to be given to the suggestions of President Baker, who signed the report but supplemented it with some wise cautions, particularly regarding educational values.

In the matter of "time allotment" of subjects there is less

diversity of opinion than might be expected. Evidently broad views were taken, and no specialist raised his own subject into undue prominence. The conferences "give time enough to each subject to win from it the kind of mental training it is fitted to supply; they put the different principal subjects on an approximate equality so far as time allotment is concerned, they *omit all short information courses*." The committee also says: "Selection for the individual is necessary to thoroughness, and to the imparting of power as distinguished from information; for any large subject whatever, to yield its training value, must be pursued through several years and be studied from three to five times a week."

The hints in regard to education values and proportionate times will furnish a sound basis for excellent programmes.

No distinction is made between "general education" and a "college-fit." This is royal. The right method is the true method, regardless of the probable destination of the pupil. Education is a developing, not a stuffing process. "Practical" education is not differentiated from a "classical" or theoretical education.

The conferees have wisely included elementary education in their researches and conclusions. A most promising sign in modern days is this unity in education. There is cause for hope and rejoicing in this fact, that teachers of the higher schools and colleges consider and discuss the whole subject of common schools. This "enlargement of sympathies" is altogether satisfactory.

As was to be expected, the report insists upon the need of more highly trained teachers in all schools and, better yet, suggests some simple means for procuring these better trained teachers and improving the schools.

The Latin conference "objects to the common practice of putting the teaching of beginners into the hands of the youngest teachers who have the slenderest equipment of knowledge and experience." In other matters than Latin, in common schools it is within the memory of persons now living that novices, without training, without experience, have been placed in charge of first-year pupils.

Correlation, coördination, "interlacing of subjects," seemed most desirable to all the conferences. For illustration, in the one

subject of mathematics: "The whole work in concrete geometry will connect itself on the one side with the work in arithmetic, and on the other with elementary instruction in physics. With the study of arithmetic is therefore to be intimately associated the study of algebraic signs and forms, of concrete geometry, and of elementary physics."

The English conference take firm stand for the mother tongue. "They urge that the admission of a student to college should be made to depend largely on his ability to write English, as shown in his examination books on other subjects. It is a fundamental idea in this report that the study of every other subject should contribute to the pupil's training in English and that the pupil's capacity to write English should be made available, and be developed, in every other department." From this same conference: "Reading books should be of a literary character, and should not attempt to teach physical science or natural history. They should make very sparing use of sentimental poetry. From the beginning of the *third year* at school, the pupil should be required to supplement his regular reading book with other reading matter of a distinctly literary kind."

Choice is difficult in a field so rich; the teaching of the natural sciences in the lowest grades to cultivate clear observation and exact statement, the beginning of several subjects at an earlier period than is at present customary, the enriching and curtailing of arithmetic, the preference of the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*, the intensive study of history, civics in grammar grades, cannot be treated in this article. In fact, the whole report is fertile in suggestion as to matter, method, and practice. It is too clear and compact to be represented adequately by abstracts. It is conservatively radical. It is the embodiment of the best in modern education. A clear duty of every educator, of every intelligent citizen, is to read, to ponder, this admirable production of a hundred educators of widely varying fields and work.

The National Bureau of Education deserves high praise and many thanks for issuing as a public document this "Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies appointed at the meeting of the National Educational Association, July 9, 1892, with the reports of the conferences."

BY THE WAY.

If you "hate children" and "hate to teach," your pupils have the wrong teacher.

If you "discipline" yourself first, you will find much to praise in your pupils.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

How often is it remarked upon by musicians and managements of local musical societies and theatres, that it is useless to offer the public anything in a musical way of importance above the merits of a colored troupe or comic opera. There are exceptions to this statement which in behalf of the public, should be taken and maintained. As this magazine is strictly a New Hampshire periodical, we will confine our remarks to exceptions presented within the state borders, hoping to encourage those interested in the welfare of the art of music, and to pay first tribute to the loyalty of the people of the Granite state. One need not go back more than a decade to show the fallacy of such murmurings, and to mark the wonderful improvement in matters, musical in every sense,—with perhaps one exception which will be mentioned later. For example, let us consider the affairs of the Littleton Musical association, which, for twenty-seven years, has annually holden its festival. With very few exceptions, they have come out with the balance on the right side. For years they considered a "funny man" as indispensable in order to interest the unmusical. Their patrons have grown in musical understanding until it no longer is necessary to do the "variety act."

In the northern part of the state, Lisbon comes next. For nine years they have received from the public a patronage limited only by the size of their hall, and, with one exception, have had a balance in their favor in the end. Plymouth is another town which it can be truly said is musical, and has paid hundreds of dollars in support of the art. Financial failures have been recorded there, but perhaps it was more the fault of over-zealous management

than a lack of public interest. Lancaster entered the field with its festival two years ago, and in both instances was successful. The summer festivals at The Weirs have, in a majority of cases, been successful. The Schubert club, of Laconia, has had its "ups and downs," but to-day is on a safe financial basis. The Concord Choral union certainly has no reason to censure the public for any disloyalty whatever.

Concord has put out more money in the maintenance of musical enterprises than any two cities in the state. Manchester and Dover have had little or no record in a musical way for ten years past. Nashua lacks, at the present time, a choral society, but it is only for a rest, as they are a musical people, and support concerts that are worthy, as a rule. Portsmouth lacks a leader only, as its people are public spirited and loyal to the last. Somersworth has many musical people, and under favorable circumstances might awaken a great interest. Rochester is awake, and it remains to be seen how the people will support its newly organized society. Keene is just about to round out its thirty-second annual musical festival. Certainly the public must have been faithful, or this number of gatherings could not have been holden.

Thus far we have shown, without a question, the interest and financial response of the people. There is a more serious side to the failures of musical undertakings. It is found within the great musical family itself, unjust criticism, uncharitableness, jealousies, a selfishness stronger than a desire to do good, seeking personal aggrandizement to the injury of the cause, expecting pleasures where self-sacrifice should be happily yielded that the serpent, "rule or ruin," should be forever crushed. These are the great stumbling-blocks in the way of success. The public are quick to discern, and the battle of cliques is fatal to the cause which all profess to love.

New Hampshire is surely a musical state; there are annually eight musical festivals, where artists of national reputation are employed. In addition to these festivals are the concerts of the different vocal societies. To be sure, we do not undertake many great works, but that need not be considered a discouraging fact. It was only forty-four years ago that New York city could say it had given a complete performance of the "Messiah," and that

with an orchestra of twenty-five pieces. Such a limit in orchestral effects to-day would shock our hypercritical cranks who pose as critics, and whose writings serve as amusement rather than enlightenment. The large centers have the advantage of the fashionable audience, who attend because "it is the thing to do," while our county audiences turn out for the love of the art. The exception to improvement in all matters musical is the lack of the stimulating effect of the singing-school. We are now passing through the change from the pupil of the singing-school to the public school system; we cannot judge as yet of the results. In looking the ground over we see every encouragement to press on to greater achievements, and very little to discourage the student or disciple of music in New Hampshire, and in one grand unity of action and purpose we shall soon have made a record which can be referred to with pride and comfort.

We are apt to think that before our time the world was slow; that men knew little of the arts which most interest us, and in the sense of accomplishments they were seriously lacking. This idea has some ground for existing, as advantages are ten-fold greater to-day than fifty years ago. Yet there were those, who, in those times, made ten-fold more of the little given them, than we of to-day. A striking example of such a man is Mr. S. F. Merrill, of Keene, N. H. His native town was Shelburne, Mass., and the date of his birth, April 12, 1820. He was the tenth son of a family of thirteen children, three of whom were musicians and were successful band-leaders and teachers, while two others gave their attention to vocal music. At the age of thirteen, young Merrill began the study of music and band instruments, his chosen instrument being the keyed bugle. When sixteen years old he walked twelve miles to an adjoining town to attend a band school of twenty-four lessons, sawing wood at fifty cents per cord to pay his tuition of eight dollars. He did not miss one lesson of the course. The next year a school was organized in his own town, and he was elected leader of the band. In March, 1840, young Merrill was engaged to lead and furnish a band for the New York circus and caravan. He took the Shelburne band with him, and travelled

two seasons. In 1861 Governor Fairbanks, of Vermont, commissioned him to recruit a band for the Fourth regiment of volunteers. As a band-master Mr. Merrill has always been a pronounced success, having held important positions in the states of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin. In those days the leader was expected to compose and arrange most of the music used. In order to meet such demands one had to be thoroughly educated in harmony and instrumentation. Mr. Merrill in every sense is a self-made man. He has written band, orchestra, and church music, until in numbers they count high in the hundreds, never allowing it to be illeged aware from a private experience



S. F. MERRILL.

that he has many works of great value, and we predict that some day they will receive the attention and appreciation due. Mr. Merrill has a fair knowledge of all instruments, and is an excellent performer upon the violin and slide trombone.

In 1870 he with the late George W. Foster opened a music store in Keene, continuing until 1882 when he retired from the music business. He has been an active man in every sense of the word, foremost in every good musical undertaking. Now, at the age of seventy-three, he is commander of the John Sedgwick Post, G. A. R., No. 4, of Keene, and he has the respect and confidence of the people of his city and the good-will of all who are favored with his acquaintance.

The twenty-seventh annual festival of the Littleton Musical association, January 15-19, was pronounced a success. The artists engaged pleased immensely, and the chorus was of large proportions. The music of importance performed was Rossini's much-worn Stabat Mater and an excerpt from Gounod's Redemp-

tion. Other chorus work was selected from "The Index," a compilation of choruses too familiar to call for comment. The usual anti-musical combination—the man of nonsense or no-sense—was barred out this year, which is a point gained, and is conclusive evidence that the growth in musical taste and understanding is keeping pace with the world, and is an encouragement to all interested. We are unable to give a full list of artists as a request for particulars has been ignored. Carl Zerrahn was conductor; Martha Dana Shepard, pianist; and eight pieces of the Germania Orchestra assisted.

Rochester takes the lead this year in choral work, as the society recently organized there numbers about one hundred and seventy-five active members. Edgar McDuffee presides at the piano, and the best singers in the city are active and faithful in attendance at rehearsals, and this means a great deal, as Rochester and immediate vicinity can truly claim as many vocalists of ability as any other portion of the state. The organization is the result of the energy of Mrs. G. E. Cochran, Mrs. Dr. Hubbard, and Mrs. George Greenfield. H. G. Blaisdell of Concord is musical director.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

REV. AMOS WEBSTER.

Rev. Amos Webster was born in Rumney, and died in Hyde Park, Mass., February 14, aged 72 years. He was a graduate of New Hampton Institute, and his first pastorate was at Newton Upper Falls, Mass., continuing six years. He was editor of *The Christian Era*, Boston, for 19 years. In 1860 he settled in Hyde Park, and helped to found the Baptist society there, and to establish the Baptist camp-meetings at Martha's Vineyard. He is survived by a widow, two daughters, and a son.

CHARLES H. PARKER.

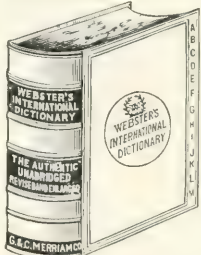
Charles H. Parker was born in Portsmouth, on May 26, 1819, and died in Wolfeborough, on February 17. Apprenticed to a

farmer at the age of seven years and employed upon a farm until seventeen years of age when he became an operative in a cotton mill at Newmarket, his opportunities for securing an education were limited, yet in his spare hours he mastered the branches taught in the common and high schools and became a successful teacher. In 1861 he became editor of the *Granite State News* at Wolfborough and four years later its proprietor, and continued his editorial labors until his last illness. He sat in the house of representatives in 1858 and 1859; was deputy sheriff eight years, and was sheriff five years. He is survived by a widow and three daughters.

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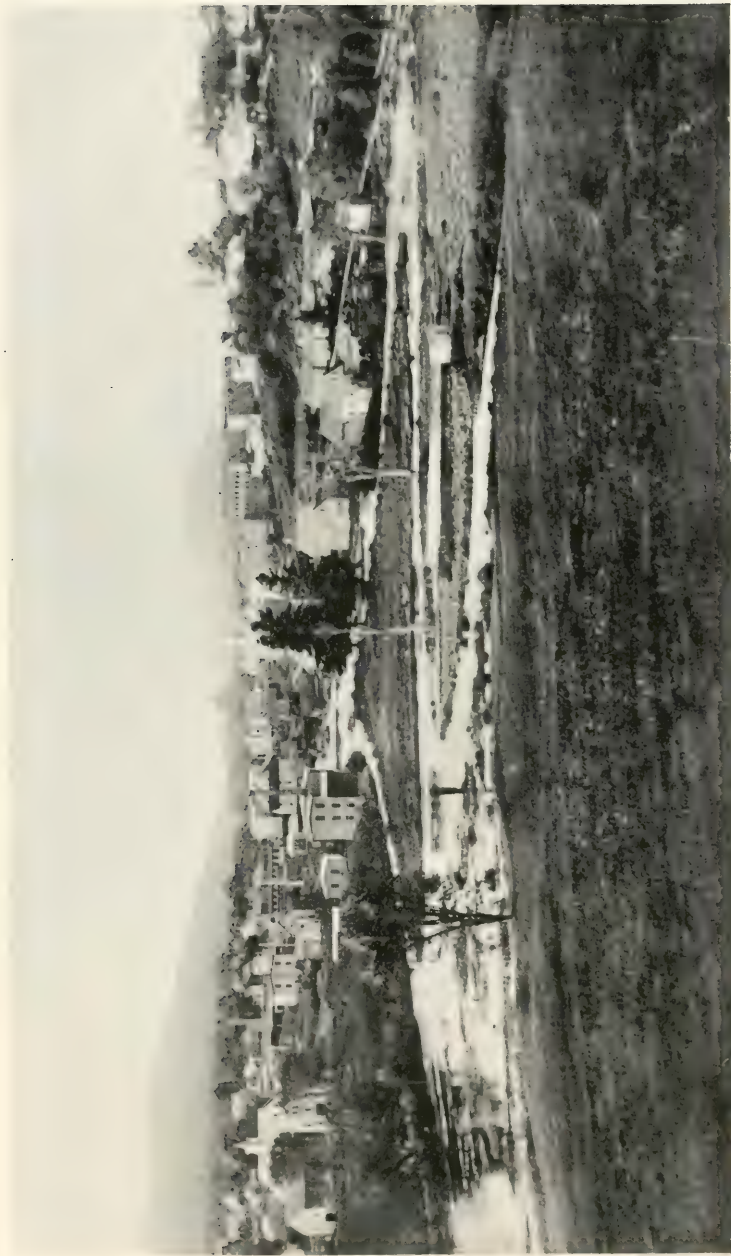
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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. E. J. B. J.

THE CENTRE OF ACTIVITY IN LEBANON.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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NO. 4.

THROUGH A ROCKY GATE-WAY: A SKETCH OF LEBANON.

BY GEORGE H. MOSES.



WEEPING around the base of a hill, skirting the shores of a beautiful lake, and plunging at last through a rocky gate-way, one enters Lebanon from the south-east by rail. Not so came the first who settled this fair land. Their route was from the south to be sure, but no mountain, no lake, no rocky gate-way, marks their approach.

They entered through the wide-opened mouth of the valley of the Mascoma, which extends from one gate-way to the other. The other gate-way was unknown to them, for it was not opened until 1847, when the railroad reached the town; while their first visit occurred in 1761, the requisite legal authority having been granted on July 4 of that year.

In 1758, William Dana, a Connecticut soldier, participated in the Siege of Louisburg, and shared the triumph of its capture. Hastening home from the war, with three companies, he had cut across Maine to the Connecticut river, a convenient highway for their journey, and in passing through the region now comprehended by Lebanon they were seized with a desire to possess it, and on their return home were gratified by a royal grant of a township, six miles square, named Lebanon in honor of their Connecticut home.

The journey hither was no doubt tiresome, performed as it was for the most part on ox-sleds. But the sturdy Congregationalists

THE BENTON BRIDGE.¹

were moved by no accidents of field or flood, and pushed on. Four men, only, remained in the town during the winter of 1763, but in five years the population numbered 162.

The settlement, or at any rate the granting, of Lebanon, was at one with many another similar action at the same time. The charter was hedged about with the usual conditions: The governor, the church, the first minister, and the schools were provided for; the royal navy had claim to all the largest timber; the governor's favorites were not forgotten in the distribution of awards; and the usual rental of one ear of Indian corn was demanded. In short, Lebanon was a "New Hampshire Grant."

The centre of population in the new township was curiously migratory. The Mascoma river flows through the community from north-east to south-west, roughly speaking, discharging into the Connecticut in the south-western portion of the town. On the banks of the Mascoma, not far from this point of confluence, the first settlers took up their abode, and the first mill was erected, the farmhouses being more on the highlands than in the valley itself. From this point to the very source of the Mascoma itself went fickle enterprise with its attendant population, passing by where is now the village of Lebanon, and East Lebanon was the

¹ From a photograph by Col. F. C. Churchill.

budding metropolis of this sisterhood of communities. But, like its predecessor, this community finally succumbed, and midway between the source and mouth of the Mascoma sprang up what is now the village of Lebanon, grouped about the numerous water-power privileges which diversify the stream's four miles of length.

It must not be supposed that this checker-board movement of business evidences any lack of foresight on the part of the grantees. On the contrary, it emphasizes their wisdom, for where now the village stands was then a swamp, miasmatic and dangerous, and their experiences in malarious Connecticut were doubtless sufficiently bright in their memory to lead them to shun the lowlands.

It was the water-power at the outlet of the lake that led the settlers there, and around it grew up the East Village, at one time the centre of activity for a large community. Here were the first mills of commercial importance, erected by Col. Elisha Payne, who was enticed here from the neighboring town of Cardigan (now Orange) by the offer of the mill-privilege and a large tract of land without charge.

This Colonel Payne was the most commanding figure of his generation. Like nearly all the rest of the settlers hereabouts, he was from Connecticut, where he had graduated from Yale, had become an attorney, had sat in the general court, was a justice of



MASCOMA FLANNEL MILLS.



CARTER & ROGERS'S MILLS.

the peace for his county, and had attained great influence. He came to Cardigan in 1775, and in August of the same year was made lieutenant-colonel of militia, and commanded a company in an expedition against Ticonderoga. In January, 1776, he was made a justice of the supreme court, and there followed, successively, appointments as register of probate and justice of the court of common pleas. The honors thus showered upon him were not all accepted, and his superabundant energy led him from the camp and the forum to other deeds. He was a lay preacher in the early days of his town; he built and owned the first grist-mill in Cardigan; "Paddleford's mills," for a long time the only place of business in Enfield, were built by him; and in the construction of Dartmouth Hall at Hanover he completed successfully the work which had already embarrassed one contractor.

It was in 1780 that he first was enticed to Lebanon. At that time he was in the very thick of what has become known as "the Vermont controversy," and shared with Prof. Bezaleel Woodward of Dartmouth college the responsibilities of leadership. Of this incident it is not my purpose to speak of Payne's part in it—his representation of his town in all the conventions which led to the union with Vermont, his seat in the Vermont legislature, his position as chief-justice, lieutenant-governor, and major-general of the militia for that state, his "Defence of the New Hampshire



RIVERSIDE MILL.

Grants," his attempts to form the state of "New Connecticut," his acquiescence to the authority of New Hampshire, and his participation in the legislative councils of that state—of all these I must be silent as well. They belong to a more extended narrative than mine. Yet it is mine to say that in all these Payne was undeniably honest,—with his associates and himself—and that his honors were merited by his great abilities and by his patriotism.

This controversy occurred at an unfortunate juncture, for during almost its entire period the colonies were engaged in a struggle for their liberty. Yet the lesser conflict in nowise interfered with the greater. Though disregarding New Hampshire's calls for troops, Lebanon was not inactive. The Vermont ranks were plentifully sprinkled with Lebanon men, but more frequently the town raised, armed, equipped, and supported its own troops. The roads were patrolled, and every traveller was halted and examined. At different crises in the Revolution almost every able-bodied man of the town was to be found among his country's defenders. All this entailed a great cost, which the town willingly defrayed: yet when the authority of New Hampshire was finally reëstablished, the arrears of state assessment, to the amount of a thousand pounds or more, were promptly paid.

Among the occasions calling for all of Lebanon's available force



RESIDENCE OF JOHN L. SPRING, ESQ.

was the burning of Royalton, Vt., by the Indians, in 1780. The news of the outrage was brought here by Phinehas Parkhurst, who had been courting over night, and was returning home in the early morning, when he perceived the attack. He saved his sweetheart and her family, and warned his father before he was discovered by the Indians. As he was attempting his escape he was shot in the back, the ball passing through his body and lodging in the skin in front. Holding the missile in place with his fingers, the plucky young man rode down the river, alarming the people as far as Lebanon, where he had his wound dressed. According to one authority he was so much interested in the surgeon's procedure that he determined to study medicine himself. According to another, the wound unfitted him for a farmer's life, and he chose that of a physician. Be that as it may, the fact is that he became a doctor and practised in Lebanon, where he became a prominent personage, with great influence, and no small fortune. Aside from his practice, he indulged a hobby. Like Colonel Mulberry Sellers, he saw millions in mules, and devoted himself to breeding the contrary creatures. This portion of his career

is better known to the people of Lebanon to-day than is his heroism. Probably this is due to the fact that in the Soldiers' Memorial building hangs a painted fire-board from some old-time mansion, whereon, with wondrous fore-shortening, and with drawing awry, is depicted Dr. Parkhurst surrounded by his mules; while no memorial to his bravery exists, unless it be in a street of the village bearing his name.

It must not be concluded from my hasty summary that Lebanon's course in the Vermont controversy was marked by unanimity. By no means. A substantial minority clung to New Hampshire throughout the entire contest, and with protest, petition, and memorial set forth to the New Hampshire legislature their loyalty, and their chagrin and annoyance because of Vermont's interference.

Particularly was this party opposed to the incorporation of the town of Dresden, which Dartmouth college, or, at any rate, Professor Woodward, was especially anxious to bring about. Through Gideon Tiffan, who signs himself "in behalf of Signors a ganst in copration of Dresden," the New Hampshire legislature was addressed with reference to the proposed action. What Mr.



RESIDENCE OF DR. I. N. PERLEY.



RESIDENCE OF COL. F. C. CHURCHILL.

Tiffan lacked in learning he made up in zeal, and his effort is well deserving of being brought to the attention of this generation. His letter was addressed "To the speaker of the house of Representatives of the State of New Hampshire Now Seting att Concord," and was as follows :

SIR: Should thare be any moshon on thursday Nex to See if the a Sembly will in Corperate in to a Destinct town a Saring tract of Land lying on Conotocut River so called being part of Hanover and part of Lebanon by the name of Drisdon I Beg Sir—you would informe the Honorobel house that thare is a potishon or prao to Sd house not to Encoperate in to a Destinct town the Lands potishond for last seting of a Sembly those that signed a Ganst incorporation owne more than one half the ratabol land Contand in the potishon for incorporation you sir and the house in General are Sensobol the Coledg Lands and Ofosors of Coledge are not taxt Sir thare is not much if any more one hundred and seventy acors under Emprovement taxabol lands in Sd tract potishond for inCorperation Sir we heare thare was an order of Cort upon thare Potishon that the matter should be heard and Reson shone if any why it should not be in Coperated and that the order of Cort should be published in the publick papers we have no knowledg of the orders being Complyd with Sir; the Reson of my trougbling you with this letter was, I was Desired to a tend Cort and see that the potishonors protest a ganst in Corperation was lade be fore the honorabel house when I Sat out bet-



SCHOOL BUILDING AT WEST LEBANON.

ter than a fortenate a Go from home Expected to a Returnd home time enough to a ben Down by the Day and left the Potishon with the Signors being wethor bound find I Cant Comply with thare request I feare they will have opertunity to send thare potishon on with thare reasons why thay would wish not to be in Coperated in to a Distinct town—

Sir, tho you are a Stranger to me the stashon or place you stand in is Sofishont Evidence to me that you are Gentelman of Vorasoty and must feale for Every Injured Sufforer in the State in which assembly that you are the Speaker of that Body that we under God have no whare Els to look for help in matters of this nature—

Sir—if you think that we are not too poore to be Notest having but small interest Liabal to pay what Ever is put upon us without ever having a Voice in Representation Liabol to make and mend the Rodes threw all the Coledg land with out thare help which Rods are Verey bad and the few and poor inhabatonc will be oblige to make and mend or Suffer the penalty of Law for Not Doing it that you will att least Continue oure trial or delay incorporating said town until the Next Seshon, att which time Hanover and Lebanon will be represented as thay are not Know as thay Consider it—

if a Sembly under the Consideration that we Cant by Reson of the rods being bloct and Som other matters that the house ought to Know upon oure trial that cant be said before the a Sembly this Seshon if thay in thare wisdom would Give us a heare ing att the nex Seting we would think oure Selvs in Duty bound to pray

About coincident with the settlement of the Vermont controversy the community began to be agitated by another strife, quite as engrossing if not as important. This later controversy grew out of the location of a meeting-house, an issue upon which the east and west portions of the town divided, an issue which was kept alive for several years, out of which grew one of the two mobs which the town has known, and which was settled finally by the town receiving a few acres as a common, provided the house be erected in the midst.

During the progress of this dispute over the location of the meeting-house, the town sought to settle the matter by calculation, and voted "that a committee of disinterested persons should be chosen to determine a central spot for a meeting-house; which committee should consider the travel as it respects quality and quantity, and actually measure to find the same, and say in justice where it ought to be erected, upon consideration of every circumstance of the present and future inhabitants of the town."

That committee made a most curious report. "In the first place," say they, "we calculated the soul travel to the new-meeting-house; and secondly to the mouth of the lane between Mr. James Jones and Mr. Nathaniel Storrs; and found that there was 215 miles and 29 rods less soul travel to said lane than to the new meeting-house. Likewise we found the land travel to the afore-said spots to be 37 miles and 246 rods less travel to the new meeting-house, reckoning one travel from each habitable one hundred acre lot. Likewise we found it to be 52 miles and 303 rods more land travel to the Peck's than to the new meeting-house." "Land travel" and "soul travel" are beyond my comprehension.

The building thus erected was used as town-house and meeting-house until 1819, when the Toleration act was passed and the use of the building was withdrawn exclusively from the Congregationalists and was apportioned among other denominations according to their numerical strength. At this time "the church,"



F. B. KENDRICK.

W. S. CARTER.

G. S. ROGERS.

C. C. ROGERS.

C. M. HILDRETH.

S. A. PECK.

as a devoted writer styles the Congregational body, was entitled to but fourteen Sundays out of the year, and the Universalists were allowed twelve. On one occasion Priest Potter, the first minister, was approached by one of his hearers at the close of the service with the remark, "Mr. Potter, you preached a good Universalist sermon to-day."

"Ah, indeed!" answered the quick-witted divine, "if that is the case, we will let this pass as one of their days for occupying the house!"

Many anecdotes of Priest Potter still remain. In many respects he was a remarkable man. His ministry in Lebanon lasted forty-five years. His ordination took place in the open air, beneath a spreading elm on the banks of the Connecticut, and at the close of the ceremony the young pastor solemnly addressed his flock, exhorting them to refrain from celebrating the event with a dance, or any other vain amusement, as was customary. This man's Christianity was of a muscular variety. He stood over six feet in height and was a man of great strength, being known to mow for half a day without whetting his scythe, yet holding his own in the swath.

During the Revolution he served as chaplain to one of the New Hampshire regiments, and was out with Gates in his campaign



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against Burgoyne. Before the decisive battle in that campaign, the young chaplain, bare-headed, unattended, rode out before the army and besought God to give the victory to the right.

On another occasion he was walking through the camp, and saw two men trying to place a cannon on its carriage. Pushing the two men aside, he seized the piece by the trunnion and placed it in position. One of the men commented with an oath on the feat of strength. Learning that it was a chaplain who had assisted him, hastened after the offender, hat in hand, and begged pardon for his language. In meeting had been the much contented moved from to a point the road, remodelled exclusively to public hall. Its site still given common, and the village streets. Vermont congregation of Dresden, and



THE FIRST MEETING-HOUSE.

of proposed meeting-houses occupied the public attention, the private mind was turned toward other matters, and under its direction the town was making the most of its resources. From its vantage-point at East Lebanon, where Colonel Payne's fulling mills were established, manufacturing crept down the stream and various enterprises sprung up. The fair intervals of the Connecticut, and the not less attractive slopes and the hill-tops, were winning renown for their fertility.

Dartmouth college had been planted near by, its founder and

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



TOWN HALL.

the settlers of Lebanon being sprung from the same stock and emigrants from the same Connecticut town. The fourth New Hampshire turnpike stretched its broad course to this town, and here terminated. And finally the railroad came here, and Lebanon stood forth among the most prominent of the towns of the state.

The extension of the railroad to Lebanon was duly celebrated,



BAPTIST CHURCH.



METHODIST CHURCH.



CATHOLIC CHURCH.



UNITARIAN CHURCH.

and the presiding officer of the day, in his opening address, announced his belief that "Lebanon was bound to be an abominable big place." The faith of this enterprising merchant of the '40s has never been lost from among Lebanon business men. Perhaps it is to this more than to any other cause that the community owes its prosperity. There is to-day an almost unreasonable faith among Lebanon people as to the possibilities of their town, and

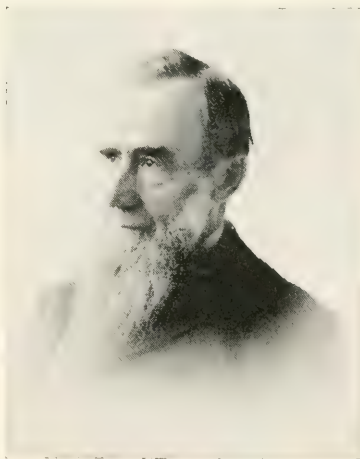


NEW NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

they are always ready to lend a hand in another new enterprise, to capitalize another mill, to develop another water-power, to erect another building.

It is for this reason that Lebanon has never receded from her position in the front rank of New Hampshire towns, and though the prophecy of that inspired orator who preceded Daniel Webster, when the railroad was opened, may not yet have been fulfilled, there is no occasion for regret. Lebanon is not abominably big, but it is undeniably busy. From out of its many factories come flannels and farm machinery, watch-keys and woollen goods, knit fabrics and

gans, furniture, and shirts. All come valley far over to the very extremity west, which by the Connecticut falls, is a power devoted to the manufacture of wood themselves betted in Vermont. a moment be Lebanon is a community to



REV. C. A. DOWNS.

overalls, or staircasings, these the Masproduces, and west, on the of the town borcurious enact-west bank of cut river, at Olmagnificent to the manufacpulp, the mills ing partly loca- It must not for supposed that manufacturing the exclusion of

the agricultural interests. Better farms are nowhere found than here. The broad intervalles of the Connecticut, the sunny swales along Mascoma's shores, and the hill-tops rising from the water-courses, are dotted with fine farms. In one respect Lebanon agriculture deserves especial notice: It was Deacon Elisha Ticknor, of this town, who first made this community acquainted with the virtues of the merino sheep.

What this town owes to its business men it can never fully estimate. They are the parties responsible for its growth, its wealth, its enterprise. And the strangest of all things in this connection is that of them all, bankers, editors, manufacturers, and merchants,



Hon. E. H. CHENEY.



Hon. F. C. CHURCHILL.

almost none of them are natives of the town. The natives of the town have been raised, it seems, almost exclusively for export, and among Lebanon's contribution to the sum of mankind are several notable figures. A fleeting enumeration brings to mind Major Willis Bliss, adjutant and private secretary to Zachary Taylor; Colonel Benton, U. S. A., a distinguished ordnance officer and author; Colonel H. L. Kendrick, soldier and instructor; another of the same name who won renown as a college professor in the West; Ira Young, mathematician; Aaron H. Cragin, congressman and United States senator; R. B. Kimball, author; and others, who, as bankers, railroad managers, hotel keepers, doctors of divinity, school teachers, or business men, are forging forward in the world's work.

Such a place as this is naturally equipped with all that a modern town demands. Its bank was founded in 1828, and has weathered every storm. From its humble roof, raised to shelter it in its childhood, the institution is about removing to more handsome and commodious quarters, now building. The town park, or common, has existed for more than a century. Its churches are seven in number and are comfortable and substantial. Its schools are admirable. It has the inevitable water-works and the indispensable electric light plant. Its town library

is all that need be desired, and is housed in the Soldiers' Memorial building, which was the first structure of the kind to be erected in the state. For all this there is lacking the complement. The history of this lovely old town has never been prepared, or rather has not been published; but in the hands of the Rev. Charles A. Downs is the material for such a work, much of it now ready for the press. This work will be eagerly welcomed. Its author for twenty-five years was pastor of the Congregational church in Lebanon, and has brought to his work a love of historical research, a discriminating mind, a scholarly style, and an advantage of matter at first hand which ensure an enduring and lasting production. To that writer must be transmitted the duty of recounting all that others have omitted to touch upon. Upon that work shall I depend for a dissertation on "soul travel" and "land travel"; and surely it will contain some explanation of the fact that the town records make no mention of the War of 1812.

To the writer of that work I must here express my thanks for the many favors accorded me during the preparation of this article. If error has crept in, it is not his.



SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The press of Lebanon is represented now, as for forty years, by The *Granite State Free Press*, one of the best of country weeklies. Its editor, through all its years, is the Hon. E. H. Cheney, now in the diplomatic service as United States consul at Matanzas, Cuba. During his absence his son, Harry M. Cheney, occupies the editorial chair, himself a not less vigorous and conscientious writer than his father.

In such a town as this the local flavor was very pronounced. I speak in the past tense because, with the growth of manufacturing and an increase of population, there is a tendency to uniformity. Under such conditions the type changes, and the mental characteristics of a place become monotonous, running to this or that idea, just as all the dresses of a season are adorned with *berthes* or *bretelles*. Hence I say the local flavor was pronounced. It is by no means gone yet, but the number of those old worthies who hunted foxes and trained in the militia and went to the Hanover Commencement together is growing less. The jury which used to gather nightly in the stable office and settle the fate of real culprits and of suspects, and which passed upon questions of national and personal import, traversing the line of human activity in their scrutiny—that assemblage has dwindled to a membership of one. I sought him out. A kindlier welcome I never received, but of what I wanted I got nothing. A morbid interest was aroused by his story of the only murder the town ever had, at which the old man was the first arrival after the crime; but it was from others that I learned of the days of old.

It was another who told me of that eccentric old gentleman who briefly addressed the town-meeting when it was about to vote on the question, *Resolved*, That only God is great.

“Mr. Moderator,” exclaimed the speaker, “I move to amend by striking out the word ‘only’. I claim to be some punkins myself.”

It was still another who recalled the tavern-keeper at East Lebanon, an unlettered man, who carried his grocer’s bill home for study.

“Wife,” he said, “what’s all this ‘ditto’ you’ve been buying? This bill is full of charges for it. What have you done with it?”

His wife disclaimed all knowledge of the commodity, and away

posted the irate boniface to his grocer. On learning that "ditto" meant "the same," he returned home, somewhat crestfallen.

"Did you find out what 'ditto' meant?" asked his wife.

"Yes," he answered, "It means that I'm a — fool, and you're ditto."

It was from another source, too, that I learned of the punctilious bank president and equally punctilious cashier, each of whom was sure that the other's eyesight was failing.

"'Squire Kimball," said the cashier one day, as he noticed his chief eyeing a letter held at arm's length. "'Squire Kimball, you ought to get some glasses."

"Nonsense, Mr. Kendrick," was the testy reply, "I can see as well as I ever could."

Shortly after the president observed the cashier focusing a check at long range. Revenge is sweet.

"Mr. Kendrick," suggested the president,



PECULIAR TO LEBANON.

"you ought to get some glasses." "Nonsense, 'Squire Kimball, I can see as well as I ever could."

"Mr. Kendrick," said the president, returning to the charge, "you ought to get some glasses or a pair of tongs."

Here, for want of a better place, I must speak of Henry R. Campbell, who once made Lebanon his home. Campbell was a celebrated bridge-contractor, and to him is due the invention of the locomotive connecting-rod, an important feature in the American type of machine. He came to Lebanon during his work in connection with the building of the Northern railroad and lived here for several years. He took a lively interest in the town, especially in the schools, and on one occasion wanted some improvements made in the school-house. The district refusing to comply, he offered to make the changes at his own charge, and the district voted not to accept the gift. This so angered the generous inventor that he withdrew his children from the schools and sent them to a tutor. His memory in Lebanon is kept alive by a street named for him, a tardy honor granted only within the last few years, and then at private request rather than as a public recognition.

In speaking of the schools, it is worthy of remark that Mr. Campbell's bounty was directed toward the Lebanon Liberal Institute, since given way to the high school. This Liberal Institute was rather a remarkable school in some respects. It was supported in various ways, and its only bequest came from Franklin lodge, F. & A. Masons, which, succumbing in 1836 to the anti-Masonic furore, turned over its funds, amounting to several hundred dollars, to the school.

This lodge, by the way, has an interesting history. It was instituted in Hanover in 1796, and numbered Eleazer and James Wheelock among its first members, the latter being the first master. In 1817, the lodge was removed to Lebanon, and went into quiescence in 1836. In 1854 it was revived, and is now the second in seniority of all the lodges of the state, and looking forward with eagerness to its centennial celebration, when the Hon. Albert Stillman Batchellor is to deliver the oration.

In this sketch there have been noted the outlines of the story of this town which is accessible through a rocky gate-way. Much that I might have said has been forbidden by the scope of these

papers. My purpose is fully accomplished if I have conveyed, even faintly, some idea of this fair and fruitful spot, this land of valleys and intervalles, this home of fair women and industrious men.



HIGH SCHOOL.

A NEW ENGLAND WOMAN.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.,

President of Howard University.

There is an element of heroism in all genuine New England life. Every child born there comes into the world with an idea that God has something for him or her to do. If it is not an innate idea, parents, or teachers, or ministers succeed in awakening it. The heroism may be expended in the reduction to lines of beauty and meadows of productiveness of a rocky or swampy farm; or in the care of infirm parents or orphan children; or it may be the silent heroism of converting a gnarly nature into one submissive to the law of love as it is in Christ Jesus.

Melinda Rankin, the first Protestant missionary to Mexico, was born in Littleton, N. H., March 21, 1811. Her father was Gen. David Rankin, who owned mills there on a brook still called by

his name, and her grandparents, James Rankin, and Margaret Wetherspoon, his wife, the first of the name in New England, who came to this country from Glasgow with one daughter and sons, and settled first in Thornton and then in Littleton, the year the British blockaded Boston harbor, the vessel in which they came landing at Salem. The records of the town of Littleton show how large and important a place the family filled in its first settlement and civilization, in both civil and religious spheres.

About 1840, Gen. David Rankin having lost his property, Melinda and her two sisters determined to go West and earn money by school teaching to re-build his family fortunes. This they successfully accomplished, purchasing a farm, and making his last days full of rest and peace so befitting to old age. The other sisters were in due time favorably and happily married, while Melinda continued the work of teaching. When the Mexican war closed, she was in Mississippi. Such accounts of the benighted condition of Mexico came to her through returning officers and soldiers that she thought it her duty, single-handed and alone, to



MELINDA RANKIN.

go to that country as a missionary. She was not a demonstrative woman, but a woman of great determination and force of character. In her early days of girlhood she used to say to the wife of her cousin, Rev. Andrew Rankin—my own honored and sainted mother—that she wished she had been a man so she could preach the gospel as he did. And now it seemed to her prayerful and teachable spirit that perhaps God would open the way. She first made several unsuccessful appeals to missionary societies to see if they would send her. Then, without any detailed plan, she determined to go herself.

Taking a steamer at Vicksburg, she went down the Mississippi, as little knowing whither she went as did Abraham of old, only that

God's voice was calling her to Mexico. This was in May, 1847. On the steamer was a gentleman seeking a lady teacher for the female academy at Huntsville, Texas. As she knew the unsettled condition of Mexico would preclude any immediate entrance on that field,^s she accepted his position, and remained there until 1852. Then she felt she must fulfil her earlier vow. She had determined on Brownsville, a town sixty miles up the Rio Grande and directly opposite Matamoras, Mexico, 'as her first strategic point. There she began a school for Mexican girls, which immediately prospered, employing it also as a means of circulating the Bible in Mexico. Just at that juncture several priests and nuns from France appeared at Brownsville for the purpose of erecting a convent. Miss Rankin determined to visit the East, and secure funds to build a building for her own uses. She felt that a Protestant seminary must be erected at that point. At New Orleans she was admonished that the undertaking was not becoming a lady. This was in a business house. Another gentleman in the same city, however, told her it was a woman's proper calling,—nothing more so. From New Orleans she went to Louisville, Ky., from there to Philadelphia where she obtained \$500, and then went to Boston to secure a similar amount. This success made her confident that the seminary would be built, and so she continued till the needed amount was raised.

Fourteen months later, when Miss Rankin returned to Brownsville, the convent had been erected and many of her former scholars were in it. Nothing daunted, she contracted for her new seminary, and opened school in some hired rooms, where, at the end of the second month, all her old pupils were back and several new ones also. She taught English, which the Mexican parents wanted their children to learn. In the Foreign Christian Union of 1855 Miss Rankin made an appeal for a colporteur. No suitable person could be found, and she put an assistant into her school, and began herself the work of colporteur and Bible reader as representative of that Union. Then commenced bitter persecution; but the sudden death of the "Father Superior" who had been the chief instigator, in a gale on the gulf of Mexico, put an end to it.

In 1857 came a revolution for religious freedom in Mexico,

under Juarez, which succeeded. At that time there was a great demand for all Protestant books, which Miss Rankin was only too eager to supply. In 1859, during the prevalence of the yellow-fever, Miss Rankin was attacked by the disease, and kindly nursed by a Mexican woman at the urgent request of her grandchildren, two of the former's pupils. Then the notorious Cortinas with sixty Mexicans, made a raid on Brownsville, and proclaimed death to all Americans. In 1860, at Miss Rankin's request, the American Bible society appointed an agent for Mexico. In 1861 the first two converts from Romanism at Brownsville were received into a Protestant church. In September, 1862, Miss Rankin was commanded by a Presbyterian minister to give up the keys to her seminary to him, because she "was not in sympathy with the Southern Confederacy, and was in communication with a country called the United States." Until she saw he intended to eject her by force, Miss Rankin remained, and then repaired across the river to Matamoras. She remained in that city teaching till 1863, when, owing to the disturbed state of civil affairs, she determined to get within the Federal lines, which she did at New Orleans. There she remained for the time, doing work in the hospitals, soliciting donations of delicacies from the citizens. This was before the work of the Christian Commission. These gifts Miss Rankin and her nieces personally distributed. They found among the wounded one soldier from Littleton, her native town—a great joy and surprise to them all.

In the autumn of 1863, Miss Rankin acted as superintendent of a colored Sunday-school in connection with a Presbyterian church of New Orleans. And in November, when the troops of General Banks had taken Brownsville, she returned to her seminary, which was injured by explosions, the Confederates trying to burn up the town before evacuating. She expended \$200 in repairs, and opened her school with sixty pupils. In 1865 Miss Rankin determined to make Monterey the head-quarters of Protestant work for Mexico, and visited the United States to solicit funds. On her journey, the stage company, of which she was one, were attacked by the robber Cortinas who soon came personally and released them. At New York the American and Foreign Christian Union approved of Miss Rankin's plans to erect a church and school

building at Monterey, though they depended upon her to raise the money. This she did, securing \$500 from T. N. Dale, Esq., of New York, \$10,000 from E. D. Goodrich, Esq.

In 1873 Miss Rankin closed her eventful missionary career in Mexico, turning over her mission to the American Board, and returning, at the age of sixty-one, to Bloomington, Ill. There she lived, making occasional missionary addresses and honored by all who knew her, until her death, which occurred a few years ago.

The writer well remembers her tall figure, strong-featured face, modest but composed and resolute demeanor, and that she was always welcome at his father's house, who was her cousin, and at his own, especially to the children. Probably the last letter she wrote was to Mrs. Goodrich, whose husband's gift of \$10,000 made the success of her Monterey enterprise possible, and who had lately been called to rest. In it she expressed her great gratitude to Mr. Goodrich and honor for his memory, as well as her own readiness for the departure to a better country, so soon before her. This was November 4. She wrote this letter from a bed of sickness, and a few weeks later she fell asleep. For twenty years this single-handed woman was the most prominent Protestant power in all Mexico. She made the beginnings there which are never to be overturned till He shall come whose goings are of old.

TO THE LYRIC MUSE.

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

O rare one, born in rugged Thessaly
Hard by Olympus and clear Helicon ;
O muse of Pindar and sweet Sophocles,
O haunter of the sunny Cyclades,
Of late where hast thou gone?

We trace thy wandering feet to Tiber's land,
Where Horace sang and Maro broad of brow,
By Arno's tide and Avon's gentle stream,
Along the haunted Rhine, by Severn's dream,—
But Muse, where art thou now?

And late we dreamed that by the reedy Charles
 We heard thy pipe in sweetest cadence drawn.
 As one who thinks he hears an angel sing,
 We hung enchanted like a raptured thing,
 And now,—Oh, art thou gone?

Come, Muse! The world is empty of thy song,
 The pipe is silent now, and dumb the flute.
 Come, sweep again Apollo's mighty lyre,
 And bring to earth again celestial fire.
 O Muse, why art thou dumb?

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

The dying sun-god's arrows shoot athwart the skies,
 While in the peaceful vales his lingering legion lies
 Upon the shield of Night;
 And forth the stalwart sentinels of twilight steal
 Across the raven-haunted pool of Irisfiel,
 Whence fled the soul of Light.

Now silent rest the toiling masses; every note
 Is hushed of songsters, save the plaint of one sweet throat—
 “Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!”
 Which solemn strain awakes the even's mystic spell,
 While bearing to our saddened hearts the day's farewell,
 “Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!”

QUATRAIN.

BY BELA CHAPIN.

O Granite State! land of majestic mountains,
 Of many a lovely vale and flowery lea,
 Of placid lakes, of purest streams and fountains,—
 Where'er thy children stray they turn to thee.

THE FIELDS OF BIBLE HILL.

BY EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER.

I never see an orchard that is loaded down with bloom ;
I never catch the fragrant breath, the subtle, sweet perfume
Of a field of clover blossoms, or the scent of new-mown hay,
But that I fall to thinking, in a longing sort of way,
Of orchard lands and clover fields my boyish feet once trod,
Of pasture lanes and hillside paths, deep fringed with golden-rod ;
And, like a castle set in Spain, I seem to see it still,—
That old, familiar farm-house in the fields of Bible Hill.

Oh ! the fields of Bible Hill ! Are they still as fresh and fair,
As when I used to wander in their orchard-perfumed air ?
Does the sunshine rise as early as it used to do
When I waded through the clover and the cobwebs and the dew ?
Does the murmur and the music of the little pasture brook,
Sound as sweet to-day as when it was *my* singing-book ?
Ah, no ! it cannot be, and I would not have it so,
For 't is not now the Bible Hill my boyhood used to know.

My Bible Hill lay ever in the shine of summer's sun,
And haying time was playing time, for work and play were one.
There Pleasure lurked, a vagabond, in every shady spot,
From the pasture gate down cow-path to "the slippery-elm tree lot."
I never cut a weary swath or hoed a weedy row,
But that I found a pleasure hiding somewhere, high or low,
Yes, the happiest happiness that I have known or ever will,
Was the joy the summers brought in the fields of Bible Hill.

And you, O trusted friend and true, who held my boyish hand,
And led, like elder brother, through that glorious summer land ;
The love I bear you is as warm within my heart to-day,
As though you had not said farewell to friends and "gone away."
The memory of that happy time, when we walked heart in heart,
Shall never fail, though miles and years bear old-time friends apart.
I love to think, though God's own smile doth all your longings fill,
You sometimes, even now, recall those fields of Bible Hill.

THE FOLLOWERS OF ANN LEE.¹

History, Customs, and Belief of the Shakers.

BY ENSIGN LLOYD H. CHANDLER, U. S. N.

With the ordinary man or woman the word "Shaker" brings to the mind the picture of a narrow-minded and bigoted people who shun the world, separate themselves from their fellow-men, and live a life filled with eccentricities and queer practices. A "Shaker meeting" is pictured as a strange performance, of which curious dancing, and wild cries and gestures, form important parts. Such being formerly the opinion of the writer, an opportunity was gladly seized for a stay of a few days at the Canterbury settlement of Shakers, or, as they are more properly known, the "United Society of Believers." It is the object of this article to give the change that took place in the ideas of the writer during this visit, as well as some general information that was collected as to the past history and present belief of that interesting people.

The history of Shakerism dates back to about 1689, when a peculiar religious sect was much heard of in France. Some members of this sect passed to England, and began preaching there at Manchester in 1706, thereby causing much commotion. They went into trances and held communication with the spirit world, prophesied, pointed out their sins to the people, and exhorted them to repent and lead a more perfect life.

Such a religious excitement at that time of course called forth disapprobation and persecution from the established church; but nevertheless James Wardley, an eloquent speaker of the Quaker denomination, together with his wife Jane and a number of other converts, formed a society at Bolton, near Manchester. Wardley was an able and impressive speaker, and his wife was an active assistant in the management of the affairs of the society.

The belief that all good actions of men are done under the influence of God was the kernel of their religion, and they adopted no creeds, believing that His spirit would always be present with and assist any person who earnestly and honestly tried to lead a

¹ Photographs by Kimball, Concord.



DWELLINGS.

righteous life. Their meetings were of an irregular order. They would sit in silence for a while until some one of their number would be inspired to speak by the spirit of some good person who had gone before or by the spirit of God direct. The inspired one would be seized with shaking and trembling, sometimes even with convulsions, and this excitement would spread itself throughout the entire congregation, until finally silence would ensue while the message was delivered through the chosen one. These meetings caused the sect to be known at first as "Shaking Quakers," which finally became "Shakers."

Among Wardley's followers was the family of John Lee, a Manchester blacksmith possessed of a high reputation for industry and uprightness. He had a wife, five sons, and three daughters, one of the daughters, Ann, having been ever since regarded by the Shakers as the incarnation of the second coming of Christ because of the revelations of the spirit manifested through her.

Ann Lee was born in Manchester on February 29, 1736, and worked as a child in various factories of her native city, finally becoming a cook in a hospital. She was not an educated woman, not learning to read or write until her later years; but she was always bright, kind-hearted, and industrious. Even as a child she was of a religious turn of mind, and at the age of fourteen or fifteen took a great interest in Wardley's meetings, claiming to have



TRUSTEES' OFFICE.

“heavenly visions,” etc., and finally lost all interest in every subject other than religion. As a part of her religious life she developed a strong aversion to matrimony, but was finally persuaded, much against her will, to marry a young blacksmith named Abraham Stanley, her parents hoping to cure her religious mania. She had four children, all of them dying in infancy. In 1758 she finally joined Wardley’s society, vowing with other members to imitate in her own life Christ’s example of purity and celibacy. She suffered the persecutions that came to her sect, and she said that while in prison she had a vision telling her to preach celibacy and the putting away of all lusts of the flesh. In her vision she saw that “in the old man, the first Adam, the multiplier, all die,” for the Scripture says, “If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die.” In “the new man, the Christ, the second Adam, the celibate, all are made alive.” She saw that there were “two creations, old and new. Adam the first, the husband of Eve, inaugurated the old creation, with marriage and generation as its basic law. Jesus, the Christ, inaugurated the new creation, with virgin purity and regeneration as its fundamental law. The first Adam, a sower of the world; the second Adam, the reaper.”

The Shakers accepted these visions and spiritual counsels as the actual second coming of Christ through “Mother Ann Lee,” their “spiritual mother in Christ.” One of the prominent Shakers

of the present day, in preaching of this second coming of Christ, says,—“Thus they became one, and the marriage of the Lamb and Bride was completed by God Himself, and thus ended the mystery of the second coming of Christ.”

In the spring of 1774 Mother Ann had a revelation directing her to select a few followers and go to America. By direction of the spirit she chose eight, among whom were her husband and brother, and after their departure Shakerism died in England. The little band reached New York on Aug. 6, 1774, and remained in that vicinity for two years, Mother Ann's husband leaving her, meanwhile, after vainly attempting to persuade her to renounce a life of celibacy. In 1776 one of their number, the Rev. John Hocknell, who had a little property, bought a tract of land at Niskeyuna, now Watervliet, N. Y. Here the little colony lived, making converts and suffering persecutions, not the least of these being the legal proceedings and imprisonments consequent upon their refusal to bear arms in the various wars in which the inhabitants of this country have at one time or another been involved. On Sept. 8, 1784, Mother Ann Lee died, leaving the church which she had founded in the hands of the abler of her associates.

All this time the Shakers were a scattered body of believers, and opportunities for consultations between the leaders and the people were necessarily limited. So the first communal family was formed at New Lebanon, N. Y., under the guidance of Father Joseph Meacham, in 1787. Father Joseph was Mother Ann's successor, and this settlement of his is still prosperous, being known as the Mount Lebanon family. It is the oldest communal family in the country, although Watervliet is the oldest Shaker settlement. The success that attended this attempt at communal living led to the formation of other families, seventeen of which are now in existence, two of them being in New Hampshire, one at Enfield and the other at East Canterbury.

It is of interest to note the growth of Mother Ann's church. In 1784 she landed in New York with eight followers. In 1803 the number had grown to 1632, and 25 years later it had increased by 1,000 more, while in 1839 it was at least 5,000. At the present day it is about 2,500.

The Canterbury community was formed in 1792, a meeting



HENRY C. BLINN.

house and dwellings being built upon the farm of Benjamin Witcher, a farmer who had settled in Canterbury with his wife in 1774. Both Benjamin and his wife became Shakers and donated their farm to the family, the buildings standing to this day upon the property so generously provided. Benjamin Witcher himself became one of the elders of the family, his wife, Mary Shepard, being made a trustee. Prominent among the original Canterbury Shakers were John

Bishop and Peter Ayers, the latter being a Revolutionary veteran and the former being noted as the leading spirit and organizer of the communities of Canterbury and Enfield. Upon the occasion of the visit of President Monroe to the society at Enfield in 1817, Job made this speech of welcome so characteristic of Shaker plainness: "I, Job Bishop, welcome James Monroe to our habitation."

One of the best known of the Canterbury Shakers and one to whom the prosperity of the family has been largely due was David Parker, for many years a trustee and leading member. He was chiefly noted for his keen and honorable business instincts and for his defence of his people when the state legislature proposed to investigate their habits and morals. David's efforts did much to prevent so unjust a proceeding.

The Canterbury society formerly consisted of three large families, the upper, the middle, and the lower, or church, family, each one being entirely independent of the others. The middle family has passed out of existence, and at the present



DOROTHY A. DURGIN.

day the upper family is no longer self-supporting, being therefore more or less dependent upon and incorporated with the church family. In spite of their reduced circumstances they still keep up their good name for charity, and no person, deserving or otherwise, ever asked help or shelter at a Shaker's door without getting that which he sought.

This brief sketch of the history of the Shakers being completed, an attempt will be made to show the belief that has finally been adopted as the result of the teachings of Mother Ann Lee and her associates. The Shakers do not believe in the inspired nature of the Bible, but they do accept it as a historical work, believing it as liable to error as the kind. They Christ as being birth more than man, but they spirit of God was manifested to than through any Ann Lee. She is actly the same being thought spirit that in Christ inspired Lee. Thus the worship is in spirit of God, the same spirit that they say is ever with us all and which guides all the good impulses of our hearts.



BENJAMIN H. SMITH.

any other work of do not accept physically and by any other mortal think that the more powerfully men through him one else except regarded in ex-light as Jesus, it that the same spired the man the woman Ann Christ that they reality simply the

This idea of the omnipresence of the spirit of God is the cornerstone of the Shaker belief. This life of ours is thought to be only an infinitely short part of the life of our spirit and of our endeavor for good or evil. The resurrection of the body is not accepted, but it is thought that the soul, or spirit, lives forever and continues its life in the future world as it has in this, only more strengthened as the spirit of God is developed. Such a departed spirit, it is believed, may give aid to the spirit of one still upon this earth and may reveal light and truth to such a one. With such a belief it is easily seen how closely allied are the daily and the religious lives



JOANNA KAIME.



ELIZA A. STRATTON.

of the Shakers, they being one and the same. This should undoubtedly be true in all religious sects, but it seems, if the Canterbury Shakers can be accepted as true types, to be more nearly the case with the Shakers than with the world at large.

The head of the sect in 1787, Father Joseph Meacham, has given the following as the nine cardinal virtues of Shakerism :

1. Purity in mind and body—a virgin life.
2. Honesty and integrity of purpose in all words and transactions.
3. Humanity and kindness to both friend and foe.
4. Diligence in business, thus serving the Lord. Labor for all, according to strength and ability, genius and circumstances. Industrious, yet not slavish; that all may be busy, peaceable, and happy.
5. Prudence and economy, temperance and frugality, without parsimony.
6. Absolute freedom from debt, owing no man anything but love and good-will.
7. Education of children in scriptural, secular, and scientific knowledge.
8. A united interest in all things, more comprehensive than the selfish relations of husband, wife, and children—the mutual love and unity of kindred spirits, the greatest and best demonstration of practical love.

9. Ample provision for all in health, sickness, and old age; a perfect equality—one household, one faith, practising every virtue, shunning all vice.

Such, then, are the rules by which a Shaker is supposed to regulate his life, and only a brief acquaintance with them is necessary to show how nearly they attain to the standard set therein.

The first question that a Shaker has to answer in regard to his religious belief is "How is the world to continue if the doctrine of absolute purity and continence is carried out?" His reply to this is that the acts of all men and women are caused by the inspiration of God's spirit, and that certain persons are led by that spirit to walk in the more perfect path of absolute chastity, while others have allotted to them the work of reproduction. The chaste life is the more Christlike and perfect, but some are ready for that life while others are not. It may be, and often happens, that a person does his or her work in the life of reproduction under the guidance of the spirit, and is then moved to the higher and better, thus performing his or her duty in both paths, although the happiness of the latter will of course not be so great nor so long continued as if it had been embraced in childhood.

It is generally thought that the Shaker's method of living is filled with odd and curious religious ceremonies of a minor nature, but such is not the case in the light in which it is ordinarily understood. As has been said, the Shaker's religion is the greater and more important part of his life, so that everything he does is in full accord with his religious views, and his every act is in pursuance of his religious belief. So far, then, are his methods of daily life acts of religious ceremony, but no farther. For instance, it is generally believed that it is a part of a Shaker's belief that nothing must be left upon the plate at the conclusion of a meal. In reality it is more common sense than religion. The fifth of the Shaker's cardinal virtues is "frugality and economy, without parsimony," so that the Shaker, although no man ever sits down to a more bountifully spread or better cooked meal, does not take more upon the plate than he wants to eat. The common sense of this behavior in a community where over a hundred persons sit down to the table three times a day is so obvious that it is remarkable

that such a course of conduct has ever been laid to religious views, and that the world in general has not adopted instead of scoffing at such an eminently wise behavior. Many of their habits are due to the communistic method of life. Absolute neatness and cleanliness, which are surely next to Godliness and therefore a part of the religion, are absolute necessities where many people live together under one roof.

The "Shaker meeting" has always been considered as the crowning eccentricity and absurdity of the Shaker belief. At the present day, however, the extreme physical emotions of the earlier days are almost never seen, certainly much less often and to a less extent than

revivals, camp some other de- is the case at the meetings, etc., of nominations, nor dance common. This dance was only a development of the old tortions, in which gregation took meeting of to- and quiet as the other denomina- no preacher, but dresses the con- impulse prompts Hymns are sung, tion of their hymn book reveals none but what might be sung with propriety in any liberal church.



HARRIET MARCH.

is the case at the meetings, etc., of nominations, nor dance common. only a develop- gestures and con- the whole con- part. The Shaker day is as orderly meeting of any tion. They have each one ad- gregation as the him or her. and an examina-

The idea of communistic living is as old as history itself. When the Shakers declared against matrimony and for a life of celibacy, brotherly love for all men, unselfishness, and constant working one for another, the communistic idea naturally appeared the ideal one, and such experience has proved it to be.

To understand the system by which the Shakers live one must bear in mind that the one object in a Shaker's life is to do for others, and also the fact that every action of every member of the community is purely voluntary. If a person feels that he wishes to become a Shaker, and that he has faith in the belief of the



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Shakers, he must, before he will be received, pay all just debts that he may owe, and must, as far as may be possible, make reparation for any injury he may ever have done any one else. Should the applicant be a married person, he or she will not be received without the full and free consent of the other person, or a legal separation; and should it be the husband who wishes to take up the faith, he must give to his wife, whether divorced or not, a just share of his property. Theoretically, if a person is so bound by social ties and duties, family cares, etc., that he cannot leave the world and join his life to a community, he may, as long as he leads a true and pure life, according to the Shaker belief, be received as one of the belief, may call upon the elders and others for spiritual aid, all the while residing with his family and attending to his own worldly affairs. Practically, such a life is almost impossible.

If a person be able to retire personally from the world, but has interests which prevent the total giving up of self and property to the Shaker life to the exclusion of all other ties, he may join a novitiate family, such as the upper Canterbury community. Such a family is under the direction of elders and eldresses of the church family, and there the novitiate can pass his life, or any part of it during which he may be unable to reach the higher life of a church family. It is desired and customary for a novice to

deed the use of his property to the family with which he resides : but this is neither compulsory, nor is it urged upon him. If it is done, absolute possession and management are retained over the principal, only the interest being turned over to the trustees of the family. The novice must, however, sign a legal agreement not to present a claim against the family for work done or services rendered while a member of it, and he must also agree to leave the family if requested to by the elders. Any novice may return to the world at any time that he sees fit, and these agreements are simply for the protection of the family.

Those who have given up their life and property to the Lord's work, as understood by Shakers, form what are known as "church families." All such deed over their property to the trustees of the family which they may join, and sign a covenant devoting themselves to a godly life. They agree that they will never put in a claim for services rendered while in the family, nor for any property they may have devoted to the common interests.

A person who wishes to become a member of a church family may live with such a family as long as he may desire by taking the same covenant as if he were entering a novitiate family, and then may give his time and attention to the study of the life until such time as he may see fit to sign the church covenant. Such a person is said to be a "junior." The true aim of every earnest and honest life is to be as near perfection as is possible, and so every novitiate or junior is supposed to be working towards membership of the church family. In everything a person's acts are voluntary, and are urged upon him by no one.

The ranks of the Shakers are recruited by converts from the outside world, although no active efforts at proselyting are made, or from the children whom the Shakers bring up and educate. Almost any child may find a home with the Shakers, if their conditions will allow of the taking of one more. Such children are brought up by kindness only, any child who cannot be guided by loving and patient effort being sent back whence it comes. As they grow up they may choose to become Shakers or not, as they wish ; and as a matter of fact, by far the greater number take advantage of their good education and training to go forth into the battle of the world, leaving the home and kind friends behind

them. At present the number of Shakers in this country is on the decrease; but the belief is, that a wave of conversion to the belief will sooner or later come, as has been the case many times before.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A Domestic Story of the Forties.

BY JONAS LIE.

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

IV.

The year had turned. It was as long after Christmas as the middle of February.

In the evening the captain was sitting, with two candles in tin candle-sticks, smoking and reading "Hermoder." At the other end of the table the light was used by Joergen, who was studying his lessons; he must worry out the hours that had been assigned, whether he knew the lessons or not.

The frosty panes shone almost as white as marble in the moonlight, which printed the whole of a pale window on the door panel in the lower, unlighted end of the sitting-room.

Certainly there were bells!

Joergen raised his head, covered with coarse, yellow hair, from his book. It was the second time he had heard them, far away on the hill; but, like the sentinels of Haakon Adelstensfostres at the beacon, of whom he was just reading, he did not dare to jump up from his reading and give the alarm until he was sure.

"I think there are bells on the road," he gently remarked, "far off."

"Nonsense! attend to your lesson."

But, notwithstanding he pretended as if he were deeply absorbed in the æsthetic depths of "Hermoder," the captain also sat with open ears.

"The trader's bells—they are so dull and low," Joergen put in again.

"If you disturb me again, Joergen, you shall hear the bells about your own ears."

The trader Oejseth was the last one the captain could think of wishing at the farm. He kept writing and writing after those paltry thirty dollars of his, as if he believed he should lose them. "H'm! h'm!" He grew somewhat red in the face, and read on, determined not to see the man before he was standing in the room.

The bells plainly stopped before the door.

"H'm! h'm!"

Joergen moved uneasily.

"If you move off the spot, boy, I'll break your arms and legs in pieces!" foamed the captain, now red as copper. "Sit—sit still and read!"

He intended also to sit still himself. That scoundrel of a trader—he should fasten his horse himself at the door-steps, and help himself as he could.

"I hear them talking—Great-Ola."

"Hold your tongue!" said the captain in a murderous deep bass, and with a pair of eyes fixed on his son as if he could eat him.

"Yes; but, father, it is really"——

A pull on his forelock and a box on the ears sent him across the floor.

"The doctor," roared Joergen.

The truth of his martyrdom was established in the same moment, because the low, square form of the military doctor appeared in the door.

His fur coat was all unbuttoned, and the tip of his long scarf trailed behind him on the threshold. He held his watch out:

"What time is it?"

"Now then, may the devil take your body and soul to hell, where you long ago belonged, if it isn't you, Rist!"

"What time is it? I say—Look!"

"And here I go and lick Joergen for—well, well, boy, you shall be excused from your lesson and can ask for syrup on your porridge this evening. Out to ma, and tell her Rist is here."

The captain opened the kitchen door: "Hullo, Marit! Siri! a girl in here to pull off the doctor's boots! All the diseases of the country are in your clothes."

"What time is it, I say—can you see?"

"Twenty-five minutes of seven."

"Twenty-one miles in two hours and a quarter—from Joelstad here, with my bay!"

The doctor had got his fur coat off. The short, muscular man, with broad face and reddish-gray whiskers, stood there in a fur cap, swallowed up in a pair of long travelling boots.

"No, no," he exclaimed to the girl, who was making an effort to pull them off. "Oh, listen, Jaeger; will you go out and feel of the bay's hind leg, if there is a wind-gall? He began to stumble a little, just here on the hill, I thought, and to limp."

"He has very likely interfered." The captain eagerly grabbed his hat from the clavicorn and went with him.

Outside by the sleigh they stood, thin clothed in the severe frost, and felt over the hamstring and lifted up the left hind foot of the bay. For a final examination, they went into the stable.



A VALDER'S STORE-HOUSE.

When they came out there was a thorough, wild dispute.

"I tell you, you might just as well have said he had glanders in his hind legs. If you are not a better judge in curing men than you are of horses, I wouldn't give four shillings for your whole medical examination."

"That brown horse of yours, Jaeger—that is a strange fodder he takes. Does n't he content himself with crib-splinters?" retorted the doctor, slyly bantering.

"What? Did you see that, you—knacker?"

"Heard it, heard it; he gnawed like a saw there in the crib. He has cheated you unmercifully—that man from Filtvedt, you know."

"Oh, oh, in a year he will be tall enough for a cavalry horse. But this I shall concede, it was a good trade when you got the bay for sixty-five."

"Sixty and a binding dram, not a doit more. But I would not sell him, if you offered me a hundred on the spot."

Ma was waiting in her parlor.

Now, it was Aslak, of Vaelta, who had cut his foot last Thursday hewing timber—ma had bandaged him—and then Anders, who lived in the cottage, was in a lung fever. The deacon of the church had been there and bled him; six children up in that hut—not good if he should be taken away.

"We will put a good Spanish-fly blister on his back, and, if that does not make him better, then a good bleeding in addition."

"He came near fainting the last time," suggested ma, thoughtfully.

"Bleed—bleed—it is the blood which must be got away from the chest, or the inflammation will make an end of him. I will go and see him to-morrow morning—and for Thea's throat, camphor oil and a piece of woollen cloth, and to bed to sweat—and a good spoonful of castor-oil to-night—you can also rub the old beggar woman about the body with camphor, if she complains too much. I will give you some more."

After supper the old friend of the house sat with his pipe and his glass of punch at one end of the sofa, and the captain at the other. The red tint of the doctor's nose and cheeks was not exclusively to be attributed to the passage from the cold to the

snug warmth of the room. He had the reputation of rather frequently consoling his bachelorhood with the ardent.

They had talked themselves tired about horses and last year's reminiscences of the camp, and had now come to more domestic affairs.

"The news, you see, is blown here both from the city and the West; old Aunt Allette wrote before Christmas that the governor's wife has found out she must drive with both snaffle and curb."

"I thought so," said the doctor, chewing his mouthpiece. "The first thing of importance in managing is to study the nature of the beast; and Inger-Johanna's is to rear; she must be treated gently."

"And that sister-in-law never believed that so much inborn stuff could grow up in the wild mountain region."

The captain began to puff impatiently. Ma would surely sometime get through with the dishes and be ready, so he could get to his daughter's letters.

"You can believe he is a real pelican, that old judge down in Ryfylke! Onders and bellows—keeps them both in the office and in the house. I wonder if he won't sometime apply for an office somewhere else; for that is what he threatens to do every time he sees an office vacant, Thinka writes."

"Let us have the letters, ma, and my spectacles," he exclaimed, when she came in.

"The first is of November, so you shall hear about your God-daughter's coming to the governor's, Rist."

He hummed over a part of the beginning and then read,—

"When Great-Ola put my baggage inside the street door, I almost wanted to seat myself in the cariole and drive the three days home again; but then at once I thought, Best to march straight on, as father says! I went past the servant and inside of the hall door. It was very light there, and a great many outside garments and hats and caps were hanging on the pegs, and twice two servant girls flew through, with trays and teacups without troubling themselves about me in the least. But I thought that the one who had come up in the midst of this was your beloved daughter. My outside garments were off in a jiffy; I knocked once, twice, three times. I was hardly conscious of

myself, so I gently turned the latch. Thank heaven, there was no one there. There was another door with a portière, which I only needed to shove a little aside, and then—I was plunged right into the midst of it. Nay, how shall I describe it. It was a corner room that I had entered: there was only mahogany furniture and upholstered easy chairs, and pictures in gilded frames over the sofa; the other pictures were in dark frames; but I did not see a doir of all that, for I thought at first that it was dark. But it was n't dark at all. There was just a shade over the astral lamp on the table, and neither more nor less than a whole company. There in the lion's den on the sofa in the corner the married ladies and others were sitting, drinking tea.

"I stood there in the middle of the floor, and the reddish brown linsey woolsey, I believed, could surely defend itself.

"‘Aunt Zittow,’ I ventured.

"‘Who is it?—what? Can it be my dear Inger-Johanna? My husband's niece!’ was what was said from the table. ‘You have come just like a wild mountain rose, child, with the rain still on your face—and so cold!’ as she touched me. But I saw very well that she had her eye on my dress. I am sure it is too long in the waist, I thought; that is what I said at home. But then I forgot the whole dress, for it was indeed my aunt, and she embraced me and said, ‘You are heartily welcome, my dear child! I think now a cup of good hot tea will do her good, Jomfru Joergensen,—and will you ask Mina to put her room in order upstairs!’ And then she seated me on a soft cushioned chair by the side of the wall.

"There I sat in the twilight, with a teacup in my lap, and biscuits—how I got them I cannot remember,—and thought, is it I or not I, here?

"At first it was not easy to see those who sat about in the soft stuffed chairs; what I saw nearest to me was a piece of a foot, with spurs and a broad red stripe along the side, which rocked up and down the whole time. Now and then a head with a fine lace cap bobbed up into the light to put down a cup or to replenish it. The lampshade made just a round ring in the room, not a foot from the table.

"Oh, how warm and delicate it was!

"In the light under the astral lamp shade, aunt was sitting,

bowed down over a little black contrivance with the image of a negro on it, and was burning pastiles; her hair, on both sides of her forehead, was made into stiff, grayish curls.

"The bright, shining tea-kettle was standing singing over the beautiful blue cups of that old Copenhagen porcelain, of which you have four pairs, in the cabinet, which came from grandmother's. I could not help looking all the time on aunt's face, with the great earrings showing through the lace. I thought the antique tea-kettle, which is like a vase or urn, resembled her so much, with the haughty stiff curve of her chin! It was just as if they belonged together from—I do n't know from what time, it could not be from the time of the creation, I suppose. And then when the conversation among them came to a stand and it was still as if there was not a human being there, the machine puffed and snorted as it were with aunt's fine Danish twist to the R: *Arvet!* *Arvet!* (inherited)—and in between it bubbled Zittow, von Zittow. That was what you told me mother, about the Danish Zittow, who was diplomatist in Brussels, that was buzzing in me.'"

"The young one! she has got it in her blood," whinnied the doctor.

"But it really did not look as if aunt thought there was any hurry about seeing uncle. And then when aunt sent Jomfru Joergensen with some tea into the next room, where they were playing cards, I at once asked if I could be allowed to go with her.

"With all my heart, my child, it would be a shame to tax your patience any longer. And then, Jomfru Joergensen, take our little traveller up to her room, and see that she has something to eat and then can go to bed.' But I saw very plainly that she pulled the lampshade down by the side I was going, that I thought of afterwards.

"What? what? what?' said my uncle: you should have seen him gaze at me. He looked so much like you, mother, about the forehead and eyes that I threw my arms around his neck.

"He held me before him with his arms stretched out. 'But really I think it is Aunt Elenore all over! Well, well, now do n't fancy you are such a beauty!'

"That was the reception.

"Shortly after I was lying in bed in my elegant little blue

room, with curtains with long fringes. There were pastiles on the stove, and just think, Jomfru Joergensen called me Miss! almost undressed me and put me down in all the soft down quilts.

"There I lay and thought it all over, and became hotter and hotter in my head and face, till at last it seemed as if I was thumping in the cariole with Svarten and Ola."

"No, the cariole came home again empty," said the captain with a sigh.

"Look out if you don't get her at Gilje again in a carriage," added the doctor.

"She was so handsome, Rist," exclaimed the captain, quite moved. "It seems as if I see her, standing there in the middle of the floor at brother-in-law's, with her heavy black hair dressed up on her neck. From the time when she used to run about here, with the three long braids down her back, it was as if she developed into a swan all at once, when she came to dress in the clothes of a fully grown person—You remember her on confirmation day, Rist?"

"But, dear Jaeger," said ma, trying to subdue him.

The captain cautiously unfolded a letter, closely written on a large sheet of letter paper.

"And now you shall hear; this is dated January 23d."

"The money which I brought with me—"

"Well, well——"

"The bill of Larson for——"

"You can certainly skip over to the next page," remarked ma with a certain emphasis.

"Well, yes, hm, hm,—mere trifles—here it is."

"To think that father, nor you also, mother, cannot see my two new dresses! Aunt is inconceivably good. It is impossible to walk any other way than beautifully in this kind of shoes: and that aunt says I do; it is just as if you always felt a dancing floor under your feet. And yesterday aunt gave me a pair of polished sandals with buckles on the ankles. Did you ever hear of such! Yes—I kissed her for that, too, this time; she could say what she liked. For you must know, she says, that the first rule of life for a lady is a kind of confident, reserved repose, which, however, may be cordial! I have it naturally, aunt says, and only need to

cultivate it. I am going to learn to play on the piano, and go through a regular course of lessons in dancing.

"Aunt is so extremely good to me, but only she will have the windows shut when I want them open. Of course I don't mean in the sitting room, where they have pasted themselves in with double panes, but up in my own room. Just fancy, first double windows and then stuffy curtains, and then all the houses, which are near us across the street; you can't breathe and it is of great use to air out the rooms by the two upper panes twice a day!

"Aunt says that I shall gradually get accustomed to the city air. But I don't see how I can, when I never get acquainted with it. Not once during the whole winter have I had my finger ache! We go out for a short drive in the forenoon, and then I go with aunt in the shops in the afternoon, and that is the whole of it. And you can believe it is quite another thing to go out here than at home; when I only just jump over a little pile of snow, shovelled up in order to get into the sleigh more quickly, aunt said that everyone could instantly see manners of my state of nature, as she always says. For all the movements I make, I might just as well have chains on both legs, like the prisoners we see some days in the fort.

"And now aunt wants me not to go barefooted on the floor of my chamber. Nay, you should have seen her horror when I told her how Thinka and I, at the time of the breaking up of the ice last year, waded across the mill stream in order to avoid the round-about way by the bridge! At last I got her to laughing with me. But I certainly believe that the pair of elegant slippers with swans-down on them, which stuck out of a package this morning, are for me! You see now, it is into them, nevertheless, that my sweet little will must be put."

"She is on her guard lest they should want to put a halter about her neck," mumbled the doctor.

Ma sighed deeply.

"Such sweet small wills like so much to grow into great ones, and"—again a sigh—"women don't get on in the world with that."

The doctor looked meditatively down into his glass:

"One of woman's graces is flexibility, they say; but on the

other hand, she is called 'proud maiden' in the ballad. There is something like a contradiction in that."

"Oh, the devil! Divide them into two platoons. It is mostly the ugly who get to be pliable," said the captain.

"Beauty now does not last so very long, and so it is best to think of the years when one has to be accommodating," remarked ma, down in her knitting work.

"The French is done in a twinkling," continued the captain, reading the letter, "I am always ready with that before breakfast, and aunt is so contented with my pronunciation; but then the piano comes from nine to eleven. Ugh! only exercises; and then aunt receives calls. And then guess who came day before yesterday? No one else than Student Grip. It was just as if I must have known him ever so well, and liked him even better, so glad was I at last to see anyone who knew about us at home. But just think, I am not entirely certain if he did not try to dictate to aunt; and then he had the boldness to look at me as if I should agree with him. Aunt helped him to a place in uncle's office, because she heard that he had passed such an excellent examination and was so gifted, but had almost nothing from home to study on."

"I ventured my three dollars on him— But how the fellow could manage to take such high honors passes my comprehension," threw out the captain.

"But he repaid them all right, Jaeger, with postage and everything."

The captain held the letter up to the light again,

"And then aunt thought he would be the better for a little polish in his ways, and enjoined him to come to fortnightly receptions; she likes to see young people about her; but he let aunt see that he regarded that as a command and compulsion. And now he came in fact to make a sort of excuse. But how they talked!

"'Well, then, we shall see you again at some of our Thursday evenings?' said aunt.

"'Your ladyship certainly remembers the occasion of my remaining away. It was my ill-bred objections to the seven unanimous teacups which gave supreme judgment in your celebrated small tea-fights.'

“‘See, see, see,’ aunt smiled. ‘I can’t really be wrong when I say that you are really made for social life; there is need just there for all one’s best sides.’

“‘All one’s smoothest, your ladyship means.’

“‘Well, well, no falling back, Mr. Grip, if I may dare to ask.’

“‘I did my best, your ladyship; for I really thought all one’s most mendacious.’

“‘Now you are in the humor of contradiction again; and there one gets entangled so easily, you know.’

“‘I only think that when one does not agree with what is said, and keeps silent, one lies.’

“‘Then people offer up to good form, without which no social intercourse can exist.’

“‘Yes, what do they offer up? Truth?’

“‘Perhaps more correctly a little of their vanity, an opportunity of exhibiting some bright and shining talent; that tempts young men greatly, I believe.’

“‘Possible, not impossible at any rate,’ he admitted.

“‘Do you see? But then aunt said, for she never abandons her text: ‘A little good manners is not out of place; and when I see a bright young student stand talking with his hands in his pockets, or riding backwards on a chair, then, whether the one concerned takes my motherly candour ill or not, I always try by a little nod to adjust the defects in his education.’

“‘You should have seen him! Hands out of his pockets, and at once he sat up before her, as straight as a candle.

“‘If all were like your ladyship, I would recommend making calls,’ said he, for you are an honest woman.’

“‘Woman! We say, lady.’

“‘I mean an honest governor’s lady; besides, I do n’t at all say a good natured!’ and then he shook that great brown lock of hair down over his forehead.

“‘I do not need to wish for any portrait of you, for I lie thinking, in the evenings, that I am at home. I see father so plainly, walking up and down the room whistling, and then starting off up the office stairs; and I pull your hair, Joergen! and poke your head down into the geography, so that I get you after me, and we run round, in one door and out another, up and down in the house.

Nay, I yearn horribly at times. But I must not let aunt see that : it would be ungrateful. She does not believe that one can exist anywhere but in a city.

"And then there are a great lot of things which I have been obliged to draw a black mark through, because I do n't at all understand them. Only think, mother ! Aunt says, that in case of need it is indeed allowable to say that we have cows at home : but I must not presume to say that any one of them has a calf ! I would like to know how they think we get new cows, when we kill the old ones for Christmas ?"

Here the captain interpolated some inarticulate noises. But an expression of anxiety came over ma's face, and she said faintly :

"That is because we unfortunately have not been able to keep the children sufficiently out of the servants' room, and from every thing they have from the people."

"You see, madam," declared the doctor, "that in the city people are so proper that a hen hardly dares to lay eggs—It is only the products of the efforts of the land that they are willing to recognize, I can tell you."

"No," the captain put in, "it is not advisable for a poor mare to be so indiscreet as to have a foal there."

His wife coughed gently and made an errand to her sewing table.

——Ma had been gone upstairs for more than an hour, and the clock was getting on towards twelve.

The captain and the doctor were now sitting somewhat stupidly over the heeltaps in their mugs, a little like the burning-out tallow candles, which stood with neglected wicks, almost burned down into the sockets and running down.

"Keep your bay, Rist. Depend on me—he has got to get up early, who takes me in on a horse—with my experience, you see. All the cavalry horses I have picked out in my time !"

The doctor only sat, looking down into his glass.

"You are thinking of the cribber," said the captain, getting into a passion ; "but that was the most rascally villainy—pure cheating. So, he might have been taken into court for that—But, as I tell you, keep your bay."

"I have become a little tired of him, you see."

"See there, see there,—but that is your own fault and not the

bay's, my boy. You are always tired of the beast you have. If you should count all the horses you have swapped for, it would be a rare stable."

"They spoiled him for driving when he was a colt; he is one-sided, he is."

"That's all bosh. I should cure him of that in a fortnight, with a little breaking to harness."

"Oh, I am tired of sitting and pulling and hauling on one rein, to keep him out of the side of the ditch; if it were not for that the beast should never go out of my hand. No, had it been only that he made a few splinters in the crib."

The captain assumed a thoughtful expression; he leaned against the back of the sofa and gave two or three deep strong pulls on his pipe.

"But my brunen is nothing at all to talk about—little gnawing only—with the one eye tooth."

"Nay, my bay also gives way only on one side of the road."

Again two or three sounding puffs. The captain gave his wig a poke.

"If there is any one who could cure him of that, it is certainly I."

Dense smoke poured out of his pipe.

Over in his corner of the sofa the doctor began to clean his out.

"Besides, my brunen is a remarkably kind animal—roars a little on the crib down in the stall—a horse can hardly have less fault, and then so thoroughly easy on the rein—knows if one only touches it—so extremely sensitive in his mouth—a regular beauty to drive on the country road."

"Ye-s, ye-s; have nothing against that, fine animal!"

"Look here, Rist! All things considered, that was a driving horse for you—stands so obediently, if one just lays the rein over his back."

"Swap off the bay, do you mean?" pondered the doctor, in a doubting tone;—"had n't really thought of that." He shook his head—"Only I can't understand why he is so stiff on one rein."

"No, my boy; but I can understand it."

"If you are only not cheated in that, Jaeger—trade is trade now, you know."

"I cheated? ha, ha, ha!" The captain shook with laughter and with quiet consciousness. "Done, boy! we will swap."

"You are rather quick on the rein, Jaeger."

"Always my nature, you see—to get the thing closed up at once, on the nail. And so we will take a drink to close the bargain," shouted the captain eagerly; he pulled his wig awry, and sprang up.

"Let us see if ma has some cognac in the closet."

——What sort of a trick was it the horse had?

The captain was wholly absorbed in breaking the bay to harness. The horse turned his head to the right, and kept over on the side of the road just as far as he could for the rein. It was impossible to find any reason for it.

This morning he had broken off one of the trace pins by driving against the gate post. Was it possible that he was afraid of a shadow? That was an idea!—and the captain determined to try him in the moonlight that evening.

When he came down to the stable after dinner, he saw a wonderful sight.

Great-Ola had taken the bay out of his stall, and was standing shaking his fist against the horse's forehead.

"Well, I have tried him every way, captain, but he does n't wink, not even if I broke his skull with the back of an axe—he does n't move! And only see how he jumps!" He raised his hand towards the other side of the horse's head.

"But in his left eye he is as blind as a shut cellar door."

The captain stood a while without saying a word; the veins on his forehead swelled up blue, and his face became as red as the collar on his uniform coat.

"Well, then."

In a rage he gave Ola a box on his ears. "Are you standing there threatening the horse, you dog?"

When Ola was feeding the horse at night, the captain went into the stall. He took the lantern and let it shine on the bay.

"No use to cure you of going into the ditch—See there, Ola, take that shilling, so that you at all events may profit by it."

Ola's broad face lighted up with cunning.

"The doctor must provide himself with planks, for the one he got ate up three two-inch planks while we had him."

"Look here, Ola," nodded the captain, "it is not worth while to let him hear anything but that he can see with both eyes here with us."

———When Great-Ola, in breaking-up time in spring, was driving a load of wood home from the Gilje ridge, he was obliged to turn out on a snow-drift for Dr. Rist, who was coming in a sleigh from the North.

"Driving with the bay, I see? Has the captain got him so that he's all right? Does he cling just as hard to the side of the road?"

"No, of course not. The captain was the one to make that all right. He is no more one-sided now than I am."

"As if I was going to believe that, you liar," mumbled the doctor, while he whipped his horse and drove on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN PARKER HALE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Whoever has obtained a glimpse of the private papers left by Senator John P. Hale, has been impressed with the interesting character of many incidents of his life hitherto unknown to the public. If Col. Daniel Hall, whose eulogy upon Mr. Hale at the unveiling of his statue in Concord, on August 2, 1892, has been so widely read and so highly commended, should conclude to prepare a biography of Mr. Hale, or, rather, a history of the times of the great anti-slavery pioneer, as the masterpiece of his literary work, he would find abundant material for illustrating Mr. Hale's private life and public career in the mass of correspondence and other papers which are preserved in the family home at Dover. We are allowed to give one or two illustrations.

The *Independent Democrat* was started at Manchester, May 1, 1845, by Robert C. Wetmore, and was removed to Concord, July 3 of the same year. After the Free Soil and Whig victory of

1846, and Mr. Hale's election as United States senator, the parties responsible for the expenses of this newspaper venture proposed to settle all arrears and to place the paper, if possible, on a permanent basis. There is among Mr. Hale's papers a statement of the assets and indebtedness as follows:

Due and unpaid from subscribers (considered good) June	
4th, 1846, about	\$500.00
Do. Do. from advertisers, about	30.00
Value of type, furniture, etc.,	550.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,080 00

Due Daniel Young, \$300. Interest, \$20 . . .	\$320.00	
“ S. F. Wetmore,	64.00	
“ N. D. Wetmore,	465.00	
“ Isaac Flagg, Exeter,	56.00	
“ Peabody and Daniell,	80.00	
“ for press work, about	40.00	
“ to compositors,	40.00	
“ sundry accounts (postage, etc.),	25.00	
“ services R. C. Wetmore 13 mos., \$550.00		
less this am't rec'd by him, 360.00	190.00	
	<hr/>	1,280.00
Rent,	\$20.00	
Express,	10.00	30.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
		\$1,310.00

The deficit of \$230 was undoubtedly made good, and a new leaf turned over. The exhibit is interesting, as showing the humble beginning of the *Independent Democrat* and the small expenditure which it required to support a newspaper in those comparatively primitive days of political controversy.

Up to 1845 Mr. Hale's devotion to the Democratic party was ardent, and he was disposed to palliate slavery in order to preserve the Union. He canvassed the state in 1844 for Polk and Dallas, and only broke away from the party when it appeared that the real purpose had been to bring in Texas wholly slave, instead of half slave and half free, territory. But before this he had entered into the fight in the national house of representatives for the right of petition, and there were not wanting in his private

letters many evidences that he early grew restive under the arrogance of the slave power. This feeling, mingled with such zealous partisanship as was to be expected in a young Democratic leader of his party at the age of thirty-five years, is manifested in an interesting letter, which he wrote to Senator Franklin Pierce as follows :

CONCORD, N. H., Aug. 24, 1841.

FRIEND PIERCE :

I want to make a few suggestions to you in regard to the appointment of U. S. Attorney for this district. I see by the papers that it is possible, not to say probable, that the nomination of Joel Eastman will not be confirmed. So far as I am concerned personally, I regret it, and I cannot see that any good is to accrue to the Democratic party from such a result. When I entered into the last canvass, earnestly and zealously as I did, it was with my eyes open to the consequences to myself which must follow a defeat. I had no expectation, and I can truly say no hope, of holding the small office I then had if the Democratic party were defeated. Consequently my removal, promptly as it was made, was neither unexpected nor regretted under the circumstances. Of my successor, Mr. Eastman, I know nothing to make me regret that he was the successful candidate for the place. I had known him for quite a number of years as a member of the same county bar, and my acquaintance with him had been of a friendly character. I have no doubt that a rejection would be very mortifying to his feelings, and I am not aware of any circumstance in his life which should render it desirable to inflict such a wound upon his feelings, unless some good is to result to the party or the country from such a step.

I cannot myself see that such would be the case. I have no sympathy for those hollow-hearted, hypocritical politicians at the South, who turn up their noses with such horror at anything savoring of Abolition in a northern man, who voted for General Harrison as president, knowing as they did, that he was emphatically the Abolition candidate. I believe the Abolitionists here literally and truly hope for Eastman's rejection, thinking that they would make political capital out of it.

I of course do not pretend to advise you as to what course you may deem it your duty to take in the premises, you being on the ground and knowing all the facts pertinent to the question ; but in the confidence of private friendship I have written you my views. I have no feelings of resentment against Mr. Eastman to be gratified, I hope his nomination will be confirmed. I can only say, as at present advised, that were I a

Saturday

Hon. S. P. Hall,

My dear Sir,

If I am unnecessarily sensitive to reflection, I trust it is accompanied by an equal unwillingness to wound the feelings of another, and I wish to assure you of my regret at having under misapprehension used harsh language towards you to-day; and to propose that all the language of that character and every thing connected therewith be erased from the report of this days debate.

If this be agreeable to you, append to this your approval of this suggestion and send it to Mr. Sutton as authority to him for making such alteration.

Very Respectfully y^{rs}.

Jeff. Davis

I agree to this
S. P. Hall

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FRIEND PIE

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Democratic senator in congress I should say to southern Whigs: Gentlemen, this is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. It is too small game, after having been so subservient to the Abolitionists as to take their candidate for president, to show your spleen upon such a small affair as a petty office of \$300 or \$400 in a dark corner of New Hampshire. Excuse the liberty I have taken in making these suggestions. If you deem them of the least consequence, you are at liberty to submit them to any of your friends.

With much respect, very truly your friend,

JOHN P. HALE.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the foregoing letter is the nobleness of character which is revealed in Mr. Hale. He disliked to lose his district attorneyship. He was indignant at the election of Harrison by southern pro-slavery Whigs. He was thoroughly a Democratic partisan, although his mind was beginning to rebel against slavery's dominion. But he despised, as he had from boyhood, petty revenges, and was not willing to have his Whig successor as district attorney, Joel Eastman, of Conway, pained and humiliated, as he might have been, by a partisan Democratic senate. So he wrote his manly protest to Senator Pierce. Eastman was confirmed, and doubtless never knew of the spontaneous outburst of kindness for which he was indebted to John P. Hale. But Mr. Hale's admirers will recognize and appreciate, as befitting the man they loved, his revolt at any narrow movement needlessly to wound the feelings of an honorable political opponent.

Even the pro-slavery Democrats in the senate, who at first made up their minds to ostracise Mr. Hale and to treat him as an Ishmaelite, outside of any healthy political organization, soon changed their tactics, and most of them came to be fond of Mr. Hale and always to be courteous in their demeanor towards him. On one occasion, Jefferson Davis, having used harsh words towards him, was met by Mr. Hale with a spirited reply; and afterwards Mr. Davis made an advance towards honorable amends, which Mr. Hale accepted with the utmost good will. The incident is shown by the accompanying letter.

A search in the *Congressional Record* does not disclose the debate in which the foregoing encounter took place. Mr. Davis

was still chairman of the military committee, and reported the army appropriation bill and defended it and secured its passage, and he and Mr. Hale debated this and other measures during the same period. There is, however, no unerring indication of the discussion in which the controversy arose, the record of which Mr. Davis expunged with Mr. Hale's consent. The agreement was doubtless returned to Mr. Hale by the reporter, after he had made the expurgation agreed upon. The letter is creditable both to Mr. Davis and to Mr. Hale.

W. E. C.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FRED GOWING,

State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Concord, N. H.

CRITICISM—ITS USE AND ABUSE IN TEACHING READING.

MISS L. P. SHEPARD,

Principal Nashua Training School.

The benefit that always comes from the right use of criticism, and the harm that as surely follows its wrong use, both depend upon the teacher's idea of the work a true critic has to do. Too often her conception of the nature of a criticism is most narrow and one-sided, in so far as it concerns any school work. In a criticism of a new book, or of an artist's last effort in music or painting, we expect to read of both the excellencies and faults, and even of the apparent cause of each. We know that to *criticise*, both from the derivation of the word and its best use, is to discern, and to judge with knowledge and fairness, of the beauties and faults of any production. And yet the teacher's work as a critic has been so misconceived, so limited and belittled, that there is danger that we lose sight of its most helpful part, and

think that her work is only to discern all faults and to point them out to every listener.

In the teaching of no other subject does this kind of criticism produce more harmful results than in reading; in no other kind of work may a teacher show more ignorance of human nature. The very object for which she works, namely, that the pupil may have power to get and express the author's thought freely and naturally, is often lost through anxiety to escape criticism in the minor points.

Let us keep in mind, then, what a criticism is, in its best and broadest meaning. Let us remember that its object is always improvement, its spirit that of helpfulness, and that we ourselves are most helped in our work by one who sees, yes, mentions, the good as well as the fault, and in a kindly way suggests what may be the cause of the failure.

The following suggestions may be helpful in deciding what to criticise in the reading lesson and how to criticise it.

a. Let the criticism be consistent with the teacher's idea of what reading is. If reading is the power to get and express thought, the judgment of the teacher should first be made upon that point, not upon the position of the body, the omission of an unimportant word, or even upon a wrong pronunciation, except as that has hindered the expression of the thought. Good position, articulation, pronunciation, etc., must not be neglected; neither must they be allowed to prevent the self-composure and confidence necessary to good reading.

Correct such faults by drill exercises, given before the reading begins. Such work has an important province, but must not be called reading.

b. From the kind of criticism made, the pupils will form their idea of what reading is. The thought to be expressed, even in the simplest sentence, should always be kept prominently before their minds. The best criticism that can be made upon the mere pronunciation of words is, "That is not reading." The principal cause of poor reading in all grades is the close attention given to words, and for this the teacher's unwise criticism is often responsible.

c. Decide what is the most serious fault of the class, and get

the children to work together to correct it. One is surprised at the marvellous results which follow a united effort to accomplish any clearly conceived object. Let the minor faults go until this one thing is gained.

d. Let each child know his especial fault, and teacher and pupil work together to correct it. A word of caution before reading accomplishes more than many words of criticism given afterward.

e. Do not neglect to encourage the pupil by a word of commendation for the effort which he made, if for nothing more. Let him have the courage that comes from knowing that his reading was good in at least one thing.

f. Never give mechanical rules or criticisms. To tell a child to emphasize a certain word, or to let his voice rise or fall at any point, are harmful and useless rules. Correct emphasis naturally follows any effort to express the right meaning. Punctuation marks are inserted only to help us to get the meaning of the author.

g. Never interrupt a child when reading.

h. Criticisms given by the children are of little value. They consume valuable time, and seldom are helpful in their nature.

These thoughts upon the best use of criticism are not peculiar to reading. All that is good in them grows out of these two truths: First, that in every line of work our ability to eradicate the evil consists in our ability to get in the good, and that any earnest effort made towards excellence is thereby lessening the tendency to an opposite fault; second, that children are like ourselves in what they work for and in the motives by which they act. Only by honest self-examination shall we find how to give the most helpful criticisms.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.

Preliminary training and preparation are essential to the best teaching. No system of institutes, actual or possible, can be a substitute for normal schools. Institutes may become good auxiliaries, especially if sessions extend over a considerable period of

time. More beneficial would they become, if courses could be graded and the work be made parallel with courses of reading pursued by clubs or individuals. It is the purpose of institutes in this state to arouse the spirit and confidence of teachers, to suggest the best methods in school work, to stimulate to self-improvement, and to kindle anew the educational fires in the community.

Institute instructors must, for the most part, confine themselves to lecturing rather than teaching, as the conditions are not right for model class exercises, and there is no suitable time for reproducing the teaching. But the instruction may be made clear, forcible, and sound. Opportunity is given for questioning and suggestion; and if teachers attend the institute with seriousness of purpose, help and stimulus invariably follows.

During the present year, about thirty single-day institutes will be held in New Hampshire. An attempt will be made to reach the smaller as well as the larger towns, and to aid the greatest possible number of teachers. Without going into the reasons for the change of plan, it is sufficient to say that school officers and teachers generally express approval by word and by increased attendance.

Supplementing this work, the Summer Institute of two weeks at Plymouth gives opportunity for systematic instruction on a broader basis. Plans are making for enlarging the scope of this institute, and for affording ampler facilities for better work than before.

The enthusiasm and diligence of those in attendance last year were highly gratifying. A large gathering is expected for next August, and before completing plans for the summer, teachers will do well to await the programme of the Second Annual Summer Institute.

FOR SCHOOL BOARDS.

SHALL THE TREASURER OF A DISTRICT BE OR NOT BE A MEMBER
OF THE SCHOOL BOARD?

This is a question that is constantly coming up, and one that the law is not explicit about. At the same time, it is being now

generally interpreted to mean that the treasurer shall not be a member of a school board of three. In a board of education consisting of more than three members, generally six, and sometimes nine, "the treasurer may without any impropriety be one of their own number." That it is illegal, however, to elect a treasurer from the school board, will have to be decided by the court.

CAN A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD TEACH IN HIS OWN TOWN?

There seems to be no question as to the illegality of such an action. The courts have decided that "the school board are the trustees of the district, and as such hold its funds and cannot hire themselves to teach, or otherwise contract with themselves." Nevertheless, it is true that in some instances the towns have requested a member to teach, and of course, under such circumstances, no action would be taken. At the same time, should any one person in the district object, the judicial interpretation of section 2, chapter 2, of the Public Statutes, would prevent a member of the school board from holding the position of teacher hired by said board.

THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
CONCORD, March 25, 1894.

We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

To the School Officers and Teachers of New Hampshire, Greeting:

Imposed upon us, as a duty and a privilege, is the training up of loyal and patriotic American citizens. To aid in this high purpose, it is well for us, upon peculiarly fit occasions, to impress upon the youth in our charge lessons of fidelity and love of country.

In accordance with the suggestion of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, I would urgently recommend the general celebration of MEMORIAL DAY in our schools by appropriate exercises. Let the public schools of our state unite with all patriotic bodies of men and women in honoring and cherishing the memory of those who gave their lives that the nation might live. May these children learn the

worth of the Union. May they learn, especially, from the lips of their country's defenders, how great was the cost in life and sacrifice to preserve these United States a nation.

May courage, honor, patriotism, and all virtues be abundant among us!

FRED GOWING,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

PATRIOTISM IN OUR SCHOOLS.—WAYS AND MEANS.

BY MISS MABEL HILL, ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, CONCORD.

If it be true, as is stated by the best authorities, that the free common-school system of this country be the greatest single power in the process which is producing a new American race; if, by means of a good common English education, the children of all nationalities are being united into one people, then no part of the world's history should be taught with greater interest or more profound study than that of our own government, the history of the United States. There should be infused into the hearts and minds of our boys and girls a noble patriotism, a love of country that shall speak for itself in better citizenship and by more intelligent political economy.

And to gain this result,—to teach the child to love and to be loyal to “the stars and stripes,”—he must be taught from the beginning the value of our privileges and the glory of our institutions. Indeed, he must be taught the spirit as well as the letter of our consistent policy of liberty, union, and conciliation. He must be made to see for himself the magnificent results that have been effected by a government which has always held in mind the one underlying fact that “all men are born equal.”

And with such a knowledge, with such a love of country made part of the child's very self, the future will not hold the scoffing student who, although he has mastered the most salient points of ancient and mediæval histories, yet has no knowledge of this republic, but turns aside with scorn from the records of our own land, our own speech, and our own people. But scorn is the outcome of an imperfect judgment oftentimes; and such a student is

not only narrow-minded, but he deserves to be "the man without a country."

And the keenly alive teacher must above all things feel, and make the pupil feel, that to-day's events make yesterday's history. The events that are occurring this very hour, and their importance, ought to be so explained in the school-room that no character shall be formed which shall be able to cope with the demands of our progressive government when the pupil meets them later in his career.

If, moreover, as we are being told constantly, it be part of the business of our schools to make good citizens; if the public school exist for the purpose of laying a foundation of civic knowledge that the coming manhood may be useful in society; if the very *history of the future* depends upon the character (of which I have just spoken) which is being formed to-day by our system of education, what great and emphatic need there is that each man and woman who attempts to teach the history of this nineteenth century should be an intelligent and high-minded enthusiast, one who feels it a privilege as well as a duty to urge forward a patriotism that can only be born of a thorough understanding of the facts and duties of our civil life!

The methods of investigation and the systems followed in most of our schools have been so clearly discussed that to suggest any plan for teaching United States history seems uncalled for; but I will suggest outside means which have proved successful in my own class-room and which have a tendency to further the interest, and, therefore, the enthusiasm, of the pupil:

I. Talk, discuss, debate in the recitation, allowing much incident and anecdote to be used by the children, provided it is the product of their own research. And in connection with present history, teach the pupil to read the daily newspaper, freely and intelligently talking of such matters as will enlighten the class regarding the issues of the hour.

II. Let there be an invigorating atmosphere of hero worship, if only for the sake of introducing the great personalities that mark, yes, make, the epochs in our country's story.

III. Permit the pupil's own inclination to lead you in deciding what line of research his outside reading shall take.

IV. Request the pupils to make out contemporaneous charts, also sets of important questions, which may be exchanged in the class, to be answered.

V. Oftentimes play the game of "twenty questions," or, if the class be large enough, make it "chumps." The quick thinking and quick questioning sharpen the mind, and the game proves a success from the first, varying the monotony of the daily routine, as well as being a most excellent means of looking into the details of a review.

VI. Let each pupil be committing to memory some of the stirring poems that refer to our past history. As the class progresses, these verses may be recited in the recitation, and the patriotic spirit of the poet will arouse a like feeling in the youthful orator.

VII. Start the making of linen scrap-books in the school-room. It is a simple matter to collect old pictorial papers and magazines, out of which may be cut the pictures of famous buildings, noted processions, and great men. These soon become familiar sights and faces to the children who handle them constantly.

VIII. An afternoon, or evening possibly, of historical tableaux gives a most delightful break into the teacher's work.

IX. One of the pleasantest features of my own class-work has been wrought by inviting a state hero or town veteran to visit the recitation and talk "war days." The pupils have not only listened with wide-opened eyes to the story of a battle, but they have plied the narrator with questions about the many technicalities of warfare and his life off duty.

X. And I have enjoyed yet another means in my Civil War class work that has a peculiar charm to me,—singing the beautiful old war songs, the ballads that rang out before the evening camp-fires, or swelled upon the wind, as "they rallied from the hillsides," or "gathered from the plain, shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

BY THE WAY.

One of a teacher's best helps is a patient love, not only of children, but of each particular child.

Brightness is an original gift; patient plodding is a virtue.

Give some of your approving smiles and encouragement to the dull but faithful "plodder."

Your duty is not to fashion all your pupils in one mould, but to train them so that each one may become the best that he is capable of becoming in his own best way.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

Henniker, from the time of its settlement to the present, has been famous for its musicians. Several have gone forth from there and attained high rank.



CHRISTOPHER C. GIBSON.

Christopher Columbus Gibson is probably the one possessing the widest reputation, and is conceded to be one of the best violinists in this country. When ten years old his father sent him to Boston and placed him under the instruction of Ostinelli, considered at that time the greatest performer upon the violin in America. He afterwards took lessons of Metz in Lowell. When thirteen his father died, leaving the cares of the family upon his hands, and many hours were taken from his sleep to practise on his violin. Mr. Gibson was much esteemed by Ole Bull, and enjoyed his

friendship until the death of that wizard of the violin. He walked from Henniker to Boston to hear Ole Bull on his first visit to America, and was invited by him to spend a season with him at

his home in Norway, but on account of having a life-long sick sister to care for, Mr. Gibson was unable to accept his kind invitation. Mr. Gibson made his first professional appearance in Tremont Temple, Boston, in 1853, and his reception was an ovation. He afterwards gave concerts in New York, Albany, Washington, and other large cities, being received everywhere with enthusiasm. From Col. L. W. Cogswell's History of Henniker we quote the following:

At the World's Peace Jubilee in Boston, in 1872, Mr. Gibson was the only first violinist from this state. At the close of the first week the orchestra was reduced in numbers, only the best performers being retained. Mr. Gibson was kept through the entire session. Many compliments were bestowed upon him by the master musicians of Europe. The people of Henniker always look forward to a concert given by Mr. Gibson, and it is needless to say that they get the full worth of their money. The most of his time now he devotes to teaching, and he has many pupils in the front rank.

After a rest of five years Keene again puts itself on record by her thirty-second annual musical festival. The meetings of the association previous to this last were not financially successful, but even with the depressed condition of the country the affair this year was a great success in every way. The chorus was made up of the most excellent material and was without doubt the best working chorus to be heard in the state this season. The music performed was "The Daughter of Jairus," by John Stainer, the 100th Psalm, by Lachner, "The Sirens," for female voices, by Harry Brooks Day, and miscellaneous works by Eaton Faning, Michael Watson, and others. Beedle's orchestra of Keene assisted, and did excellent work. The talent engaged was Mr. H. G. Blaisdell, conductor; Mrs. Richard Blackmore, Jr., soprano; Miss Hattie Woodbury Clarke, soprano; Miss Nellie Louise Woodbury, alto; Mr. Thos. L. Cushman, tenor; Mr. J. C. Bartlett, tenor; Mr. H. Carleton Slack, baritone; Mr. Ivan Morowski, basso; Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, pianist. The audiences were large and enthusiastic. Great credit is due the chairman of the executive committee, Mr. H. E. Lake, also the president, Hon.

W. P. Chamberlin, who labored long and earnestly that the results in every way might encourage future gatherings. The outcome was all the most sanguine dared hope for.

The first concert by the Rochester Choral Union on Wednesday evening, March 28, was a most decided success. The audience was large and enthusiastic, demonstrating the fact that the people of the young city are interested in the growth of art, and they will surely go on record as sustaining the largest—and, in some senses, the best—chorus to be found in the state at the present time. The chorus numbers nearly two hundred, and it is made up from the best people of the city, including lawyers, doctors, and merchants, and their wives and families. While Rochester people seem to keep pace with the fashionable world they are willing to forego the pleasures of an evening at whist or other fashionable fads and set aside that one evening a week to the study of the art of music. Not one rehearsal has taken place this season that has not been fully attended. Again, a very worthy example for the consideration of the great number of solo singers throughout the state is that the best singers in the city are faithful in attendance at rehearsals and performance, and no section of the state can claim so many excellent voices and able church choir soloists as Rochester and vicinity. The members of the chorus at this concert were eminently successful in their phrasing, clear and distinct enunciation, and perfect intonation. The solo work was by home artists, consisting of Mrs. I. E. Pearl, Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Neal, sopranos; Mrs. F. E. Cochran, alto; Mr. Nute, tenor; Mr. Nute, basso, and Mr. J. E. McDuffee, pianist. Mr. H. G. Blaisdell gave a violin solo. The society are to continue their rehearsals until some time in May, when they will give a grand closing concert with, it is expected, orchestral assistance.

Mrs. W. D. Thompson, wife of one of Concord's most prosperous young merchants, gave a very delightful musicale at their residence on Pine street on March 29. Miss Eva Lillian Merrill, contralto,

of Laconia, Miss Ada Aspinwall, pianist, of Concord, Mr. Milo Benedict, pianist, of Concord, and Mr. H. G. Blaisdell, violinist, of Concord, gave a well arranged programme to the edification of the large number of invited guests present.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

GEORGE WOODWARD.

George Woodward, a native of Sutton and prominent in business and politics in New London, died March 1, aged 50 years. He was merchant and postmaster several years, and represented the town in the house of representatives in 1893.

HON. RUFUS S. FROST.

Hon. Rufus S. Frost was born in Marlborough, July 18, 1826, and died March 6, in Chicago, while on his way to his home in Chelsea, Mass. He began his business career in a Boston dry goods commission house at the age of 12 years. In 1866 the firm of Rufus S. Frost & Co. was organized, and engaged extensively in the manufacture of woollen goods. Mr. Frost was elected mayor of Chelsea in 1867, state senator in 1872, member of the governor's council in 1873, and member of congress in 1874. He filled many positions of importance in the business world, and the benefactions made possible by his large wealth were many.

HON. EDWIN W. DREW.

Hon. Edwin W. Drew of Stewartstown, a member of the state board of equalization since its organization, died March 10, aged 66 years. He had been a member of both branches of the legislature, and held several county offices.

REV. JOSIAH G. DAVIS, D. D.

Rev. Josiah Gardner Davis, D. D., died at his home in Amherst, March 14, aged 79 years. He was pastor of the Congregational church in that town for over 30 years, retiring from the active

ministry some 15 years ago. He was trustee of Dartmouth college for many years.

FRED W. INGALLS, M. D.

Fred W. Ingalls, M. D., a native of Canterbury, died in Kingston, March 14, aged 36 years. He had served as town-clerk for several years and represented his town in the legislature.

BENJAMIN F. FOLSOM.

Benjamin F. Folsom, a native of Stratham, died at his home in that town March 15, aged 69 years. In company with his brothers he amassed a fortune in the guano business in Peru, and had resided on the old homestead of late years.

COL. JOHN PEAVEY.

Col. John Peavey was born in Tuftonborough in 1804, and died in Battle Creek, Mich., March 26. During sixty years' residence in his native town he was one of the leading men of his county, and filled various local offices. He removed to Battle Creek at the close of the War of the Rebellion.

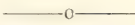
GEN. EXPERIENCE ESTABROOK.

Experience Estabrook was born in Lebanon in 1813, and died in Omaha, Neb., March 26. He was United States attorney at Omaha for four years by appointment of President Pierce; in 1855 he was the only member of the bar in Nebraska. In 1859 he went to congress but lost his seat by contest.

EDWIN A. HILL.

Edwin A. Hill was born in Northwood, and died in Reading, Mass., March 28, aged 78 years. During the War of the Rebellion he was internal revenue assessor at Quincy, Mass., and later published the *Chronicle* at Reading, Mass. He had been engaged in manufacturing for the past fifteen years.

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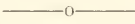


FORTY-EIGHTH PROGRESSIVE SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

NEW HAMPSHIRE
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

MANCHESTER, N. H.



STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1894.

Cash Capital,	\$800,000.00
Reserve for Re-Insurance and other Liabilities,	927,914.80
Net surplus,	434,649.66
Total Assets,	\$2,162,564.46

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS,

DEALERS IN HIGH GRADE BONDS

Offer for APRIL Investment :

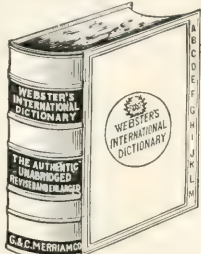
City of Boston	4's
“ “ Newton	4's
“ “ Cambridge	4's
“ “ Chelsea	4's
Town of Beverly	4's
“ “ Middleboro	4's
City of Portland, Me., Gold	4's
“ “ Portsmouth, N. H.	4's
“ “ Columbus, Ohio,	4 1-2's and 5's
“ “ Grand Rapids, Mich.,	4 1-2's
“ “ Milwaukee, Wis.,	5's
“ “ Duluth, Minn., Gold sch.	5's
“ “ Colorado Springs, water	5's
“ “ Salt Lake City, Utah., Gold sch.	5's
“ “ Portland, Ore., Gold	5's
“ “ Fresno, Cal., Gold	6's
Boston & Maine R. R. Co., Gold	4 1-2's
Fitchburg R. R. Co.,	5's
Maine Central R. R. Co.,	4's and 6's

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A MEXICAN REBEKAH.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1894.

NO. 5.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DOCTORS IN MEXICO—FROM SAN JUAN BAUTISTA TO PIÉ DE LA CUESTA.¹

*Extract from a Diary.*²

BY IRVING A. WATSON, M. D.

January 26 (Tuesday), San Juan Bautista, Tabasco, Mexico. Fair weather appeared this morning, and we expected to take our boat and at last be on our way, but again fate was against us: the river current has been so increased by the rains it will be impossible to go up the stream to-day, but *mañana* we will start. Fifteen days we have waited for an opportunity to get up the Grijalva. We have been positively assured that we can go to-morrow, and our baggage has been loaded into the cayuco. We shall see . . .

January 27 (Wednesday), Rio Teapa. At last we are on our way to San Cristobal. We left San Juan Bautista at 8 o'clock this morning. Our cayuco is about thirty feet long and eight feet wide. It carries a cargo of freight, as well as Dr. F., Herr F.,³ and myself. A portion of the boat, about ten feet long, near the stern, is covered with heavy canvas upon bent poles, very similar to the

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² Drs. Irving A. Watson and Edward French of this city made a six months journey through Mexico and Guatemala, travelling extensively in the interior, crossing the Sierra Madre mountains four times in their course from ocean to ocean, living much of the time with the native Indians, and stopping wherever night overtook them. Both kept extensive diaries. This article is transcribed literally from Dr. W.'s diary, and the illustrations are from photographs made by them.—EDITOR.

³ Herr William Fahrolz, a German gentleman, who travelled with the Concord doctors for a short time.

covering of an emigrant wagon. This also is well filled with freight, but a space large enough for us is left. We placed the boxes for seats, and with our blankets have made the place quite comfortable. We have with us a basket of provisions, rather limited, as we expect to find *posadas* at all the stopping places.



THE PLAZA AT SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

At eleven o'clock we took our breakfast "on board;" it consisted of nothing but bread, canned butter, and cheese, with lemonade made from the river water, with no ice or other extras.

At noon the boat tied up to the bank to give the four men who constitute the crew a chance to eat their dinner. We went on shore and tried to get some fruit at a *finca*, but got a reply, that we are already familiar with, "*No hay.*" Here I saw upon the trees and bushes mud nests made by little ants, which are quite a curiosity. The nests are composed of mud and small bits of leaves, and have a great many small compartments, in fact they are regular adobe houses. These nests are of all sizes, from the very small to more than two feet in diameter.

As soon as the crew had finished their dinner we proceeded up the river. The boat is pushed along with poles close to the banks, sometimes crossing from one side of the river to the other, to keep out of the strong current. Slowly we moved along all day, till after seven o'clock in the evening, before reaching Pueblo Nuevo, the place at which we desired to stay over night,

as we were told that a posada could be found there, otherwise we would be obliged to stay at some Indian hut without any accommodations.

After proceeding up the Grijalva about a league we took the Rio Teapa. This is a stream as wide as the Connecticut river at Springfield, deep, and has a very strong current.

During the entire day we have been passing through a country of great fertility. The land is nearly level, as far as we can see from the river. At many points there are Indian families, having cane houses, surrounded, perhaps, by the beautiful cocoanut palm, bananas, oranges, etc. Some of the views were, I think, the most beautiful I have ever seen. At one place we passed a hacienda, owned by a Spanish gentleman. It had a large orchard of sour oranges (for dulces), a great field of sugar cane, handsome cocoanut trees, bananas, flowering shrubs, ornamental shade trees, etc. He had five or six large buildings, besides the houses for his laborers. It is no wonder the natives do but little work; nature has provided them bountifully with the necessities of life, and



A PUEBLO IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

why should they trouble themselves about those things which they regard as not essential to happiness?

Our crew consists of four natives, one of whom is captain. They are Indians, but, with one exception, are not full-blooded.

Soon after we started, one of them, while pushing hard on his

pole, lost his balance and fell into the river, much to our amusement.

About 7:30 this evening we reached Pueblo Nuevo. It was very dark. Herr F. had a small lantern, which he brought to use in hunting alligators, and with this one of the men started up the steep bank to show us to the posada, and also to carry some of our traps. Steps were cut in the earth for a part of the way up the bank. A little further on we came to a bridge over a small stream, which the high water had nearly destroyed, and over this we went on a single plank, then along the edge of a barranca, through mud, along a street (?), around a corner or two, and we were at the hotel. We entered the open door of the posada, in which were seated eight or ten natives. The proprietor greeted us pleasantly, and when we had made known our wants said he could accommodate us. He got a candle and bade us follow him. He took us out upon the street, went about twenty feet, and opened a door into a large room which contained five cots, with frames for mosquito bars. He placed the candle in a chair and left, saying supper would be ready soon. Shortly we went back to the principal room, and the natives all left. We sat there and chatted about half an hour, when dinner was announced, and it was a very good one, consisting of eggs, meat, tortillas, frijoles, bread, and chocolate, with red wine. After dinner we returned to our room, and found clean sheets upon the cots and the mosquito bars up.

I did not get a good night's rest; for some reason I could not sleep. We were called at five o'clock in the morning, got chocolate and pan dulce, and then boarded our cayuco.

January 28 (Thursday). The day has been perfect, and we have had a pleasant time. The scenery along the banks of the river is most beautiful and varied. A great number of tropical trees, the date palm, the cocoanut palm, willow, banana, orange, and a score of other kinds, some bearing beautiful blossoms, others in fruit, greet us at every turn. Wild roses in full bloom, and flowers that we do not know, are almost constantly to be seen. At frequent intervals an Indian finca appears; occasionally a small pueblo. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and the entire region through which we have passed would make the finest farms in the world.

At 10 o'clock we took breakfast on the boat; it consisted of bread, butter, cheese, and river water. At 12 we halted for an hour to give the boatmen a chance to eat their dinners. We got on shore and went to an Indian finca for the purpose of getting some fruit. We found a woman who said "*No hay*," to our inquiry for oranges and bananas. We then asked for cocoanuts. She said there was no one to cut them, but thought we might, perhaps, get some at the next house. We proceeded a short distance through a forest of sour oranges, wild bananas, palms, roses in full bloom, and many other trees and shrubs, and came to another finca; here we found a woman, and a boy about ten years old. She said the boy would cut some cocoanuts for us. He took a small rope and a long knife, and we followed him. In going to the cocoanut trees we met the boy's father, and he accompanied us.



BOY CLIMBING FOR COCOANUTS.

Arriving at a tree well loaded, the boy tied the knife to himself, made a loop of the rope into which he placed both feet to keep them firmly together against the side of the tree, and then went up its straight trunk like a monkey. When he got up to the thick cluster of branches, about fifty feet from the ground, he caught hold of them, holding the rope upon one foot, and with some difficulty pulled himself up into them. With his knife he dropped twenty large nuts to the ground, and then came down in much the same way that he went up. The owner of the tree cut a hole in three of the nuts, and although we were very thirsty, they contained more water than we all could drink. We took as many as we and the boy could carry to the cayuco, fourteen

in all. We paid for them (seventeen in all), twenty-five cents, and gave the boy seven cents for climbing the tree and helping us carry the nuts to the boat. Each nut, when it is green, contains about a quart of fluid. We have thus provided ourselves with a splendid drinking-water for the remainder of our trip on the river.

We left the Rio Teapa about the middle of the forenoon, taking the Rio Tacotalpa. This latter river and its banks are even more beautiful than either Grijalva or the Teapa.

At 7 o'clock this evening, an hour after dark, we arrived at the little town of Jalapa. With our bull's-eye lantern we scaled the river bank, after having crossed about a half dozen cayucos to get on shore; took a narrow foot-path, and in about ten minutes reached the muddy streets of the unlighted, unpaved pueblo. We were shown to a posada by one of our boatmen. A woman came to the door, but said she could not take us as she had no accommodations. We then interviewed a native, who was stand-



A STREET VENDOR.

ing upon the sidewalk gazing at us with great curiosity, and he said he would show us another posada, and led the way. The door was closed for the night; we pounded upon it, got a response from the inside, and after having stated that we were travellers and wanted accommodations for the night, an old man with one eye opened the door, gazed upon us, and bade us enter. He immediately saw that we were guests of an unusual class for that locality, and began to provide for us with alacrity. In about a half hour he had a good supper ready, consisting of meat, bread, boiled eggs, hot tortillas, frijoles, and chocolate. Much to our surprise he produced some bottled St. Louis beer. We had a glass each, and it was delicious. He then showed us to our room; it was a sort of "lean-to," built against the house. The room contained five cots, with mosquito bars; the bottoms of the cots were made of small cord interlaced and covered with matting, and provided with two pillows each. In this section every traveller carries his own bedding; mine consists of two blankets (many travellers have but one), so I have an excellent bed. A native occupied one of the extra beds. The furniture, besides the beds, consists of three chairs and a small board on the bare ground in front of each bed, by way of rug. We set the candle in a little melted tallow upon the ground, gave our native room-mate a cigar, took one each for ourselves, laid down, smoked, chatted, and then went to sleep,—as the cigars went out one by one.

January 29 (Friday). We got up at 5 o'clock, had some coffee, bought some bread to take upon the boat, paid our bill, and boarded the cayuco at 6 o'clock, almost before it was light. As the sun rose behind rolling, fleecy clouds, the mountains of Chiapas in the distance, the beautiful river with picturesque banks set with stately palms, the intense green of the foliage, the Indian women at the river bank dipping up water into shapely jars and carrying them off, either upon the head or upon one hip,—all this made a picture perfectly indescribable. The air was balmy and fragrant with the perfume of flower and shrub. The birds warbled a great variety of songs and screeches. The *tout ensemble* of the scene was one of beauty, of happiness, and of a life free from all care and anxiety.

As we slowly wound our way along the river, parrots flew over

our heads and screamed at us from the trees: the kingfisher (*pascador*) plunged from the bushes into the water after his breakfast; blue and white garzas walked by the edge of the stream, and other birds of beautiful plumage flew from tree to tree.

During the day I have shot five birds from the cayuco: two garzas, a white and a blue one; one hawk, a *pito real*, a very ornamental bird with a large beak, and another large bird. The hawk was a large one, and I only crippled him in the wing. He fell from the tree into the bushes, and we drew up to the bank so that one of the boatmen might jump on shore after him. Soon we heard a scrambling in the bushes, and the Indian called for a *machete*, saying that he was afraid of the big bird and that it was a fierce one. We laughed at his fears, and told him to take a stick, which he did, and held the bird down until he got hold of his wings and then brought him to the boat. We kept him about a half hour, and then put him on shore.

About 10 o'clock we took breakfast—bread, butter, and cheese, with river water, and as dessert, the milk of a cocoanut.

All day we have been passing through a remarkably rich country, with only now and then a *finca*, and occasionally a *hacienda*. I have noticed quite a number of rubber trees; all the large ones have been badly cut for the milk. There are a good number of small trees, showing that the land is naturally suited for this valuable tree. We have seen one or two plantations of cacao, which is a very profitable product to grow. It seems a pity that our New England farmers cannot have such land as lies along these rivers. It will grow almost anything in great abundance, with a small amount of labor. This river does not overflow its banks, and to all the inquiries I have made the answer is that the region is very healthful.

At 3 o'clock p. m., we took dinner; menu, the same as at breakfast, with the addition of a very small can of beef, put up in Spain, seasoned with onion, etc.

We expected to sleep in our hammocks to-night upon the river bank, but about 5:30 we came to a *hacienda*, at which our boatmen thought we could get accommodations for the night, and as they can this evening, or in the early morning, go on around a great bend in the river and take us from the other side of the

hacienda, we can have a good long night's rest without losing any time.

We halted, and Herr F. went to the house to ascertain. He returned in a few minutes with the good news that we could stay there over night, so we took our blankets and went to the hacienda, leaving our guns, money, and other effects in the cayuco, not doubting the honesty of our Indian boatmen. The hacienda is owned and occupied by Sr. Manuel María Somohano, a Spaniard, who has been in possession of it eleven years, and who is engaged in cattle raising. We were introduced to him professionally. He is a portly man, about fifty years of age, weighing, probably, about two hundred and fifty pounds, and has a family consisting of a wife and several children, besides several servants and laborers. He has a large, two-story, high-posted house. Upon the ground floor is the kitchen, a sort of general work-room, and a large dining-room, which also serves as sitting-room and parlor, although there is a room up stairs which I presume is used principally as a family sitting-room. We were received in the dining-room. It has a cement floor, a large table, a sideboard, and a few chairs. It opens to the front of the house by large double doors, and to the back by similar doors. This house has no patio. Along the back wall of the house is a long "lean-to" covered with tile, and here is a trough of water, also pigs, a sheep, some dogs, cats, and chickens. These occasionally run into the dining-room, and at one time while we were conversing with the Señor I noticed four pigs, the sheep, and several chickens in the room. They frequently pass through the house rather than go around it.

The Señor said his wife was sick with rheumatism, and asked, through Herr F., what could be done for it. We said we could not tell without knowing more about the case, at which he asked if we would not see her before we left, and we promised that we would. At this juncture supper was announced, and we sat down with the Don, a daughter of about twenty, and two young men. We had stewed beef, boiled eggs chopped fine, tortillas, frijoles, and coffee—all good, but not a very heavy "lay-out" for a Spanish Don.

After supper, we went up stairs to the family sitting-room, and there found his wife, to whom he introduced us, sitting in a large



A MEXICAN MARKET.

chair, almost unable to move, and suffering a great deal of pain. Dr. F. examined the case, with the assistance of Herr F. as interpreter, and gave prescriptions. The Don wished us also to see a servant girl who was suffering from anæmia, which we did. These two cases, and visiting with the family, consumed the evening, and at 9 o'clock we were shown to a large room with two cots and a hammock; Herr F. took the latter. We had a good night's sleep, and awoke refreshed in the morning.

The Don raises cattle only, In answer to the question why he did not raise hogs, he said he could sell corn for \$3 per 100 pounds, so he did not feed it to hogs. He raises but a very small amount of farm produce, because he cannot get laborers. Female servants are plenty, but he finds farm help difficult to obtain.

January 30 (Saturday), still on the Rio Tacotalpa. The Don insisted upon our taking coffee before leaving this morning. Our boatmen came for us about 7 o'clock, they having gotten around the bend in the river to the other side of the hacienda. We got coffee soon after, but, in consideration of our professional services, the Don would take no money from us. We left his house about 7:30, after the usual good wishes, etc., and immediately boarded the cayuco.

The river grows smaller and the current swifter, and our progress with the heavily loaded cayuco is slow, yet we are passing through such a beautiful country that every hour is full of enjoyment. We are nearing the mountains of Chiapas, and the scenery is beautiful.

About 10 o'clock we took our frugal breakfast—a small piece of some kind of cake, a very small can of devilled ham, and for drink, the contents of a green cocoanut. There is remaining in our lunch basket only a can of lobster and a can of oysters. We have concluded that we cannot very well make our dinner of this without some bread, or something else, so we will wait until we reach Tacotalpa.

We have seen and heard many birds along the river, and Herr F. shot, with my gun, a pito real, a bird of considerable size with a very large beak and beautiful plumage. He also shot a garza and one or two other birds. I shot a garza and also a smaller bird, about as large as a parrot, but I do not remember its name.

Dr. F. has shot a few times at garzas, but thus far has failed to hit one.

I am still in love with this fertile country, and it almost makes me feel sad that our farmers at home cannot be transported here at once, and for the rest of their lives reap a harvest commensurate with their labors. If our New Hampshire farmers were here they could make this section of the country a second Eden.

At 4:30 p. m. we reached the town of Tacotalpa, a small place of a few hundred inhabitants. We climbed the steep bank of the river and went to a posada. We were told that we could be accommodated, and that our room would be ready in a few minutes. Very soon I noticed a man carrying the framework of some cots to some place, and I supposed he was fitting up our room. After waiting two hours we were told that the room was ready. It proves to be the last in a row of five or six rooms, running back at right angles with the posada, and adjoining a pig pen. The walls are made of canes placed upright and plastered crudely as high as one can reach. The canes are about an inch in diameter, and woven together at the top and bottom with some kind of a vine. The roof is tiled. There is no floor other than the bare earth. We have three cots, covered with matting, and two pillows for each; no sheets or blankets, as travellers furnish their own.

At 7 o'clock supper was ready. Meat, eggs, tortillas, frijoles, coffee, and red wine were served, and it was a most excellent repast, well cooked, and we did it justice. We went to our room early, spread our blankets upon the cots, lighted cigars, and chatted for a half hour. There are two doors to our room, one opening upon the street, and the other into the hog pen. The hogs were grunting a calm and peaceful melody when I went to sleep.

January 31 (Sunday), Tacotalpa. Our large cayuco, which has been our home for four days, can go no farther up this river, and its freight is to-day being transferred to two smaller ones. Our intention was to continue with them, but in strolling about town, after coffee, we saw a good number of horses and some mules, and so inquired the price of such animals here. We find that fair horses can be obtained for from \$50 to \$80, and good ones from the latter price up to \$150. We concluded that we could not do

better than to purchase here. Soon it was noised about that we wanted horses, and in less than an hour some twenty or more were brought up to the posada, reinforced by nearly half the men and boys in town. As a new man appeared riding up with another horse, a great shout would go up from the crowd. It was the



OUR CAYUCOS ON THE TACOTALPA.

most laughable scene I have witnessed in a long time. We examined and priced several animals. Dr. F. soon contracted for one at \$55. The Jefe Politico, who appears to be a gentleman of much intelligence and politeness, said he had three horses, and would sell me one if I wished, as he had no use for all of them. He said he did not need the money nor the horse but that the money would cost him less to care for. He said that he had one that was especially good, and would suit me in every respect; price, \$100. It would be at the house in the afternoon, and I might call to see it. About that time a cock fight commenced in a little circular inclosure made of canes set thickly together and about three feet high, and the crowd left all thoughts of horse trading to attend to it. The pit is opposite our posada, and I crossed the street to see it. The cocks were true games; the first battle lasted about fifteen minutes, when one of the cocks fell exhausted; but I think neither was seriously injured. There was considerable betting upon the result. Several other fights followed, but I went to dinner as I did not care to see another.

After dinner I visited the Jefe Politico and saw his horses. I was satisfied with the one he thought would suit me, after having seen it ridden for a few minutes, so I told him I would take it to-morrow morning. I then went down to the river to get my saddle, gun, etc., but found everything already transferred to the smaller cayuco, and so packed that I had some difficulty in getting at my trunk, in which I wanted to pack my overcoat, and take out my gun straps.

I found that the Indians who are to take the cayucos up the river, are of quite a different type from any I have seen, and they speak their native tongue when talking among themselves instead of Spanish. I do not know to what tribe they belong, but they are quite large and tall, with splendid muscular development of body, legs, and arms, and some of them having very fair faces, with large Roman noses. They do not wear much clothing (the men), sometimes a cotton shirt, sometimes none, with trousers of the same material, the latter always rolled up to the body, thus showing the muscular power of the legs. We have sent nearly all our baggage up the river by these Indians, without receipt or check, but we have not the least doubt as to its safety. For three nights I have left over \$100 in silver in my grip upon the boat, without it being locked. At San Juan Bautista we left daily in our room nearly \$300 in our satchels with the door unlocked—in fact, we never locked our door, chiefly because the doors have no locks. I believe there is less danger from theft in this country than in the United States.

Feb. 1 (Monday). At 7 o'clock this morning the Jefe Politico sent the horse I had contracted for to the posada. He had promised to accompany us to the next town, Tapijulapa, five leagues distant, and he sent word by the mozo who brought the horse that he would be ready immediately to go. In a few minutes the mozo returned with a horse for Herr F. We had coffee, and about 8 o'clock bade farewell to Tacotalpa. We mounted our horses, rode through the town to its outskirts, and following a circuitous path for about five or ten minutes, came to the banks of the river directly below the village. Here the stream is as large as the Merrimack river at Concord. We dismounted, took our saddles off and placed them in a cayuco, or rather into two,

got in ourselves, and holding the horses by a line proceeded to cross the river. The horses swam well, and we were soon over to the opposite bank. This was my first experience in crossing a river in this manner, and it was, of course, novel and interesting. We immediately saddled our horses again, and in less than ten minutes were on our way, following simply a footpath, as there is no *camino real* at this point. After a league or so we came to what was an apology for a road, with mud knee deep for two miles or more. The trail could not properly be called a road. It was nothing but an opening about twenty feet wide, cut through the bushes, the ground being tramped into a paste by the animals that had been over it. The Jefe Politico was a jolly fellow, good looking, well dressed, and about 35 or 38 years old. He did his best to entertain us. About 10 o'clock, or perhaps a little later, we reach a large hacienda, named Igenio San Reymundo, and the Don invites us to enter his house for rest and refreshment. The hacienda is situated on the river Tacotalpa, also called by several other names, and from the house, looking up the stream, can be seen a most charming view. Upon the left bank is a level stretch of land for a half mile, then hills; on the right are quite high mountains covered with intensely green foliage. Silvery clouds hang along the side of the mountains,—high up, but above them the tops of the mountains appear. We rest here for a half hour, then proceed.

Although the road or trail follows the valley, we have been obliged to go up and down some hills of considerable size. At 12 o'clock we reached a river, with Tapijulapa on the opposite bank. We called to the boatmen on the other side, and two Indians came over with a good sized cayuco. We unsaddled again, got into the cayuco with all our effects, and swam the horses across, then re-saddled and rode at once to the police station, or rather to the office and house of the chief of police. We hitched our horses on the shady side of the building, and waited for dinner which he said we could have in a half hour. The chief is a very cordial Mexican, about 35 years of age. His house, like all the houses of this pueblo, is made of canes standing upright, and held together by lacings of some kind of a vine, the roof being thatched with large leaves. The floor of the office is concreted,

but all the others are of the bare earth. The table was set under a sort of "lean-to" upon the back side of the house, and eggs, fried salt beef, tortillas, pilot bread, frijoles, red wine, and coffee were served to us—a very good dinner, for which we paid fifty cents each.

The pueblo is built upon a ragged, uneven site, upon the side of the mountain, fifty feet or so above the river. The houses are scattered about every way with no regularity whatever. It is a dirty place, with hogs, goats, and dogs everywhere. I doubt if there are a dozen persons other than Indians in the town,—at any rate, I have seen but two or three. The Indians wear but little clothing; many of the women wear only a skirt in the middle of the day, and have a rebossa, or some other piece of cloth, to throw over their shoulders when they please. I notice some of the men wear only short trunks. The town is entirely surrounded by mountains, and is very hot; the temperature must be nearly 100° F. to-day. It is the warmest day I have experienced, possibly because it is my first day on horseback in the sun.



BUILDING A HOUSE.

The distance from this place to Pié de la Cuesta, our destination for the day, is about two leagues. The Jefe Politico will send an Indian to show us the way and to take back the horse which Herr F. has been riding.

We left Tapijulapa, after bidding our friends a Mexican fare-

well, and arrived at Pié de la Cuesta about 4 o'clock. We had to cross several unbridged streams, some of which had very steep banks, but our horses went through well, especially mine. Dr. F. had a little trouble in getting his horse into the water.

The government is building a highway from Tapajulapa up through the mountains, and five hundred soldiers are now encamped at Pié de la Cuesta. Herr F. had letters of introduction to Don Francisco Ríque, the owner of the hacienda at Pié de la Cuesta, and in fact, Don Francisco owns three thousand acres of land, which includes all there is at Pié de la Cuesta. Herr F. presented our letters, but the Don said that every room in his house was occupied by the military officers; but he would see a major who had a large room and get him to share it with us, if he was willing. But the major was not willing. Herr F. asked the Don for the name of the officer who had declined to accommodate us. The Don wished to know why he wanted to know, and Herr F. replied that Dr. F. and myself bore intimate relations to the president and the higher officers of the Mexican government, and that if any military officer failed to show us proper courtesy, his name would be reported to the president, together with the facts in the case; that we were distinguished American physicians, traveling under the protection of the Mexican government. The major, upon being informed to this effect by the Don, said we were welcome and that his house was ours.

The Don ordered our horses cared for, and our saddles and traps carried into the major's quarters. He—the major—had a building by himself, with a room at least thirty feet square. It was pretty well filled with boxes, tables, cases, etc. He appeared to have charge of the plans, records, etc., of the camino real which is being constructed. There was no bed in the room, nor floor other than the bare ground. There was one hammock in the room, in which I suppose the major slept. I could not see how we were going to sleep, except on the floor. The Don, realizing that he had guests of unusual importance, invited us to take our meals with him, which invitation we gladly accepted.

I never was more tired and heated in my life than when we arrived at Pié de la Cuesta. We had ridden twenty miles in the hot sun, and this our first day in the saddle. I was thoroughly

exhausted. Dr. F. was in the same condition. Herr F. stood the journey somewhat better, although he was very tired.

We wanted to retire as early as possible, and I did not care where we slept—some place to lie down was all I would ask for; I was not even hungry. At 7 o'clock we had supper with the Don



INDIAN GIRL BRINGING OUR BREAKFAST.

and his family, and then had to talk (or rather, Herr F. did) for an hour. After this the Don said we must call upon Colonel Jesús Oliver and the medical director. As we could not decline, we went to the colonel's quarters and were introduced. The colonel is a stout, pleasant man, about fifty-five years old. The medical director is a young man. Herr F. repeated the same story that he had told the Don concerning us, and the colonel at once ordered a room vacated, which was

occupied by some clerk, I think, and had cots put in for us, so that we might have quarters by ourselves. In about an hour our room was ready (nearly 10 o'clock). I went to bed in two minutes. I was so tired I could scarcely stand. Two soldiers were ordered to guard us, they being stationed in front of our door—a formal recognition and courtesy, but entirely unnecessary.

Our room is in a building about 100 feet long, 16 feet wide, and one story high. It is constructed entirely of poles tied together, with tile upon the roof. The poles which constitute the outer walls, as well as the division partitions, are about nine feet long, and stand upright. They are tied to poles (two), running horizontally. It is easy to see between the poles, and there is sufficient space between some of them to put one's arm through. The entrance to the rooms is from one side, there being as many doors to the building as there are rooms in it. The doors are

made of canes tied together, and are tied loosely with strips of bark to one of the upright poles. The tiled roof projects over the doorways about seven or eight feet, thus forming a sort of veranda, the bare earth constituting the floor. The partition poles do not extend clear to the roof, hence there is a large open space common to all the rooms. Adjoining our room on one side is the Federal telegraph office, and upon the other the draughtsman's room; we can see and hear all that is going on in both rooms—in fact, our room is about as private as a cage in a zoölogical garden. But we have become accustomed to almost everything, and it does not disturb us in the least. The dogs bark and howl half of the night; the pigs squeal; the roosters begin to crow by 4 o'clock in the morning; the cats fight;—yet all this combined has already lost the power to deprive me of a good night's rest.

February 2 (Tuesday). I feel refreshed, and ready to proceed, but we are obliged to wait till our baggage arrives, and then make some arrangements to have it carried to San Cristobal. There are no mules here now, but some are expected in a day or two, but for aught we know they may be already engaged; we have got to take our chances. Possibly we may hire Indians instead of mules. The Indians from Chiapas come down here and carry freight on their backs to San Cristobal, forty-five leagues from this place. A party of eight were here today, but they already had cargoes, so we could not obtain them. They carry immense loads: a single Indian sometimes carries 175 pounds. I saw a boy thirteen years old carrying a load weighing 75 pounds. The development of the muscles of the neck, back, chest, and legs is wonderful. The arms are not so well developed. Only a few of these Indians speak Spanish. As soon as they arrive at their destination, they "get full," some of them becoming dead drunk. They do not fight when under the influence of liquor, but lie down quietly and sleep it off. They lie down wherever they please, and are not disturbed. I saw a man and woman in a drunken sleep upon Don Francisco's veranda, and three or four others sitting there considerably intoxicated. The Don is very kind to the Indians; they all call him "papa," and if they have any trouble they appeal to him to settle it. He is a king among them, and they do just as he says.

I have noticed some interesting types among these Indians, and some character scenes that would make interesting pictures, but my camera is in my trunk somewhere up on the river, much to my regret.

Don Francisco grows cacao, and he has given me some interesting facts concerning it. The tree is in bearing when seven years old, a single tree yielding from a quarter to one pound. The Don has this year raised one hundred sacks of seventy pounds each, and got sixty-eight cents per pound for it. It is as easily raised as coffee, and more easily prepared for the market. It can be gathered at all times of the year, and in this way there is no special season in which an extra force of laborers is required. It is an exceedingly profitable crop.

The Don also raises sugar-cane and manufactures sugar. He says he is able to run his mill every day in the year, with cane cut every day. He has raised cane for thirty years upon one piece of land, without replanting. It requires weeding three times a year. The Don has some twenty or thirty men (Indians) and their families. His property constitutes quite a little village, especially with the soldiers who are now encamped here.

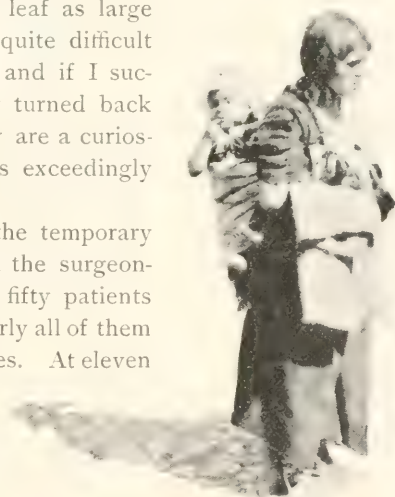
The Don owns a black ram with four horns. In conversation at the table one day he said he thought he should take the ram to the World's Fair at Chicago for exhibition, and asked Herr F. what he thought about it. The idea struck me as being so ludicrous that I was fairly convulsed with laughter, and that made Herr F. laugh also. Dr. F. did not understand (or hear), which was fortunate. I was ashamed of myself but could not suppress my laughter. I was afraid we should offend the Don, and Herr F. explained, as best he could, that something funny had been said in English, so I think he did not suspect the real cause of the merriment.

Our baggage has not yet arrived, and if it had we could not get it carried farther till either Indians or mules arrive. We went a few hundred yards up the river today and found a nice pool, in which we had a bath. The water was very clear and pure, and sufficiently warm for bathing.

February 3 (Wednesday), Pié de la Cuesta. I got up at six o'clock, and at seven we had coffee. Then we went down to the

river landing, expecting to find the cayucos with our baggage, but they had not arrived. I am anxious to get my extra clothing, especially my shoes, as the big boots I am wearing tire me very much; my feet feel so uncomfortable that I can scarcely get about. I am dressed in a heavy brown suit, colored shirt, big boots, and a Mexican sombrero. Wishing does no good, and we have nothing to do but wait—a thing I have become thoroughly used to. We sat down on the bank of the river for a half hour. Here I found the curious *cargador ant* carrying great loads to his habitation. I have seen this variety three or four times before. They burrow in the ground, and have roads about three inches wide, as clean and smooth as a well kept highway, leading off into the woods where they go in search of leaves. They are small, being only about a half inch long. Each ant returning from the hunt has a piece of leaf, which it carries upright, in such a manner that it does not drag on the ground. I have seen them carrying a piece of a green leaf as large as a nickle, and I found it quite difficult to get the leaf from them, and if I succeeded the ant immediately turned back to get another piece. They are a curiosity, and their roads and ways exceedingly interesting.

At ten o'clock we visited the temporary hospital for the soldiers with the surgeon-in-charge. There are about fifty patients in it at the present time, nearly all of them suffering from chronic diseases. At eleven o'clock we had breakfast, and about one o'clock went up the little river to the pool and had a refreshing bath. The thermometer stands at 80° F. in the



CHAMULA MOTHER AND CHILD.

shade to-day. Our cayucos arrived a little before noon. The landing is about two hundred yards from our quarters, and an Indian brought our baggage to our room on his back. I got on my shoes at once, with clean clothing, black suit, white shirt—in fact

"dressed up," and felt better, or rather rested, at once. Colonel Oliver and the chief engineer of the road called, and brought in a sample of wild fruit, called guamochil. It is one of the greatest curiosities I have ever seen, strange and beautiful. I made a photograph of it, and Dr. F. sketched it. The engineer speaks English, and we had a very pleasant visit with him.

No Indians and no mules! Mules are promised to arrive "mañana." It may be true, but "mañana" too often means an indefinite future. We shall tired of such slow am beginning to take But for our baggage out delay, now that of our own. The Indian down here from Chimumuch; they are wonderfully honest. The register tells me that they he uses from San place through the backs. They give guaranty but their Indian \$2,500 in sil- of them do not know They will sometimes doing so they will tie themselves so firmly it. They will defend



A CHAMULA MARKET-MAN.

their charge with their lives; they never lose a cent, and they would starve before taking one dollar. These Indians seldom eat any meat: they live largely upon certain plants they find in the woods. The Indians that I have seen here the Don calls "Chamulas," I suppose from the fact that they live in the pueblo, or rather city, of Chamula. All the Indians in this part of the Republic belong to the Maya-Quiche family, although forming many tribes, speaking about fifteen different dialects.

Pié de la Cuesta is only one hundred and thirty metres above the sea, and the place being surrounded by mountains, is very

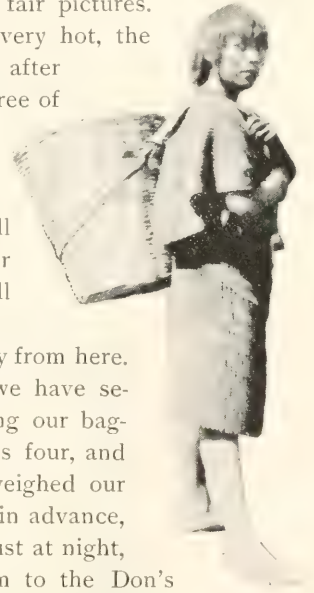
see. I am getting progress, and yet I time like a native. we could go on with- we have two horses dians who come apas interest me derfully and strange- mental paymaster bring all the money Cristobal to this mountains upon their him no receipt or word. He gives each ver for a load. Some a word of Spanish. get drunk, but before the box of money to that no one can steal their charge with

warm. After breakfast I went to "the pool" and had a delicious bath, after which I felt greatly refreshed. The nights are quite cool, and a blanket is always needed.

February 4 (Thursday), Pie de la Cuesta. I got up this morning really cold, but a glance at the thermometer assured me that there was no frost, as it stood at 70° . It was a little cloudy, but the sun soon came out. At coffee this morning I presented a Concord souvenir spoon to Don Francisco; he was greatly pleased with it. We told him we would photograph his buildings and anything else he wished. He was much pleased at this, and after we had taken views of the buildings he wanted a picture of his family. We got them together in a group upon the veranda, and made two exposures. The conditions were unsatisfactory, but I trust we may be able to send him some fair pictures.

During the forenoon the sun came out very hot, the thermometer reading 83° in our room a little after noon, but one does not suffer from this degree of heat if he remains quiet in the shade. I have kept my room nearly all day studying Spanish, etc., without any discomfort, and having only a lazy feeling. We are still waiting for mules or Indians to carry our baggage over the mountains. When we shall get there no man can tell—"manana!"

Evening. At last we are likely to get away from here. Through the kindness of Don Francisco we have secured six Indians for the purpose of taking our baggage as far as Simojovel. Herr F. requires four, and Dr. F. and myself two. Don Francisco weighed our baggage piece by piece, paid the Indians in advance, and with our trunks they left us. It was just at night, and the Indians went only from our room to the Don's veranda, and there piled up the trunks and slept with them. My trunk weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, and the Indian that took it is a strong, bright-looking fellow, about thirty years old. He looked at me sharply, and knows that the trunk belongs to me, and he will deliver it to no one else. They take these heavy loads upon their backs, supported by a leather band



CHAMULA
CARRIER.

across the forehead, and go into the mountains, taking the shortest route, known only to themselves, for their destination. To me their honesty is a wonderful phase of semi-savage life.

February 5 (Friday). This morning early we found the Indians were still here with our trunks and baggage. One or two of them were quite drunk, but they did not desert their charge. They said they were going soon, and would get to Simojovel as soon as we do.

After breakfast the colonel invited us to photograph his command, as it would be in review sometime during the forenoon. This is a national holiday in Mexico, in commemoration of the promulgation of the constitution. An oration was delivered to the regiment. At ten o'clock I photographed the regiment, barracks, etc., from a hill overlooking them.

We at last found we could start at eleven o'clock, so we hurried to get ready. The Don would not take a cent in payment for our entertainment all this time. We saddled our horses, and with two mozos, who were going to San Cristobal, our outfit consisted of five men, three horses, and four mules. At 11:15 we started, the paymaster officially accompanying us about a league.



PIE DE LA CUESTA.

THE FOLLOWERS OF ANN LEE.

History, Customs, and Belief of the Shakers.

BY ENSIGN LLOYD H. CHANDLER, U. S. N.

[CONCLUDED.]

For a clear comprehension of the church organization of the Shakers it must be borne in mind that no one of them is considered as any better than another.



ARTHUR BRUCE.

Thus an elder of a family may work in the fields with the others, and he has no authority over them at any time. An elder, however, is the choice of his family for their spiritual leader, and hence is a man who is respected by all. He advises his flock as the minister of any church is supposed to do, and he has no more authority than such a minister. The Shakers, however, conquer their human nature to a remarkable degree, showing deference to the elder's opinion as that

of an elder, wiser, and more thoroughly tried man.

Mother Ann Lee was the first head of the church, and she, before she died, selected her successor, and in this manner has the selection come down. The Mount Lebanon family is the oldest, and the highest elder at that place, Elder Joseph Holden, is considered as the spiritual head of the church. He has associated with him another elder and two eldresses, the Shakers firmly believing in the equality of men and women. This ministry travels from family to family as a bishop of an Episcopal diocese visits his parishes. The families are divided up into groups according to the states in which they are situated, and each group has a number of elders and eldresses, the number depending upon the needs and the available persons who are known as elders or eldresses in the ministry. These travel from place to place among



EMELINE HART.



LUCY A. SHEPARD.

the families of their particular group, and are the spiritual heads of such groups.

The New Hampshire group is composed of two families, those at Canterbury and Enfield, the two at Canterbury being practically one, although theoretically not. For this district there are one elder and two eldresses in the ministry, Elder Henry C. Blinn and Eldresses Joanna Kaime and Eliza A. Stratton. These three spend part of their time at Canterbury and part at Enfield. They are chosen by the chiefs of the ministry at Mount Lebanon.

The spiritual head of each individual family is a board of elders and eldresses, the number being determined by circumstances. At Canterbury at present they are Elders Benjamin H. Smith and William Briggs, and Eldresses Dorothy Ann Durgin and Dorothea Cochran. At the upper Canterbury family are Elders Nicholas A. Briggs and Freeman B. White, and Eldresses Harriet March and Elmira Hills Grove. These are the spiritual fathers and mothers of their families, and they are chosen by the members thereof.

The business of each family is done by a board of trustees, who hold in trust all the property of the family. At the Canterbury church family this board consists of Elders Henry C. Blinn and Benjamin H. Smith, Brother Arthur Bruce, and Sisters Emeline Hart and Lucy Ann Shepard. It is seen that a person may be an elder and a trustee also, but this is simply a matter of expediency. The trustees are chosen by the family, and are the business agents

thereof, doing all the buying and selling, and managing the manufactures and sales of the family. They can, however, enter upon no transaction of moment without consultation with and the consent of the entire community.

Besides all these there are a number of deacons and deaconesses, but this word is not used in the ordinary sense, but as in the sixth chapter of Acts, where it means a person who oversees and cares for a particular work or thing. Thus the herdsman deacon cares for the stock, and the laundry deaconess has charge of the washing of clothes.

It is difficult for those who do not know these Shakers to understand how such an organization can be made to work, especially as none of the officers, to misuse a term, have any absolute authority. The only explanation to be made is that it does work, and very successfully, too, and that it is the absolute forgetfulness of self and the truly Christian life of every Shaker that does make it a success.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE INNER CIRCLE.

BY AGATHA B. E. CHANDLER.

A small corner has remained unexplored by the writer of the preceding articles on the customs, history, and belief of the Shakers, and that corner is the home life of this interesting people. In visiting among them there is much to interest one, and there is a constant feeling of surprise to find how little is known of them. Their lives are so simple, and so full of love and charity for all men, that it makes one feel what a beautiful place this world would be should all become Shakers.

The village of East Canterbury—the one which this article will describe—is situated in one of the loveliest spots in New Hampshire, and is high enough to overlook the surrounding country, affording a view for miles around of the land of the birch and the pine. This settlement contains about one hundred and fifty members, more than half of them being women, all of whom live as one great family; the mother of the whole, as far as love and admira-



THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

tion can give a woman that character, being Eldress Dorothy Ann Durgin, who certainly merits all the devotion she receives, for a more lovable, unselfish woman it would be difficult to find.

The Shakers are a busy people, their days being mapped out, and a lazy or idle person would not find it easy to keep pace in their ranks. Probably there are few days in the year, if any, when they do not see the sun rise, for during the winter they breakfast at six o'clock, making a good long day for labor. Their meals are served in one large dining-hall, where all eat together.



A SEWING BEE.



INFIRMARY AND DWELLINGS.

It is true that the men sit at one table and the women at another, although these are both in the same dining-hall, but, as a member of the community said, it seems to be more a custom than a principle with them. They do not talk during their meals,—not from any religious scruples, however, but simply because they prefer to have some one member of the family read aloud the daily paper, several of them taking turns at this duty. The men and the



THE DINING-ROOM.

women live in the same dwellings, and there is not that rigid separation of the sexes which is generally supposed to exist in a Shaker community, for the men and women are seen constantly together in the most unstudied and simple intercourse.

The work of the family is mainly carried on by the Shakers themselves, a few men being employed to work in the fields, but no house servants. A constant change is going on, so that no task becomes tedious, and all may grow proficient in the various duties of the family. For instance, several of the sisters will cook the meals for the family for a month, and then others will take their places, while they go to serve in some other department of the household. So the ceaseless employment goes on for all, and yet there is time for recreation, and no gift or talent is ever allowed to go untutored, but is sought out in each individual and faithfully developed. The dairy is a delightful place, especially for those who are fond of milk, cream, and butter. The churning is all done by power, thus saving the woful exhaustion so well known to the housewife of old New England days.

These busy people do not confine their labor or attention to household work alone, but have several ways of turning an honest penny, and they make both hamamelis and a cough syrup called cherry pectoral. They also have a knitting factory on a small scale, where woolen sweaters and hoisery are made. At present, however, these little establishments have shut down temporarily, for want of orders, and the poor Shakers shake their heads and sigh, and say that even Shakers feel the hard times.

There is a small printing-office in the family where pamphlets for their own use are printed by the sisters. The only magazine of Shakerdom, *The Manifesto*, is printed here, being edited by Elder Henry C. Blinn, a man of rare culture, and a most fascinating and delightful talker, full of knowledge of every kind. In thinking of this, one naturally turns next to the teaching of the children among the Shakers. There is a school where the young of the village are given a good common-school education, some of the brothers and sisters acting as teachers. This school is really the organized district school, but, as there are few people outside the community, the Shakers have it practically to themselves. There seems to exist among both teachers and pupils a zest and

interest in both school and studies which are pleasant to see, and during the vacation there are all sorts of charades and tableaux gotten up, in which the teachers take quite as much interest as the children. During the six months when coasting and indoor sports have departed, berrying and picnicking are the order of the day. It was stated by one of the sisters that the cost of a child's education and care, when entirely provided for by the Shakers, as many poor children are, is over \$1,000, so it can be easily seen that this charity is quite an item in the expenditures of the family, and a drain upon an income which is already none too large; for although their lands stretch for miles around, about 3,000 acres being the size of the farm, still it is rocky New Hampshire soil, and although it brings forth men, as one of our great statesmen has said, it is not prolific under cultivation.

The Shaker dress is doubtless familiar to almost everyone, the long capes and the light colored felt hats worn by the men and the quaint and picturesque garb of the women adding one more interest to a Shaker community. Here, again, there is no law laid down as to the manner and style of the dress, but this costume is adopted because of its simplicity and plainness. The color of the woman's gowns varies, but they are all made with the simple skirt plaited in a succession of rather large plaits around the waist, which is plain, save for a kerchief made of the same material and edged with anything the wearer happens to fancy. On dress



THE BARNs.



THE BEES.

occasions this kerchief is exchanged for one of soft silk of some color, or else of white muslin. The hair is always brushed entirely back from the brow, and the head is covered by a white cap made of net and stiffly starched, giving to the sweet faces a most lovely expression. The Shakers wear no ornaments of any sort, except possibly a necessary brooch, although few of them wear even that. They believe in nothing which gratifies the vanity. One of the

most interesting things about the place is the old meeting-house, the oldest building in the village, it having been erected when the community was first settled in 1792. For more than a century, therefore, the old edifice has stood firm and unshattered, despite the wind and weather of the New Hampshire hills. Even the original shingles, which were made by hand and fastened with wooden pegs, have stood well the ravages of time, and have only been renewed during the past year. Thus the old meeting-house stands,—a fitting place of worship for the sturdy-hearted people who gather within its walls.

SEAWARD TRIOLETS.

BY FRANK WOLCOTT HUTT.

Morn.

The gulls are astir,
 And daylight is breaking.
 On jutland and spur
 The gulls are astir;
 Their wings flash and whirr,
 The silences waking.
 The gulls are astir,
 And daylight is breaking.

Noon.

The gulls are away
On marshes and highlands.
High noon of the day—
The gulls are away.
No flutter of gray,
No sound from the islands—
The gulls are away
On marshes and highlands.

Night.

The gulls are asleep
Far down on the ledges.
Where shadows lie deep,
The gulls are asleep.
The tides sough and creep
Around their rude hedges.
The gulls are asleep
Far down on the ledges.

A 'PRENTICE BOY'S CHOICE: A SKETCH OF LANCASTER.

BY GEORGE H. MOSES.

A bound boy, freed from his apprenticeship by service to his king, selected the site of Lancaster, though doubtless with little knowledge of the fact at the time it occurred.

For more that a century after its first exploration, the upper Coös region was undisturbed by white men. From 1632 to 1642 the region was fairly well traversed by hunters and explorers, and from then until about 1750 no white man trod its soil. Venturesome souls, John and Israel Glines, hunted and trapped through the region where Lancaster now stands, and gave their names to two rivers on whose banks they camped. John Stark passed through here twice, the first time as an Indian captive bound for St. Francis; the second time, after his ransom, again bound for St. Francis, but this time as the guide of a party sent to exterminate that viper's nest.



THE UPPER COÖS.

After Stark the deluge came slowly. Emmons Stockwell, an apprentice of David Page of Petersham, Mass., who had broken the bonds of his apprenticeship by enlisting in Rogers' Rangers, was returning home from an Indian raid and passed this way.

He bore home such glowing tales of the meadows at this second ox-bow of the Connecticut that David Page, an original proprietor of Haverhill at the first ox-bow, who deemed himself worsted in the distribution of that property, determined to recoup himself by securing these intervalles which Stockwell described; and accordingly a charter was had from His Gracious Majesty King George, whose loyal and humble servant, Governor Benning Wentworth, obligingly caused a blank charter to be filled out, pocketed his fee, and dismissed the petitioners with his blessing, to found a new town.

Emmons Stockwell and David Page, Jr., were the vanguard of advancing civilization and pitched their camp in the Upper Coös in the same year that the charter was granted, 1763, and hunted, fished, and trapped through the winter. The rising waters of the Connecticut drove them from their hut in the spring and they retreated to the higher ground, where, after they had been joined by other proprietors, the first permanent settlement was made, April



ISRAEL'S RIVER.

19, 1764, and Lancaster, the apprentice boy's dream, became a fact. The first season was an active one, what with clearing, building, and planting, and by reason of a severe frost in August the lusty corn crop was spoiled. But neither hardship nor disaster deterred the heroic proprietors. They were too far from home and neighbors, and the road back was too difficult, to permit thought of regret or return. In August, 1764, the first white woman came to town in the person of Ruth Page, David's daughter. She promptly married Emmons Stockwell, and made the new town more of a family affair than ever.

When David Page came to examine his newly granted town he discovered that the boundaries included but a small portion of the coveted intervals. They were mostly in the township of Stonington: accordingly he re-located the grant, placing the north-west corner some seven miles above its rightful location. This topographical transplanting was the occasion of much litigation when wars had given chance for it, but Page's successors were confirmed in their title to the "altered" town, as the old records phrase it.

The settlement grew slowly. In 1775 there were but eight families in town; for twenty years there was no mill, and the nearest neighbors were fifty miles away. The Revolution did

much to retard the growth of the place; many persons who had actually settled were frightened away, and at times Emmons Stockwell was left alone with his family to "hold the fort." After the war the proprietors parted with their lands unwillingly, and many intending settlers were kept away.

Nevertheless the settlement grew steadily. This it has always done. It has never had a boom. Never did a community better justify the truth that all things come to him who waits. Lancaster waited. The samp-block gave way to the mill, the log-hut to the framed house, the first bridge was built (the builder paying five gallons of brandy, to whom I cannot say, for the privilege of crossing it first). Ruth Stockwell kept the school, the village lot was laid out, meeting-house common was deeded to the town, a two-story house was built, a representative was sent to the provincial assembly, a church was gathered; there was a town.

This town is probably unequalled in New Hampshire history. Probably no town in New England has so steadfastly held to its original character or clung to its old-time importance. The passing years have not broken nor frayed the strong moral fibre of the community. The strong men of the first generation have been succeeded by others of equal strength. The place has quietly grown from settlement to hamlet, from hamlet to village, from village to town.

In many respects the place is anomalous. Situated on a mighty river with two tributaries running through its confines, there is little manufacturing here. The great stream is only an intermittent highway of commerce, and the tributaries turn few wheels. Amid the mountains, the town contains few mountains. Though placed on fertile intervalles, its agricultural character is not at once prominent. Though industrious, it is quiet.

Lancaster is the mother city of the richest portion of New Hampshire, and has always held that relation to its neighbors. When the "County of Coos" was created in 1805, no other place was even considered for a county seat. Long before that all the business had centered here. Here were the principal merchants, and the leading professional men of the county. Here training day was held in the olden, golden days of the militia, and the formation of a new regiment within the county did not wholly take away



JUDGE W. S. LADD.



HON. OSSIAN RAY.



HON. WM. HEYWOOD.



JUDGE EVERETT FLETCHER.



HON. JACOB FENTON.



MAIN STREET.

this distinction, and the Twenty-fourth regiment mustered at Lancaster until the militia was abolished. Here grew up the chief academy of the community. Here for many years were the only



THE VAN DYKE RESIDENCE.



RESIDENCE OF CCL. H. O. KENT.

banks. Here the first newspaper of the county appeared. In brief, here was the capital of a province.

"History," said Phillips Brooks to the boys of Exeter academy,



RESIDENCE OF GEO. LANE.

"history is best read in the lives of those who make it." The story of this town, likewise, will be best told in the careers of its pioneers and their successors. An extended study of that sort, such a biographical encyclopedia as that would entail, is beyond the comprehension of these papers and this writer. For them and him it is enough to point out the headlands as the coast is skirted.

The first settlers, as has been remarked, were remarkably strong men. "They must have been," commented one on a similar remark, "for they moved an entire township seven miles up the river." Seriously, however, they must have been men of great



LANCASTER HOUSE.

courage and resources within themselves. To them were added, as years went on, others no less sturdy and resourceful. These men found their opportunity in the growth of a new country. Some of them were attracted here, perhaps, by those opportunities. At any rate Judge Richard C. Everett, the first lawyer in the Coös country, was so drawn here, and came as a boyish emigrant and found a home with Major James Wilder, the first magnate of the town, the storekeeper and miller, and the builder of the first two-story house. Carefully saving his scant wages, the boy at length made off for Dartmouth, taking with him the heart of his employer's daughter, and in due time he returned, an attorney, to claim his bride. From the bar he was called to the bench, receiving, besides, many other honors.

The first church was gathered in 1794, and preaching had been maintained, though somewhat irregularly, for some years before. The first minister was Parson Willard, an old-style dominie, a Harvard graduate, a man of great dignity and learning. For twenty-six years he administered the unction of the gospel without dissent. Then, being deemed not "sound in the faith," he asked for dismissal, only to be recalled two years later, accepting with the provision that he might read his old sermons. He died almost in the pulpit, for death came to him on a Sunday morning after he had prepared for church and had lain down to refresh himself.

Among other church have Wheelock, first, and son of president of lege, and Luke father of A. R. rian of con- E. Harrington, cupying a pul- England, was here. From this all the other nominations in though none of foothold with- the first Meth-



GEORGE VAN DYKE.

pastors of this been James R. grandson of the the second, Dartmouth col- A. Spofford, Spofford, libra- gress. Rev. C. D. D., lately oc- pit in London, also a pastor church sprang Protestant de- Lancaster, them gained a out some trials, odist preachers

being treated to a forcible bath in the river at the hands of certain upholders of the *ancien regime*.

The old meeting-house was given over to civic uses when dis- sension had made it impossible to use it as a church, and when the withdrawal of town support had disestablished orthodoxy. Much altered, the building still stands, and is used as a town hall. The interior of the quaint old church has been described with apt phrase by a local writer who has brought the edifice vividly to view with its porches and stairways, its broad aisle, its high pulpit, its sounding-board, the lofty spire, the hinged and clattering pew-seats, and the organ-loft with seats for eighty singers.

Along with the church came the schools, and Lancaster academy sprang up. This school has held its own against the growing public school system, and is now at the head of the schools of the town by arrangements effected by the trustees and the board of education.

But we were speaking of the men of Lancaster, particularly of those who were allured here by the attractiveness of the new community. Such a one was Jared W. Williams, who came here from Connecticut, who was a member of the legislature, register of probate, state senator, and president of the senate, member of congress, governor, judge of probate, and United States senator.

Such a man, too, was John S. Wells, though he in turn was



UNITARIAN CHURCH.

attracted away from Lancaster, and, to complete the extreme, removed to Exeter. There he became attorney-general, state senator, and president of the senate, nominee for governor, and United States senator.

Jacob Benton was another such, coming here from Vermont, and here rising to the head of his profession and entering congress. Here, too, he met his tragic death, and here his memorial stands.

In this connection, too, is counted Ossian Ray, United States district attorney and member of congress; and William S. Ladd, twice a judge of the highest court in the state; and William Burns, his party's candidate for congress; and Hiram A. Fletcher, the leader of the bar; and Benjamin F. Whidden, some time consul-general and special commissioner of the United States to Hayti.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Among those, too, should be named William Heywood, but just gone to his reward, long the Nestor of the bar in three counties and two states, "father" to all young men, and friend to everybody. Without high public office he adorned private life in the highest



EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



METHODIST CHURCH.

degree. And here, too, must be recalled the memory of that excellent man, Richard P. Kent, who for more than sixty years was identified with the mercantile interests of this community, and who also has a memorial, the gift of his family, erected on the border of the main thoroughfare of the village. These men are gone now. Some



PUBLIC LIBRARY.

of them their sons succeed, the names of Kent, Fletcher, Ladd, Heywood, and Williams still remain. Beside them, on the pages of Lancaster's history, are written new names, and in the next generation it will be fitting to speak the praise that is now forbidden to Chester B. Jordan, James W. Weeks, Irving W. Drew, George R. Eaton, William H. Shurtleff, and a dozen others.

To her country Lancaster has given freely. The French and Indian wars were ended before Lancaster hardly began, yet three of her citizens served the king in them. On the Revolutionary rolls are the names of twenty Lancaster men. In the War of 1812 forty-two men from this town took part. In the short-lived, almost farcical "Applebee War," as the Indian Stream insurrection is known, nine Lancaster men saw service and Gen. Ira Young, who

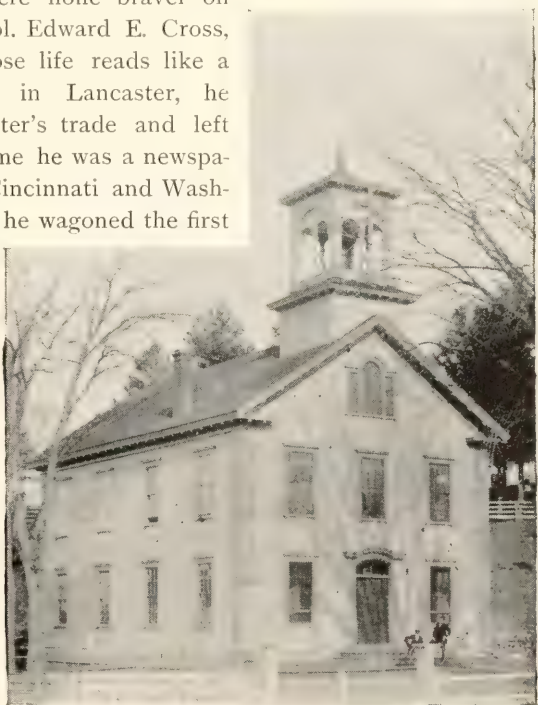


MASONIC TEMPLE.

commanded the state troops in that engagement, was a Lancaster man. Three men from this town served in the war with Mexico, and all were privates. Two of them were "Tinker Wade" and "Gentleman Perkins." Of the latter nothing is known; but "Tinker Wade" is remembered as having been accustomed to catch

trout by throwing them pellets of *cocculus indicus* and bran, intoxicating the fish and thus rendering them easy prey.

To the War of the Rebellion Lancaster made a contribution almost unparalleled. No less than two hundred and sixty-one of her sons fought to preserve the Union, and twenty-one of them bore commissions. A chapter of the History of Lancaster that is soon to be brought forth, covers Lancaster's part in all the wars. From it these facts are taken. The chapter was prepared by that brilliant son of the town, Col. Henry O. Kent, who bore no inconspicuous part himself in the last of the great struggles of which he writes, his services having been justly recognized at last by special act of congress confirming his rank. Colonel Kent also treats of Lancaster's participation in the militia organizations under the different establishments. The bravest soldier of all these, and perhaps there were none braver on any rolls, was Col. Edward E. Cross, the story of whose life reads like a romance. Born in Lancaster, he learned the printer's trade and left home. For a time he was a newspaper reporter in Cincinnati and Washington, and then he wagoned the first printing-press across the plains to Tucson, Arizona, where he established a paper. He fought with the Apaches and other Indians, and finally took service with the Republic of Mexico. Upon the outbreak of the Rebellion



HIGH SCHOOL—ACADEMY.

he hastened home and offered his sword to his native state. He was commissioned colonel of the Fifth regiment of infantry, the "Fighting Fifth," which he gallantly led until cut down at Gettysburg. His bones lie in the little hillside cemetery of his native town; above them stands the monument, erected by his friends.



C. & M. STATION.

The local flavor is still very pronounced here, and the community has abounded in "odd sticks," quite aside from any that have been cut from the neighboring forests.



MAINE CENTRAL STATION.

One of these, appearing early in the story of the town and evidently an exotic, was Sam Nash, a famous hunter for whom Nash's stream is named. Sam was a famous eater as well, and on one occasion having been lost in the woods he was rescued by a chum who at once prepared a broth to nourish his friend. Fourteen quarts Sam ate, said his friend; but Sam denied it, saying that while he had eaten fourteen basins full the basin did not hold a quart.

Another well remembered character was one David Weed, a lusty fellow who worked for Major Weeks. David's clothing was not always of the best, and his garb on one occasion is described

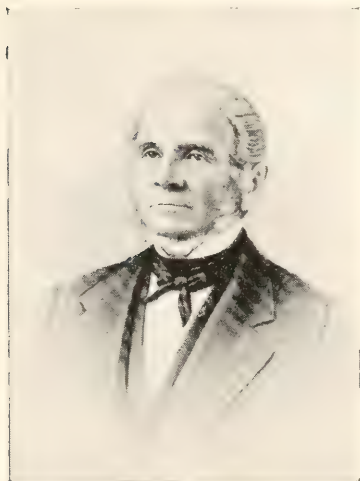
And his birthplace, once the residence of his grandfather, Judge Richard Everett, is a landmark in the village. There is a marked individuality to Lancaster.

by a little girl as having been "nothing patched." Another time, however, he was better dressed, being arrayed in some cast-off clothes of a local dignitary. He regarded himself with some admiration, and presented himself before the family circle with these commendatory words :

"David Weed is a man indeed,
His head can stand the weather,
His legs are long, his arm is strong,
And he 's well put together."

It was in these days of which we now speak that the militia flourished: potato whiskey was made in neighborhood stills; the only remnant of Braddock's soldiery was sporting his Cockney accent about these New Hampshire hills; and the French consul who feared to return to republicanized France, was living here in retirement.

Lancaster was then innocent of metropolitan ideas and modern improvements. That famous fire-engine which ripped the shingles from a scoffer's roof was not yet in existence. Louis Annance, a tame Indian, a member of the Masonic order, lived in the town then, not yet wholly reclaimed from his savage habits, for his pap-



RICHARD P. KENT.



Gov. J. W. WILLIAMS.

pooses in Indian fashion were strapped to a board and hung for ornament upon the walls of his house.

This fire-engine was only the first in a long line of improvements which have made Lancaster what it is,—one of the finest towns of the state. Placed as it is at the junction of two great



PAPER MILL.

railroad systems, considered as it is the centre of life of a large territory, visited as it is by thousands annually in search of pleasure or in pursuit of business, Lancaster is exposed to the keen gaze of the world.

Little will be seen that is not fair. Nestling amid the mountains, the village itself spreads out over the level intervalles. Its broad and well kept streets are lighted by electricity, bordered by concrete sidewalk: beneath them run the pipes of an excellent water-system, and beside them stand orderly and attractive dwellings, surrounded by neat and trim grounds.

The architecture of the town is not especially pretentious. Nothing better marks the character of a town than its houses. The houses of Lancaster are on the white-with-green-blinds order—the regular, substantial New England style. Many of them are stately and spacious; not a few are of modern date, but none of

them is tricked in the tawdry jewels of the jig-saw. They were built primarily for homes, and as such they are used. The public buildings of the town, the churches, the court-house, the library, the jail, the academy, the town-hall, and the hotel are of varying types, in accordance chiefly with the date of their erection. The court-house is an almost new structure, built to replace its burned predecessor. The hotel similarly supplants a victim of the flames; and of this house it is permissible here to say that it merits great praise. The academy has seen long years of service. The public library was once a church, and later an armory, and became available for its



BENTON FOUNTAIN.



HON. C. B. JORDAN.

present purpose through the munificence of George P. Rowell of New York city. The town-hall was once the village church; and the jail has been recently rebuilt. The commercial architecture of the town is not imposing. Substantial blocks line the sides of the main street. The manufacturing of the place is not of sufficient magnitude to add a feature to the town's appearance. Here are no distinctive industries. Aside from the saw-mill and grist-mill and machine-shop which go with every New Eng-



KENT FOUNTAIN.

land town, there are here also a paper mill, a flouring mill, an iron foundry, wood-working establishments, a large furniture factory, railroad machine-shop, and a unique industry in the manufacture of machines for making tin cans. The Concord & Montreal and Maine Central railroads pass through Lancaster, and each has a new and handsome station. The press of Coös county originated in Lancaster, and still finds its strongest exponents here, the *Coös County Democrat* and the *Lancaster Gazette* upholding opposing political views and contributing weekly to the stock of human knowledge, satisfaction, and happiness. One representative of Lancaster journalism, the *Coös Republican*, had a brilliant history, numbering among its editors Col. Henry O. Kent, the Hon. Chester B. Jordan, and Col. Josiah H. Benton, Jr., the first of whom has since served his country in the field of war and in high administrative office, the second having sat in the speaker's chair of the New Hampshire legislature, and the third being now one of the leading attorneys of Boston.

In the mechanical department the roster is no less notable, among the compositors having been Charles Farrar Browne

land town, there are here also a paper mill, a flouring mill, an iron foundry, wood-working establishments, a large furniture factory, railroad machine-shop, and a unique industry in the manufacture of machines for making tin cans. The Concord & Montreal and Maine Central railroads pass through Lancaster, and each has a new and handsome station. The press of Coös county originated in Lancaster, and still finds its strongest exponents here, the *Coös County Democrat* and the *Lancaster Gazette* upholding opposing political views and



COL. HENRY O. KENT.

(Artemus Ward), who here first gave evidence of his literary genius, and whose whimsicality led to his discharge from his case. Col. E. E. Cross also worked in this office, as did George H. Colby, who, after a globe-trotting experience which included publishing a paper in Honolulu, has returned to Lancaster, where he conducts what is one of the best bookstores in New England.



HON. IRVING W. DREW.

In speaking of Lancaster as it appears, it would be grossly unfair to make no mention of the Rowell photographic studios. Indeed, Lancaster as it appears in this article is due entirely to Mr. Rowell's skill, for it was he who made all the excellent photographs from which this sketch is illustrated.

And in summing up the industries of the place, a word must be said as to the P. J. Noyes Manufacturing company, which owns the only manufacturing pharmacy in New England, producing a large line of staple and especial pharmaceutical necessities.

"In a new country a century and a quarter is a long time," remarks the Hon. Chester B. Jordan by way of preface to his admirable biographical sketch of Judge Richard Everett. It is, indeed, and the century and a quarter of Lancaster's existence is crowded so full of incident, is so graphic with endeavor, so illumined with success, that my hasty glance is dulled with regret that more cannot be here shown.

In particular I have endeavored to make prominent one thing—the sturdy character of the people of the place. The persistence of the type is something remarkable here. Lancaster to-day in its moral tone is scarcely less uncompromising than it was when first those sturdy Puritans came here from Massachusetts. The steady, quiet growth of the town has preserved the trend of local character where an avalanche of population from a boom would have annihilated it. The apprentice boy who caused this town to be, can scarcely have dreamed of what was to follow; but whatever of strength, of



COURT HOUSE.

honesty of purpose, of hope, of firmness, of lofty motive, sprang up within his heart, are found here to-day in the hearts of those who have come to possess what he longed for and came to know and rule and own.

MUSIC.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

The echo of Eve's song in Paradise,
That rippling floats forever on the air;
A balm to bring all sad and tear-wet eyes,
And save the human soul from dark despair.

THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A Domestic Story of the Forties.

BY JONAS LIE.

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

V.

The captain was in a dreadful humor ; the doors were banging the whole forenoon.

At dinner time there was a sultry breathing spell, during which Joergen and Thea sat with their eyes on their plates, extremely cautious not to give any occasion for an explosion.

The fruit of Joergen's best exertions to make himself unnoticed was nevertheless, as usual, less happy. During the soup he happened to make a loud noise in eating with a spoon, which led to a thundering

“Do n't slobber like a hog, boy.”

After dinner the captain all at once felt the necessity of completing certain computations on a chart and surveying matter that had been left since the autumn.

And now it was not advisable to come too near the office ! He had an almost Indian quickness of hearing for the least noise, and was absolutely wild when he was disturbed.

It became quiet, a dead calm over the whole house. The spinning wheel alone could be heard humming in the sitting-room and they went gently through the doors below in genuine terror, when in spite of all they creaked or some one happened to let the trap-door into the cellar fall or make the porch door rattle.

How could that foolish Torbjoerg hit upon going to scouring the stairs now ? When she hurriedly retreated with her sand and pail, her open mouth and staring eyes showed plainly that she did not comprehend the peculiar inward connection between her scouring and the captain who was sitting safely up there in his office : it was enough that he would fall at once like a tempest down from the upper story.

Now there was a call from up there.

He came out from his office with his drawing pen in his mouth:

What had become of the old blue portfolio of drawings? it had been lying on the table in the hall up stairs—

Ma must go up, and Thinka and Joergen with her, to be questioned.

There—there on the table—there! it had been lying for five months! was it the intention to make him entirely miserable with all this putting in order and washing?

“But dear, dear Jaeger, we shall find it if you will only have a little patience—we are only looking for it.”

And there was a search round about everywhere in the garret, under old window panes, tables, reels, chests, and old trumpery were ransacked. In his anxious zeal Joergen stood on his head, digging deep down into a barrel, when ma at length sagaciously turned the investigation into the office again,—

“On the top of the cabinet in the office there, there is a large blue portfolio, but you have looked there of course.”

“There? I—I should like to know who has presumed to—”

He vanished into the office again.

Yes, there it lay.

He flung down his ruling pen; he really was not in a mood to work any longer! He sat looking gloomily out before him with his elbows leaning against his writing-desk—

“It is your fault I say, Ma!—or was it possibly I who had the smart idea of sending her to Ryfylke?”

He struck the desk.

“It is blood money,—blood money, I say! If it is to go on in this way, what shall we have to get Joergen on with?—huf, it goes to my head so—eighteen dollars actually thrown into the brook.”

“She must have a Sunday dress; Thinka has now worn the clothes she brought from home over a year and a half.”

“Even new cloth laced shoes from Stavanger. Yes, indeed, not less than from Stavanger—it is put down so,” he snatched the bill from the desk—“and an enamelled leather belt, and for half-soling and mending shoes two dollars and a quarter—and then sewing things! I never heard that a young girl in a house bought sewing things—and postage a dollar and a half—it is wholly incredible.”

"For the year and a half, you must remember, Jaeger, fifteen cents for each letter."

"A miserly judge, I say, who does not even pay for the letters which go from the office! Now, why did she write last when just before she sent messages in the letter to your sister-in-law? But there it comes with a vengeance—four and a half yards of silk ribbon! Why didn't she make it ten, twenty yards,—as long as from here to Ryfylke? Then she might have broken her father at once; for I see what it leads to."

"Remember they go on visits and to company at the sheriff's, the minister's, and the solicitor's, very often; we must let her go decently."

"Oh, I never heard before that daughters must cost money. It is a bran new rule you have hit upon; and what is it coming to?"

"He who will not sow, Jaeger, will not reap."

"Yes, don't think it looks like fine harvest—this country! this country—Adonis there in the office who makes sharp eyes at her—a poor clerk who does not have to pass an examination! But he is so quick at the partition of inheritances, ha, ha."

Ma seemed to be a little overcome, and gazed before her hopelessly.

"Yee-s, Thinka wrote that; he is so quick in the partition of inheritances, is he! Do n't you think that was rather a nice introduction by her for him?" he hummed. "It is clear as mud that she is taken with him; your sister-in-law would not otherwise have written about it as she did."

"Thinka has a gentle nature," came the answer somewhat slowly and thoughtfully, "and is certainly so easily hoodwinked, poor thing, warm and susceptible as she is; but then she has now seen so much of the world about her!"

"Yes, the world does not move in verse! As Lieutenant Bausback said he paid his debts with old Mother Stenberg, she was exactly three and a half times as old as he when they were married."

"She has always been pliable—we can hope that she is amenable to a word from her parents. I will write and represent to her the prospects."

"The prospects! Don't meddle with that, Ma! Marriage do n't

grow on trees. Or what kind of a match do you think Thinka can make up here? When I am old and retired on a pension it is a nice lookout, with all our daughters on our hands! Don't let us be mad with pride, Ma, stark mad! That runs in your blood and that of all the Zittow's."

Ma's lips stiffened a little and her eyes looked keenly black; but it was over in a moment.

"I think that after all we might economize on pork and butter here in the house; it is not half so salt as it is used in many places for servants, and then, when the pigs—only the hams, I mean—can go with the load to the city, then we can very likely find the way out to get the money in again. Otherwise, I should be entirely disheartened. But if we are to send the money, I think you ought to send it to the post office at once, Jaeger. They ought not to see anything but that you pay cash down."

The captain rose and puffed.

"Ten and five are fifteen—and there are eighteen." He counted the money out of a drawer in his desk. "We shall never see the money again. Where are the scissors, the scissors, I say?"

He began to cut the envelope for the money letter out of an old gray wrapper of an official letter, which he turned.

"Your coat and comforter are lying here, by the stove," said ma, when she came in again.

"There. Put the sealing-wax and seal in the inside pocket, so that I shall not forget them; otherwise I must pay for sealing."

——It was as if the captain's bad humor had been swept away when he came back hastily from the post-office. He had found a letter from Inger-Johanna, and immediately began to peep into it; but it became too dark.

His coat was off in a trice, and, with his hat still on, he began eagerly to read by the newly lighted candle.

"Ma! Ma! Tell ma to come in at once—and another candle!"

He could not see any more, as the candle made a halo of obscurity, and they had to wait till the wick burned up again.

Ma came in, turning down her sleeves after the baking.

"Now you shall hear," he said.

"That such a ball cannot be longer! Aunt would like to be one of the first to leave, so during the cotillion I sat in constant

anxiety lest she should order the sleigh. Then I am to be examined: but then, it is now no longer as it was the first two or three times we drove home, when I chattered and blabbed out every possible thing, turned my soul and all my feelings inside out into aunt's bosom as a pocket.

"Yesterday I was at my seventh, and already engaged way into the ninth: which still will not be my last, I hope, this winter (I led five times). Yesterday, also, I happily escaped Lieutenant Mein, the one with Joergen's bridle in his mouth, who has begun to wait to make sure of me for the cotillion, as he says. He sits and stands in the companies at home at aunt's (which is all he does, as there is not a word in his mouth) and only looks and glowers at me.

"Well, you should see my dancing cards! I think I have led a third part of all the dances this winter. Aunt has made me a present of a sash buckle which is beautiful, and, with all the dark yellow stones, improves the dress wonderfully. Aunt has taste; still we never agree when I dress myself. Old Aunt Alette was up here yesterday, and I got her on my side. So I got relieved from having ear-drops dangling about my ears; they felt as if two sticks of timber were hanging behind me, and then I must be allowed to have sleeves wide enough to move my arm if I am not to feel like a wooden doll.

"You must know that I have grown three inches since I left home. But never in my life have I really known what it is to exist, I believe, till this winter. When I shut my eyes, it is as if I can see in a dream a whole series of balls with chandeliers, through which music is floating, and I am dancing, and am led through the throng, which seems to make way for me.

"I understand how Aunt Elenore must have felt, she who was so beautiful, and, whom they say, I resemble so: she died after a ball, Aunt Alette says: it must have been of joy. There is nothing like dancing; nothing like seeing them competing for engagements, kneeling, as it were, with their eyes, and then becoming confused when I answer them as they do n't expect.

"And how many times do you really think now I have heard that I have such wonderful black hair, such wonderful firm eyes, superb bearing; how many times do you think it is said to me, in

the most delicate manner and in the most unpolished manner? Aunt has also begun to admire; I could wish that the whole winter, my whole life (so long as I am beautiful, no longer) was one single ball, like the Polish count, who drove over sugar.

"And, then, I have always such a desire to die after every time, when I am lying and thinking of it, and, as it were, hear the music in my ears, until I come to think of the next one.

"For that I am going to have a new dress, light yellow with black; that and white are most becoming to me, aunt says, and then again, new yellow silk shoes, buttoned up to the ankles; aunt says that my high instep betrays race, and that I feel I have; truly, I don't mind speaking right out what I think; and it is so amusing to see people open their eyes, and wonder what sort of a person you ever can be.

"I really begin to suspect that several of our gentlemen have neither seen a living pig or duck, or a colt (which is the prettiest thing I know). They become so stupid as soon as I merely name something from the country; it might be understood if I said it in French, *un canard, un cheval, un cochon, une vache*.

"Student Grip contends that of those who have been born in the city not one in ten has ever seen a cow milked. He also provokes aunt by saying that everything which happens in French is so much finer, and thinks that we like to read and cry over two lovers who jump into the water from *Pont Neuf*; but only let the same thing happen here at home, from Vaterland's bridge, then it is vulgar; and, indeed, I think he is often right. Aunt has to smile. And however much she still says he lacks in the polished manners and culture of blood, she is amused at him. And so they are everywhere, for he is invited out every single day in the week.

"He generally comes Sunday afternoons, and for coffee, for then he is sure that both aunt and I are bored, he says (yes, horribly; now, how can he know that?) and that he is not obliged to walk on stilts, and tell lies among the blue tea-cups.

"And, then, he and aunt are amusing with a vengeance, when he speaks freely and aunt opposes him and takes him down. For he thinks for himself always; that I can see when he is sitting with his head on one side and gently stirring his spoon in his cup.

It makes one smile, for if he means no you can see it from the top of his head long before he says it.

"He is not a little talked about in the city, as one of the worst of the student society in being zealous for all their wild ideas. But aunt finds him piquant and thinks that youth must be suffered to sow their wild oats. On the contrary, uncle says that this kind is more ruinous for a young man's future than the worst transgressions, since it destroys his capacity for discipline.

"What he thinks of me I would like to know. Sometimes he asks, impertinently,—

"‘You are going to the ball this evening, I suppose, Miss Jaeger?’

"But I have it out with him to the best of my ability, ask aunt for advice about some fancy work, and yawn so comfortably and look out of the window just when he is the most excited.

"I see very well it provokes him, and the last time he asked if Miss Jaeger would not abstract her thoughts from the next ball for a moment.

"Uncle is often cross at his perverseness, and contends that he is a disagreeable person; but I don't believe he would readily let him go from the office since he is so capable.

"Uncle lives only in his office; he is so tremendously noble. You should hear how he can go and worry for the least fault or want of punctuality in his office."

"I think the devil is in the fellow—now he is governor," the captain declared. "He has reached the highest grade and can't be removed, and has no need to worry."

"Poor Josiah," sighed ma, "he was always the most irritable of my brothers; but the best head."

"Yes, the judge at Ryfylke took both force and will for his part."

A fortnight later they were surprised by a letter from the governor's wife, with one from Inger-Johanna enclosed.

The governor's lady must, in any event, be allowed to keep her dear Inger-Johanna at least a year longer; she had become indispensable both to her and the governor, so that it was even diffi

cult for them to realize that she could have another home — “She has spoiled her uncle by the young life she has brought into the house. My dear Zittow with his scrupulous conscientiousness is overburdened with anxieties and responsibilities in his great office, and is sadly in need of amusements and recreation after so many wakeful nights. Nay, so egotistical are we,” she added in joke, “that I will propose that we divide her in the most unjust manner,—that she shall make a visit home this summer, but only to come down to us again. Anything else would be a great disappointment.

“But do not let us bring a possibly unnecessary apple of discord upon the carpet too easily; it might turn out like the treaty between the great powers about the beautiful island in the Mediterranean; during the diplomatic negotiations it vanished. And, indeed, I lack very little of being ready to guarantee that our dear subject of dispute will not in a shorter time herself rule over a home, which will be in proportion to what she with her nature and beauty can lay claim to.

“That I, as her aunt, should be somewhat partially blind to her, can I hardly believe; at least I can cite an experienced, well informed person of the same mind in our common friend, Captain Roennow, who last week came here with the royal family from Stockholm, and, in parenthesis be it said—it must be between us—is on the point of having an extraordinary career. He was thoroughly enthusiastic at seeing Inger-Johanna again, and declared that she was a perfect beauty, and a born lady who was sure to excite attention in circles which were even above the common, and much more which we ought not to let our dear child hear. I can only add that on leaving he warmly, and with a certain anxiety, recommended me to keep and still further develop her.

“If not just in his first youth, he is at least perhaps *there*, or at any rate one of the, most elegant and most distinguished men in the whole on my list, and it would not be difficult for him to win even the most pretentious.”

“No, I should say that, by George. You, Ma,” said he, winking, “what do you say now? Now, I think it is all going on well.”

The captain took a swinging march over the floor, and then fell upon Inger-Johanna’s letter.

"Dear Parents :

" No, now I must tell you something. Captain Roennow has been here. He came just as aunt had a reception. He looks twice as handsome and brave as he did when he was at our house at Gilje, and I saw plainly that he started a little when he got his eye on me, even while he stopped and paid his respects to aunt.

" My heart beat rapidly, you must know, as soon as I saw him again ; for I was really half afraid that he would have forgotten me.

" But he came up and took both my hands and said very warmly,

" 'The bud which I last saw at Gilje, is now blossomed out.'

" I blushed a little, for I knew very well that it was he who from the first brought it about that I came here.

" But I call that finished manners, and an easy, straightforward way of conducting himself. Entertaining as he was, he never lost a particle of his grand manly dignity, and there was hardly a question of paying attention to any other person than to him in particular the whole evening. I must admit that hereafter I shall have another standard for a real gentleman that I would call a man, and there are certainly many who do not come up to it.

" Aunt has also expatiated on his beauty ; I believe she was flattered because he was so kind and cordial to me, she has ever since been in such excellent humor.

" After that he was here daily. He had so much to tell us about life in Stockholm and at the court, and always talked to me about you at home, about father, who except that he was older"—

" Much, much older, yes," put in the captain eagerly, "about four or five years at least."

" Always was his never-to-be-forgotten friend.

" You can believe these were pleasant evenings. Aunt understands that thing. There is a great void since he is gone. Aunt thinks so, too. We have sat talking about him, and hardly anything else than him, these two evenings since he went away.

" Yesterday evening Grip came here. We have not seen him at all since the first time Captain Roennow was here. And can any one imagine such a man ? He seems to see nothing in him. He sat and contradicted, and was so cross and disagreeable the whole evening that aunt was quite tired of him. He argued about living

externally, hollow drum, and some such things, as if it should not be just the genuine manliness and naturalness, that one must value so much in Captain Roennow.

"Oh, I lay half the night angry. He sat playing with his teacup and talked about people who could go through the world with a silk ribbon of phrases and compliments: that one could flatter to death a sound understanding, so that at last there stood again a plucked—I plainly heard him mumble—wild goose. Dreadful insolence! I am sure he meant me.

"When he had gone aunt also said, that hereafter she should refuse to receive him, when there was no other company present; she was tired of his performances *en tête a tête*; that kind of men must have a certain restraint put upon them. He will never have any kind of a career, she thought, he carries his own notions too high.

"However, it will be very tiresome if he stays away; for with all his peculiarities he is very often a good war comrade for me against aunt."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAY.

BY BELA CHAPIN.

The charming days of lovely May,
With all the groves in green array,
Are come, new joy to yield;
The sunshine and descending rain
Hasten the growth of rising grain
In every farmer's field.

How blissful now the sweet perfume,
Pervading all the orchard bloom,
Of many an opening flower!
From apple, cherry, plum, and pear
There comes a fragrance on the air
To bless the spring-time hour.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FRED GOWING,

State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Concord, N. H.

THE NEW STUDIES IN THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

W. N. CRAGIN.

I am aware that by referring to those studies as new, which have been regularly taught now for several years in our best schools, I lay myself open to the suspicion of being a trifle slow; nevertheless they are new to a certain very considerable class of our schools; and not a few school committees are still discussing the wisdom of introducing them into the common-school course.

The country schools are the last to feel the impulse of innovations; and here in New Hampshire, notwithstanding all the agitation of new methods and new studies that has been going on for the past ten years, notwithstanding the fact that the course of instruction in the city schools has been practically revolutionized within that period, it would not be difficult to find schools where just the same subjects are taught as were taught fifty years ago, and where the methods of teaching have not materially changed.

Not that the country schools as a class have not changed; for they have. But the change has not been a progressive one, and has been slight in degree as compared with that which has taken place in the city schools. There, the change has been indeed rapid and radical.

It is only a few years, comparatively speaking, since the first daring iconoclast declared that a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, was not an adequate common-school education; that, as a steady intellectual diet, these studies were altogether too meagre; that there was nothing stimulating or inspiring about them, and that the common-school course of study was sadly in need of enrichment.

This statement, at first looked upon as rank heresy, has since

been generally accepted as truth; and within a brief period of time the city, and many of the town, school systems have undergone a complete revolution both in the manner and matter of their teaching. History and geography have been modernized and invested with new interest. Literature, instead of being reserved for the favored few who are able to complete the high-school course, has been brought down to the primary grades; and is now one of the first subjects that the child encounters, and one that he pursues longest. Natural science, too, has been brought down from the high-school course to the primary; and children now study the phenomena and laws of nature from their first entrance into school, and study them not from text-books but at first hand,—from Nature herself. Music, drawing, and physical culture have found their way into the schools, and are now established upon what seems to be a permanent basis. Manual training, too, is fast finding its way into popular favor. Geometry and algebra have been brought into the grammar-school course in many places; and even a foreign language—Latin, or French—has found favor in some localities. So that the common-school education of to-day is a very different thing from that of fifty years ago.

While these new subjects have been readily incorporated into the graded-school systems, they have been slow in finding their way into the country schools, and even now they have not been adopted to any great extent.

Reforms in education, as in other lines, are not accomplished in a moment; but an idea that is really valuable, that marks a distinct advance over the knowledge or practice of the past, is sure of universal acceptance in process of time. So, as regards these new additions to the common-school course, if they are really valuable, if they are better than the three Rs of our fathers, if they furnish a basis for the kind of education which the present generation needs, they must ultimately prevail and find their way, in part at least, into the most remote and unprogressive district schools; but that they can be profitably introduced into the country schools, or even into the average graded schools, of New Hampshire at the present time, is a matter which is not self-evident, to say the least.

We may learn something from the experience of various cities

and towns which have attempted to modernize their courses of study upon these lines. We find that these attempts have not been uniformly successful; that the results obtained have not been, in all instances, all that could be desired, or all that were expected, even.

From various sources the complaints have been heard that the study of literature in the primary grades was spoiling the reading and phonics, the spelling; that the geographical reader and book of travel were destroying all exact geographical knowledge, and substituting in its place a mere smattering of general information; that music, drawing, physical culture, and manual training were so crowding the course that nothing was, or could be, taught thoroughly.

All these complaints are doubtless well grounded; but what do they indicate? That these subjects should not be taught? That we should go back to the old district-school basis? Not at all. These studies were introduced to effect an educational reform, and reforms do not move backward. It is useless to wish for the old simplicity and thoroughness of the district school. If we could have it back again, just as it was in its best days, it would not serve our purpose at all. It would not compare favorably with the modern graded school, faulty as that is.

If these modern studies are not effecting the improvement that was expected of them, the fault lies not in the studies themselves but in our use of them; if the course is overcrowded, this condition is no more likely to be caused by too many studies than by a poor arrangement of them.

We know of many schools where all these new studies are taught and the old subjects not neglected, where they are effecting just the awakening of interest on the part of the pupils that was expected of them, and where there is time enough to teach everything thoroughly; but it is noticeable that these schools are under the direction of thoroughly trained teachers and skilled supervisors, and I know of no instance where either of these was wanting that the new education has proved an unqualified success. The modern course of study in the hands of untrained teachers is a dismal failure, for a narrow understanding of a few things is more to be desired than a broad conception of—nothing.

Until the teaching force of our New Hampshire schools is better trained and better educated, and until there is some system of supervision other and more efficient than the town school board, the outlook for the new studies is not encouraging except in a few favored localities.

If we would keep abreast of the educational progress of other states, and at the same time avoid the disastrous results of teaching what we cannot teach, our first efforts should be directed to the teachers and school authorities. Having modernized them somewhat, we may hope, in time, to modernize our teaching without destroying its efficiency. The inspiring influence of the new studies will then make itself felt in the schools of country and town; for once properly taught, their value will never again be questioned.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL—A PROBLEM.

*A Paper Read Before the State Teachers' Association at Concord,
October, 1893.*

BY C. L. WALLACE, PRINCIPAL LISBON HIGH SCHOOL.

The rural school, as it exists to-day, demands our serious and immediate attention.

We who are teachers and co-laborers should do all in our power to arouse the citizens of this commonwealth to a better understanding of the necessity and importance of improving and enlarging the facilities for education in our district schools.

The rapid strides which our city and town schools have made during the past decade toward improvements and progress, show a growing interest, and make the contrast between the district and graded school all the more deplorable.

A great per cent. of our children are found in the rural schools, and are dependent upon the state alone for all the education that they will ever receive.

These young people will soon become the men and women who will have influence and who will control the laws of our state and government, and it is of the utmost importance that they receive

the counsel and guidance of competent teachers and experienced supervisors.

Many of cities and large villages realize this, and have only the most intellectual and judicious men for supervisors and superintendents, whose duty it is to systematize and arrange the work and see that it is faithfully and thoroughly carried out by the subordinate teachers, who are usually well qualified to fill these responsible positions.

The reverse of this is found in the country school. The supervisors, or local committee, are men who, oftentimes, are chosen through personal feeling, and are without a proper knowledge of good school work. They are busy, hard-working men, and cannot give the time and attention that the school requires.

Occasionally, we find men on the local school boards who are really competent, but are powerless to accomplish much in the way of reform.

Such men must have the support of parents as well as teachers, if advancement is made. The teachers, whom they are obliged to employ, are mostly inexperienced and inefficient.

They enter upon their work without any definite idea of what is required of them.

"There is no specified course, details are not outlined," and the work is stated only in a general way.

There is no record of studies, classes, or progress left them, whereby they can classify and arrange the school in order. The scholars are allowed to take up whatever studies they may choose, regardless of what their previous standing has been. There is no incentive to diligent and faithful study on the part of the pupils.

The scholars are naturally inclined to lose interest in the monotonous routine of school life carried on in such a shiftless and slipshod manner, and think only of having a good time.

Frequently men come to me for teachers, and invariably the call is for those who can keep order. They say, "We don't care whether they teach them anything or not: all we ask of them is to maintain order."

Thus the schools which, in my opinion, should have the best organized force of teachers, really have the poorest.

Such districts have not the money with which to employ skilled

and competent teachers ; for this reason, the positions are filled with unqualified instructors.

Should there be scholars in these schools who are ambitious and desirous of receiving an education, they find it necessary to leave home to attend school. This often brings about a change, as many of our farmers sell or leave their homes for the sole purpose of giving their children an education. This may account, in part, for the large number of abandoned farms found in our state.

If we could check this influx to cities and towns, and build up our rural districts by maintaining good schools, would it not have a tendency to promote habits of industry and thrift in our rural neighborhoods ?

Could the district schools be graded, the work done in our high schools would be more satisfactory. In our high school we have twenty-five tuition scholars, and nearly all of these have been obliged to waste time in the grammar room, for the reason that they were not able to pass the examinations required to admit them to the higher department.

We are compelled to be lenient, oftentimes too much so, in order to keep the scholars in school. They keenly feel the humiliation of being classed with scholars younger than themselves, and a great many will give up school life rather than experience this.

The process of grading the rural schools would necessitate a definite and carefully arranged plan on the part of intelligent and experienced superintendents, "the teachers acting with them and giving information in regard to the classification of pupils where they rightfully belong."

Uniformity of text-books and a properly arranged programme would be absolutely indispensable. We see no way by which this can be brought about, other than through our legislative laws.

Our state superintendent has a large field to work in, and it is impossible for him to give the time and attention needed to superintend and systematize the work in our ungraded schools. He should have the assistance of intelligent and experienced men in framing and arranging a course of study, which should be adapted to the needs of the schools in each county. This would be no

easy task, as it would require a great amount of patience and perseverance to formulate a course which would in every way coincide with the people's idea.

The good resulting from our state law in furnishing free text-books cannot, at the present time, be estimated.

In my own school I can see a marked improvement in attendance.

You will pardon me, if I mention a few encouraging changes which have come to my notice :

When I took the school in Lisbon four years ago, the high school registered eighteen pupils, one of which was paying tuition ; to-day we have fifty pupils registered in the high-school department, twenty-five of them paying tuition. This shows quite an increase, and I believe it is largely due to the law providing free text-books.

If the schools, from which we are receiving these pupils, could be graded and the work be carried out in a systematic and thorough manner, I believe the increase in attendance in our village graded schools would be still greater.

If these schools are graded, and the scholars can be graduated from them, receiving certificates of proficiency in the various studies, it will be a powerful incentive for good in promoting the cause of education in our country school.

It would seem that much good would result in being graduated with honor from the district school.

If pupils could receive a certificate of good moral character and deportment, as well as a knowledge of the studies that they have pursued, would it not be easier for them to secure employment? Would not our manufacturers and business men have more confidence in a boy accompanied with such recommendations? And would not the parents show more interest if their children could receive certificates, which would, many times, enable them to secure positions after leaving school? Would it not help them to realize the necessity of their children attending school regularly?

This, no doubt, is the reason why many of our youth are deprived of the education needed to make a success in life.

It should be the duty of the state to see that the best possible corps of teachers is obtained, and she should be energetic in

removing the incompetent and in stimulating the efficient teachers to their best efforts.

See that our schools are supplied with able, competent teachers, and such a system, the "graded system," would satisfactorily solve the problem of the country school.

NOTES ON NEW ENGLAND PRONUNCIATION.

BY CHARLES C. MORGAN, NASHUA.

In the summer of 1891, I met, in the city of York, England, many members of the British Archæological Society, one of the principal learned bodies in Great Britain. The society was holding its summer meetings. The Marquis of Ripon was at its head; and, in general, the members were men of superior social standing and culture. Regarding them as, at least, fairly representative of the educated classes, I listened attentively to their conversation, and gave especial heed to their pronunciation. I was curious to learn whether there was really any such marked difference between cultivated English and American speech as is sometimes said. The opportunity was favorable; for I was with them nearly two days, and, on Sunday, was honored with an invitation to attend, in their company, a religious service at York Minster.

During Sunday evening, while a few of us were gathered in a small parlor, the conversation turned upon Alexandria, in Egypt, as an attractive winter resort. One of the gentlemen, speaking of the many English and Americans sojourning there, remarked that two or three schools had been established lately in the city for teaching our language. Another, catching at his remark, asked in a slightly ironic tone, "Do they teach English or American?" The question was hardly impertinent, as will appear from the following facts.

We must admit that there is a considerable list of words which, in America, have a slightly different sense from what they bear in England. Without attempting to enumerate them, I will mention a few, for example, with their English equivalents:

Appreciate for enhance in value—The English seldom or never use appreciate as the opposite of depreciate; admire for be delighted—as, I should admire to hear him; banter for challenge—as, He bantered him for a race; bound for obliged—as, He was bound to do it; deed for convey—as, I will deed him the property; mail for post; raise for procure—as, I purpose to raise money; sick for any kind of bodily illness—Englishmen rarely use the word sick in a physical sense, except with reference to nausea or sickness at the stomach; biscuits for cakes of soft bread, as well as of hard,—the word in England meaning only hard bread, or what we call crackers; bureau for chest of drawers; connections for relations by marriage—the term relations in England being applied indiscriminately to all with whom they are allied, either by blood or by marriage; gentleman and lady—as applied to persons of inferior social rank; help for servant; limb for leg; dress for gown; lumber for cut or sawn timber; notion for inclination—as, I have a notion to do it; pitcher for jug—An Englishman, at table, would say, Pass me the milk jug; temper for passion—as, He showed temper—In England this would signify control of passion, rather than indulgence in anger; timber for forest—a usage more common in the South and West than in New England. I might add many other words, the American usage of which is criticised abroad. The list would be not a little enlarged if it included words which in our own country have acquired peculiar figurative meanings, and which, in many instances, partake of the nature of slang; for example, ventilate for expose, or express freely—as, Their rascally scheme, when discovered, was ventilated in the newspapers,—Alderman Jones ventilated his ideas on the subject.

But, besides the difference in the meaning of many words, it must be admitted there is also a considerable difference in pronunciation and intonation. To our ears, an Englishman speaks with a slight foreign accent. In many cases, it is nearly intermediate between that of the educated Irish and the American. His voice is considerably modulated, often taking the rising inflection at the end of a sentence; while that of the American tends to a monotone. A sojourner abroad, on returning to this country, is impressed with the prevailing monotony of American speech.

In England the vowel sounds are dwelt upon, in many instances, a little longer, or have greater quantity relatively than in America; and this occurs without reference to emphasis or elocutionary effect. In the discourse which I heard from the canon of York Minster on the Sunday before mentioned, he said *mōst* instead of *mōst*—the *o* sound being considerably prolonged. In like manner, he said *prāyer*, instead of *prayer*; *hēre*, instead of *here*.

In the conversations of members of the Archæological society, I noticed the same tendency to give greater quantity to the vowels; so likewise, in an address by Archdeacon Farrar, at Westminster Abbey, and in a sermon by the canon of St. Paul's.

In England, oftener than in America, the letter *a* approximates in sound to *α* in father, or is intermediate between this sound and that of *α* in man. An Englishman says *brānch*,* not *brānch* nor *brahnch*; *glāss*, not *gläss* nor *glahs*; *rāft*, not *rāft* nor *rahft*. The greater prevalence of the short sound of *α*, in our own country, probably was brought about between two and three generations ago by the imperfect notation of *α* sounds in Walker's Dictionary—which marked the intermediate sound, in all cases, the same as the short sound. American lexicographers have long protested against this fault, but it is still common here.

Mere and merely are very commonly pronounced in England *mēre* and *mērely*—the *e* having a short sound, the same as in merry. This is noticeable in the speech of many educated men.

Been is seldom pronounced as here, with the short sound of *i* as in pin; nor is it pronounced with the full, long sound of *e*, the same as in bean, and as it is given by some Americans, who, having returned from a brief sojourn abroad, make a pedantic attempt at English pronunciation. The Englishman begins his utterance of the double vowel in been with the sound of long *e* and glides into that of short *i* as in pin—thus, *be'in*. It is not easy for us to copy this peculiarity; since it is a combination of vowel sounds, such as, I believe, does not occur at all in American speech. The same peculiarity is sometimes heard in his pro-

*The dot over the vowel *α* is here used, as in Ayres' "Orthoepist," to indicate the intermediate sound between short *α* and *α* in father. The same sound is denoted by Worcester with a short horizontal line over the *α*, surmounted by a vertical line.

nunciation of *in*, *pin*, and other words in which the combination *i-n* occurs; thus,—e'in, pe'in. It is an approximation to the *e* sound of *i*, as heard in Irish speech and in various languages of continental Europe. It is true that many English dictionaries mark the vowel sound in *been* as *e* long, while others mark it as *i* short; but neither are quite correct, according to English usage, since it is a compromise between the two. Their failure to indicate the intermediate or composite sound probably is due, in some instances, to their imperfect systems of marking for pronunciation (which are much inferior to various systems lately devised); while, in other instances, it may be due to the want of careful discrimination. The pronunciation *bēn* was warranted as long ago as when Spenser wrote his "*Faery Queene*," for the word was then frequently spelled *ben*. But there is no justification for it at present.

I have referred to a tendency in England to prefix to the sound of *i* short, in some cases, a slight sound of *e*—thus, pe'in for *pin*. In America, there is a growing disposition—which is inexcusable—to give to *i*, in many instances, the full sound of long *e*; for example, *alpeen* for *alpine*¹ or *alpine*, *rapeen* for *rapine*, *teeny* for *tiny* or *tiny*, *chloreen* for *chlorine*, *bromeed* for *bromide*, and even *pantomeem* for *pantomime*. This fault is most noticeable among young persons who have lately taken up the study of French. It should be carefully avoided.

There are several words in our language, in which, it appears to me, the sound of long *o* is slightly shortened or made intermediate between that and the sound of *o* in *done*; for instance, *whole*, *both*, *quoth*, and *more*. All of these, except *quoth*, have been marked uniformly, by the dictionary-makers, with the long sound; and, by a considerable majority of them, *quoth* has been so marked. Buchanan, perhaps, was the first to observe that *o* in *quoth* had not the full long sound; and therefore he marked it as having the short sound—the same as in *moth*. But in this he was obviously wrong. Walker dissented; yet remarked,—“This latter pronunciation is certainly more agreeable to the general sound of *o* before *th*, as in *broth*, *froth*, *cloth*, etc., but my ear fails

¹ The small italic *i* is used here to indicate the obscure sound—which is marked in Worcester's dictionaries with a dot underneath the vowel.

me," he continues, "if I have not always heard it pronounced like the *o* in doth, as if written *kwũth*, which is the pronunciation Mr. Elphinstone gives it, and, in my opinion, is the true one." Among the later authorities, Worcester gives *kwũth* and *kwõth*—preferring the former. The difficulty in deciding between the two, really lies in the fact that, until recently, orthoepists have not noticed the few instances of a well-defined intermediate sound between long and short *o*, and accordingly, in their keys to pronunciation, have not provided for it. This intermediate is perceived only by careful comparison. Some years ago, before I was aware of the difference of opinion respecting *quoth*, I remember having a discussion with a well known college president about the sound of *o* in whole. He dissented from my opinion that it had not the full long sound. After several futile attempts to convince him of the slightly shortened sound, I mentioned an inscription on a placard hanging in the window of a clothes-cleaning establishment, "Spots taken out without cleaning the whole." When I asked the learned gentleman if he would read it, "Spots taken out without cleaning the hole," he laughed heartily and admitted his mistake.

It may be proper to add, at this point, that Webster's key to pronunciation, in 1840, gave only four sounds for the vowel *o*; while Worcester's, in 1846, gave six sounds, and Sargent's "Pronouncing Spelling-Book," in 1864, gave nine sounds. Sargent notices the shortened sound I have mentioned, but only when it occurs before *r*, which he thinks modifies it—as, for example, in *more*. I do not know to what extent it has been observed by others. So far as I have noticed, long *o*, when it comes before *th*, is slightly shortened, or has the intermediate sound; as in both, loth, sloth, and quoth. Its shortened sound in loth will be readily perceived on comparing it with the sound of *o* in loathe.

In respect to the sound of long *u*, as it occurs in the final syllable *ure* when the latter has a secondary accent, I have noticed no difference between cultivated English and American speech. The words, literature, forfeiture, coverture, aperture, overture, and portraiture, so far as I have observed, are pronounced about the same as in this country. With many speakers, there is a tendency to connect the preceding *t* with the *ure*, and to pronounce the final syllable *chure*. But, in both countries, among those who are most care-

ul, I believe that such syllabication is avoided, and that the pronunciation is *lit'-er-at-ure'*, *for'-feit-ure'*, *cov'-ert-ure'*, etc., although the effect in gliding speech is very nearly the same as if the *t* were included with the last syllable.

About the beginning of the present century, Walker, in attempting to correct the common fault of pronouncing long *u* like *oo*—as in literature (*lit'-er-a-toor'*) and furniture (*fur'-ni-toor'*)—not only sanctioned the pronunciation *t'ūre* (spelled *t-s-h-u-r-e*) for the final syllable in words where it has a secondary accent, but also in words like nature (*nat'-yūr*), fracture (*fract'-yūr*), picture (*pict'-yūr*), etc., in which it is unaccented. In America, both Webster and Worcester protested against the change in respect to the unaccented final syllable—preferring *nat'-yūr* to *nat'-ūre* and *fract'-yūr* to *fract'-ūre*. But apparently they carried their rejection of the pronunciation *t'ūre* (which closely approximates to *chure*) to many words where the final syllable—as in literature—has a secondary accent. Both, however, spelled out the pronunciation of the last syllable in literature, furniture, overture, and other similar words, *t-ū-r-e*, with the long mark over the *ū*. The rejection, in such words, of Walker's marking—which nearly indicates the sound of *u* as if spelled *y-u*—for a time misled many Americans into pronouncing the final syllable *toor*—thus causing a return to the fault which Sheridan, first, and Walker, afterwards, undertook to correct. Yet some who were more careful, pronounced the *t-u-r-e* with the *u* sound the same as in pure, the *y* element at the beginning of the *u* being slightly obscured. The pronunciation *toor* was most common among the disciples of Worcester; since Worcester used the marking *t-ū-r-e*, with the long sign over *u*, for many more words than Webster did. I believe, however, that both Webster and Worcester meant that the *t-ū-r-e* should be pronounced as if the *u* were spelled *y-u* and *t* were the final letter of the syllable preceding the last, and were partly blended with the *u* in gliding speech. In fact, *ture* can hardly be pronounced in any other way so as to give the sound of *u* as if spelled *y-u*; since a considerable change in the position of the vocal organs must be made in passing from the *t* to the *y-u* sound. That it requires a greater change than is needful in passing from *t* to the long sound of either of the other vowels is apparent on pronouncing tame, team, tile, and

tone, after pronouncing *ture* with a distinct *y-u* sound. If it was not the intention of Webster and Worcester to give this sound, they certainly were in error as respects English speech so far as I have observed it.

Englishmen speak many of the consonants more distinctly than we do. Mr. Lowell remarks upon the "rifle-crack" of the Englishman's yes and no. Certainly it is in striking contrast with the American's *í'yě* and *n'nür*. An English lady, in a railway coach with me, comparing the road over which we were travelling with the Midland road, said, "I like the Mid'*l*'and much bet'*t*er." Many of her countrymen, in comparing two things, would say, "This is bet'*t*er *than* that; while most Americans would say, "This 's bet'er 'n that"—dropping the *i* sound from *is*, the second *t* from *better*, and the *t-h* from *than*. Such imperfect enunciation certainly is more common among the educated classes here than in Great Britain. It may be the result of an indolent habit, engendered when our country was so sparsely populated that few persons were privileged to hear daily the conversation of educated men, and when, therefore, there was a peculiar liability to degeneracy of speech. Yet a careful examination of English literature, from the time of Chaucer to a much later period, shows that such a habit doubtless was inherited chiefly from our English ancestors.

I am inclined to think that the consonants which are most frequently disregarded, or are least distinctly uttered, are those formed in good part with the aid of the palate and of the teeth. The prevalence of catarrhal disease—deadening the action of the palate—and the premature loss of teeth, for many generations past in this country, may have had much to do with this neglect. Until the early part of the present century, missing teeth, it will be remembered, were seldom replaced with artificial ones.

The most noticeable of the consonant sounds, as spoken in England, is the letter *r*. It is scarcely ever trilled, as in Irish speech or as in French; but is strongly enunciated, and sometimes slightly rolled. An Englishman does not pronounce *n-o-r* like the word *gnaw*, but always *nor*—dwelling upon the *r*.

Richard Ayres, in his pronouncing handbook, entitled "The Orthoepist," says,—“When *r* is preceded by a short vowel, it sometimes has the effect of blending the syllables. Thus the dissylla-

bles higher, lower, mower, rower, sower, and flower are pronounced precisely like the monosyllables hire, lore, more, roar, soar, and flour." I do not think this is quite true in American speech, although in most cases the difference might not be strongly marked; but in English speech the forcible sound of the final *r* in the monosyllables probably would render it impossible, in nearly all cases, to distinguish, between them and the nearly corresponding dissyllables—as, for example, in the monosyllable roar and the dissyllable rower as they occur in the phrases, "the roar of the ocean" and "the rower of the boat." The strong sound of the final *r* in the monosyllables is necessarily introduced by the sound of *e* as in *her*, which gives to the *r* the effect of an additional syllable. Hence in such words the feebler sound of *r*, as in American speech, is preferable.

The remedy for imperfect articulation, especially of the consonants, must be found in our schools. I would suggest, as a means of correction, the more frequent and thorough drill of reading classes in such old-fashioned exercises as those beginning as follows:

- "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;"
- "Theophilus Thistle, the celebrated thistle-sifter;"
- "Peter Prickle Prangle, the prickly prangly pear-picker;"
- "Round the rough rock, the ragged rascal ran;"

and so on.

We have many mispronunciations in New England not discreditably acquired, since they were directly transmitted to us, through seven or eight generations, from our ancestors in the mother country. A good share of them were provincialisms, originating in Middlesex, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Chester, etc., counties in England, from which our forefathers came out, and the names of which they gratefully preserved in their new homes, while others were prevalent in nearly all parts of England. Some of these mispronunciations have died out and become nearly forgotten on the other side of the Atlantic, and hence are now regarded by our British cousins as Americanisms. On the other hand, it is doubtless true that some which still prevail in England have disappeared here. Of those that linger in America, and which are of British origin, I may mention the following: Bile for boil, k'yow for cow,

dew for do, handkercher for handkerchief, hēarn for heard, hist for hoist, jine for join, kiver for cover, lăther for leather, obleeged for obliged, pint for point, rare for rear, scart for scared. This list could be largely extended.

In the words boil, hoist, join, and point it will be noticed that the diphthong *oi* has been pronounced *i*, the second vowel being the one sounded—thus, bile for boil. Our Saxon forefathers—like their German descendants of to-day—were in the habit of sounding only the second vowel of most diphthongs, and they carried this practice indiscriminately into the pronunciation of a good share of the Norman-French words which they accepted after the Conquest. At a later period an attempt was made to modify this usage by giving greater prominence, in many cases, to the first vowel, as in boil for bile, hoist for hist, etc. But the persistency of the former habit is shown by the fact, that only two generations ago the antiquated pronunciation was quite common,—that even now it prevails to some extent; and that in a considerable number of the hymns of the Christian church, still in use, the old sound survives in rhyming couplets. For example,—

“That grand assembly would I join [jine],
Where all thy saints around thee shine.”

One day in my boyhood, when I was in a grocery to which I had been sent on an errand, a schoolmate of mine whom the teacher had lately told he must not pronounce *p-o-i-n-t*, pint, set a small jug on the counter before the storekeeper, and innocently said, “Marm wants a point of ile.”

Of the mispronunciation *lăther* for leather, it may be remarked that this is seldom heard now, except in the sense of whip, the original significance being to whip with a leathern thong. We occasionally hear the phrase, “I’ll lather the baste,” both lather and baste (for beast) being good old Saxon pronunciations. They call to mind the following lines of a burlesque Irish song in honor of Bacchus:

“Whilst abusing the villain,
Came riding, postilion,
A nate little boy on the back of a baste
Big enough, faith, to ate him,
But he lather’d and bate him,
And the baste to unsate him ne’er struggled the laste.”

It will be noticed here how nearly all the diphthongs in this rollicking Irish ditty have the second vowel sounded.

To any who may feel an interest in learning the origin of Yankee mispronunciations, I recommend the reading of Lowell's Introduction to the Second Series of the Biglow Papers. It is learned and amusing, and is worthy of careful study by all who desire an acquaintance with the history of our vernacular.

In conclusion let me say, I believe that nowhere do we hear better English pronunciation than among the educated classes in New England. It is by no means free from faults; but, on the whole, it appears to me that it is no worse than we hear from equally intelligent classes in England. It would be greatly improved if our consonants were more distinctly spoken, and if more attention were paid to agreeable modulation, especially if there were an avoidance of the high-keyed monotone into which many public speakers drift when uttering their most fervent periods.

Speech is the gift of men and of angels. Let us be careful therefore that we do not abuse it, either in the manner of its use or in the choice of words.

THE ISOLATED SCHOLARS.

C. C. LORD, HOPKINTON.

The present town system of common schools in New Hampshire entertains a special consideration of the isolated scholar. This is a fact of both expression and implication. The statute requires school boards to provide schools affording "as nearly equal advantages as may be practicable." This is the expression. Before the town system became a fact, its projectors urged the special equality of its privileges. This is the implication.

Strict interpretation of statutes regards both the expression and the implication. This is a reasonable legal doctrine. Certain facts seem to indicate that some school boards in this state have not fully comprehended the purport of the legal system under which they are acting. A few weeks of school for an isolated scholar, and many weeks for the mass of scholars, do not fulfil the

statute. The isolated scholar is legally entitled to "as nearly equal advantages" as the means of the town-district will allow. The private judgment of the school board is not a criterion in the case.

ARBOR DAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
CONCORD, April 24, 1894.

"When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves."

—O. W. Holmes.

It is to the advantage of our country that the children learn to appreciate, to love, to reverence nature and natural beauty, doubly to its advantage when they learn the value, utility, and necessity of trees.

In accordance with the proclamation of His Excellency the Governor, I recommend that the pupils of the schools throughout our state, so far as is practicable, devote Arbor Day, Wednesday, May 9, to planting and caring for trees, shrubs, and flowers about the school grounds, and to improving and beautifying their school premises. Let the exercises in connection therewith have practical value in stimulating interest and knowledge in forestry. Let this day be a starting-point, the beneficent influences of which shall abide through all the year. Despising not the sentiments appropriate to the day, let it be an occasion for deeds rather than words, and through the seasons that follow let there be a continuance of the lessons taught, in the watchful care over the trees planted.

FRED GOWING,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE SECOND ANNUAL SESSION OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SUMMER INSTITUTE.

Early in May the complete programme of the Summer Institute will be ready for distribution at the department office at Concord.

All teachers who have not perfected their summer plans would do well to examine the course at Plymouth, before deciding to go

elsewhere. The list of instructors will be sufficient to convince all of the value of the Institute.

The Institute opens Monday morning, August 20, and continues two weeks. The following studies will be taken up: Primary reading, advanced reading, primary arithmetic, advanced arithmetic, geography, language, grammar, history, physiology, composition work, penmanship, physics, nature study, drawing, music, pedagogy, and psychology. Evening lectures will be given by A. W. Edson, of the Massachusetts State Board, on "School Management;" J. Chauncey Lyford, of Worcester, on "School Devices;" W. C. Bates, superintendent of Lawrence (Mass.) schools, on "School Boys and School Girls" and "School Men and School Women;" Dr. C. C. Rounds, of the Normal School, "The Rising of a Great People;" and President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, will close the course on Friday evening, August 31.

Among the instructors may be mentioned: F. F. Murdock and A. C. Boyden, of Bridgewater Normal school; C. H. Douglas, late superintendent of schools of Keene, now principal Hartford (Conn.) high school; Geo. I. Aldrich, superintendent of Newton (Mass.) schools; Miss Augusta L. Balch, supervisor of drawing in the Somerville (Mass.) schools; Miss L. P. Shepard, principal Nashua training school; Miss Mabel Hill, St. Mary's school, Concord; Miss Caroline E. Wing, principal Manchester training school; Lemuel S. Hastings, principal Nashua high school; Sylvester Brown, master Martin school, Boston; Miss Anna E. Hill, supervisor of writing at the schools of Springfield, Mass.; F. S. Sutcliffe, master Lincoln street school, Manchester; E. W. Pearson, supervisor of music, Nashua; and Channing Folsom, superintendent of schools, Dover. Miss Flora S. Beane will have charge of the natural history laboratory, and Dr. Rounds, of the State Normal school, will give a course of lectures on "Practical Pedagogy." During the last week of the session there will be a reunion of the Alumni of the Normal school.

All teachers are urged to send to the Department of Public Instruction for the circulars of the Summer Institute.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

HARRY BROOKS DAY.

Without that invincible determination to overcome the obstacles by which the path to success in any given or chosen calling or profession is so frequently blocked, the word "genius" would fall



HARRY B. DAY.

into disuse and the world would lapse into a helpless stupor. One of the most active and promising musicians, and examples of this, who has gone from our borders, is the subject of our sketch. Harry Brooks Day was born in Newmarket, September 5, 1858, the eldest son of Warren Kelsey and Martha Brooks Day—the father a professional musician, the mother a woman of most excellent tastes in all the branches of art. After living in Dover and Portsmouth the family moved to Concord, where young Day lived until

twenty years of age. Early in childhood the father taught him the piano-forte, not with a view to make it a profession, however. The lifework was decided on while visiting the Centennial of 1876 at Philadelphia. After hearing an organ recital on the great organ in the main building, the youthful desires were stirred to become an organist, and to perform some day as well as the man to whom they had listened, and were expressed to the father—desires which, we are happy to say, have been more than fulfilled. From this time on both the piano and organ were faithfully studied with the elder Day, while harmony and counterpoint were studied with J. C. D. Parker, of Boston. After leaving school, in 1880, young Day accepted the position of organist at St. Anne's church in Lowell, which position he held for

ten years. During these years Mr. Day was identified with about all the musical interests and undertakings of the place. A little incident, similar to those which have come to the life of so many who are struggling up the hill to fame, is worthy of mention. It was here that he became discouraged, and, after due deliberation, visited a friend—one who had shown unmistakable signs of appreciation and interest in his musical career, a mill owner and manufacturer. To him the young musician confided his woes, and expressed himself as bound to give up the profession, and begged for a position. With a smile, the manufacturer said, "Do you think you could add a column of figures?" The answer was, "No, not twice alike." However, after a trial of business life, which was short, Mr. Day made a new and determined start, and applied for a position at Grace Episcopal church, Newton, Mass., as organist and choir-master. He was successful, and the inspiration which he received from this engagement has infused into his musical life qualities which will place him among the foremost of his time and in his line of work.

Besides his position at Grace church, Mr. Day is choir-master of and teacher at the "Church of the Messiah," at Auburndale, and instructor of music at the Cambridge Theological school. As an author, Mr. Day has given proof of originality of thought, a fine conception of the poetic in music, and an excellent appreciation of the tone-colors and possibilities of the orchestra. He has written much, as yet unpublished, for chorus and choir. Prominent among his published music are the "Song of the Kobold," for mixed chorus and bass solo, and "The Sirens," for female voices with soprano solo and orchestra, a work of most excellent qualities. At the present time he is engaged upon a work for bass solo, chorus, and orchestra, "Spring," from the French of Orleans, translated by Longfellow. It is a pleasure to realize that in Mr. Day, New Hampshire has a son, who, as an author as well as performer, will do her honor, and whose achievements will shine in history, as do her magic scenes so bountifully and beautifully bestowed by the Creator.

Concord, through the efforts of its ladies, is to have a series of concerts of chamber music.

The April number of *Music*, a monthly magazine, edited by W. S. B. Mathews and published in Chicago, is replete with musical knowledge and facts, and is the most interesting periodical of its kind published in the United States. It contains much that is valuable for the student, where the professor and teacher of music finds that which is profound and useful in a practical sense, and no musical library is complete without this magazine.

Farmington has recently organized a musical association which proposes to begin at once the study of a high class of chorus and church music. H. G. Blaisdell has been engaged as conductor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

GEORGE H. STURTEVANT.

George H. Sturtevant was born in Keene, January 19, 1824, and died in Boston, April 2. He was a printer by trade, and in company with Parsons B. Cogswell established the *Concord Evening Monitor*. He was in active business in Concord for seventeen years, but had spent the latter years of his life in Boston.

HON. ARCHIBALD H. DUNLAP.

Hon. Archibald H. Dunlap was born in Antrim, and died in Nashua, April 5, aged 76 years. He was employed by the Jackson company of Nashua as superintendent of spinning for many years, but later established a business as seedsman in which he was very successful. He was an Old Guard Republican, and served as representative, state senator, railroad commissioner, and delegate to the national convention which renominated Abraham Lincoln in 1864. He was a director of the Nashua & Rochester Railroad and of the New Hampshire Banking Company.

ROSWELL D. SAWYER.

Roswell D. Sawyer, son of the late Jonathan Sawyer of Dover, died in Rome, Italy, April 12, aged 46 years. He was educated

at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., and at the University of Gottingen, Germany, and for the last 15 years had devoted himself to art, studying in New York, Paris, Berlin, and Florence. His works have been admitted to the exhibitions of the New York Academy, the Royal Academy, and the Paris Salon.

HON. MARCELLUS BUFFORD.

Hon. Marcellus Bufford was born in Portsmouth, and died in that city, April 19, aged 77 years. He had served as alderman, chief engineer of the fire department, representative, senator, and judge of the probate court for Rockingham county.

COL. CHARLES H. DUNLAP.

Col. Charles H. Dunlap, son of Hon. Archibald H. Dunlap whose death is recorded above, died in Nashua April 20, aged 41 years. He was manager of the seed business established by his father, and had served as alderman and representative in the legislature. He was aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor John B. Smith, with the rank of colonel.

ALONZO C. CARROLL.

Alonzo C. Carroll was born in Croydon, March 24, 1826, and died in Warner April 21. He was engaged in trade in Sutton, Andover, and Warner most of his life, and was interested in everything that pertained to the prosperity of his town. He never accepted a political office, although he was prominent in the councils of his party for many years.

ROBERT HARRIS.

Robert Harris, vice-president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was born in Portsmouth and died in Rochester, N. Y., April 21, in his sixty-fourth year. He was a civil engineer by profession, and was engaged in railroad construction, in the West principally until 1856, when he began a notable career in railroad management, his first position being that of superintendent of the Racine & Mississippi Railroad. He served in the War of the Rebellion in the quartermaster's department in North Carolina, and in 1863, became assistant general superintendent of the Chicago, Burling-

ton & Quincy Railroad, becoming general superintendent in 1865, and president in 1878, resigning in 1878, to become general manager of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad. He was elected a director of the Northern Pacific Railroad, October 15, 1879, vice-president in 1881, and president in 1884, remaining in the latter position until October, 1888. In 1889 he became chairman of the Northern Pacific's board of directors. Subsequently, for about one year, he gave up active work in connection with this company, but in October, 1893, was re-elected a director and vice-president. For the past fifteen years he had made New York city his residence.

EX-GOVERNOR BERRY.

Ex-Governor Nathaniel Springer Berry was born at Bath, Me., Sept. 1, 1796, and died at Bristol, Friday, April 27, 1894. He was the grandson, on both sides, of Revolutionary soldiers. He began to earn his own living at the age of nine, and actively engaged in the tanning business at Bristol and Hebron until 1864. His later years were spent at Andover, Mass., Milwaukee, and Bristol. Mr. Berry was colonel of the Thirty-Fourth regiment, New Hampshire militia, for two years; justice of the peace for twenty-eight years; judge of the court of common pleas for twenty years; many times a selectman of Bristol; a member of five legislatures as a representative, and two as a state senator. He was elected governor of New Hampshire in 1861, and again in 1862, and during his term of office enlisted, armed and equipped over 15,000 men. Mr. Berry was a Democrat for twenty-two years, but separated from the party on the slavery question and was one of the foremost organizers of the Free Soil party in New Hampshire, and for five years its gubernatorial candidate. He had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church for over seventy years, and was conspicuous for his sterling integrity and the purity of his public and private life.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—In the preparation of the article on "The Followers of Ann Lee," the author, Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N., has been greatly aided by the valuable work of Mr. Charles E. Robinson, as well as by the writings of many eminent Shakers.

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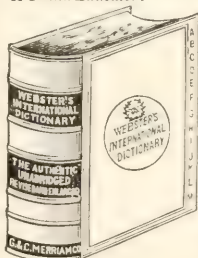
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White Mountains of New Hampshire,

While its trunk joins the commercial centres of north New England, its southern and eastern arms lead to every important point on the

“Rock Bound Coast,”

And its northern extremities reach lakes and forests where trout and deer abound.

It is None too Early

To be planning now where to pass your next summer vacation, and the general passenger office will be pleased to supply printed matter and answer all questions in its province.

PAYSON TUCKER,
V. P. & G. M.

F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. & T. A.,
Portland, Me.



G. A. Ramsdell

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GEORGE ALLEN RAMSDELL.

BY THOMAS D. LUCE.

One of the prominent living writers of American history states in a bibliographical note that town histories and town records are full of historical material. The new method of writing history sends students and authors to these sources for the most valuable matter. In each of the older towns of New Hampshire there is a mine of information, which is still waiting for the coming of the careful and patient investigator and writer; this has been especially true of the beautiful and historic town of Milford, whose inhabitants have selected the subject of this sketch as the writer of their town history, which is now going through the press. The children of the future will get a clearer view of the past because the history of their own town will be more closely connected with the larger history of state and nation, and because the lives of the men of to-day will be traced back until they are joined to the lives of the men who founded the nation, the state, and the town. It is a good thing for New Hampshire to have a magazine devoted to furnishing material of this nature.

George Allen Ramsdell was born in Milford, New Hampshire, March 11, 1834. His father, Captain William Ramsdell, was the great-grandson of Abijah Ramsdell, who came from England and settled in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1695. There have been families of this name in the vicinity of Lynn and Salem ever since that time, and, later, in Milford. They have been characterized by strength and ruggedness of character. His mother was the eldest daughter of Rev. Humphrey Moore, D. D., who was the

first pastor of the Congregational church in Milford, holding that position for more than a third of a century. On his mother's side he is descended from Lieutenant Francis Peabody, who settled in Hampton, New Hampshire, as early as 1635, being the emigrant ancestor of one of the most prominent families in New England.

Mr. Ramsdell received his early education in the common schools of his native town, and later at the academy in the adjoining town of Mont Vernon. He entered Amherst college, but was prevented by temporary ill-health from continuing after the commencement of the sophomore year. Subsequently he received the degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth college. He has supplemented his early education by an unusually wide course of reading, especially of English authors. He has the faculty, not uncommon among busy men, of getting at the leading thoughts of the author by a rapid perusal of his book. After a season of rest he began the study of law at Milford in the office of Bainbridge Wadleigh, with whom he remained two years. He completed his professional studies at Manchester, in the office of Daniel Clark and Isaac W. Smith, who were then in active practice as partners. He was admitted to the Hillsborough county bar in 1857, and soon after opened an office in Peterborough, where he continued six years in the practice of his profession.

In 1864 he received the appointment of clerk of the supreme court for Hillsborough county, and removed to Amherst where the records were then kept. A few years later the records were removed to Nashua, and he has ever since been a resident of that city. His resignation as clerk of the court took effect June 1, 1887, when he completed a service of twenty-three years. He then resumed the practice of law, giving especial attention to matters of probate. His appointment as clerk took him out of practice before the courts, and he has not been known as a jury lawyer. His long term as clerk gave him a large acquaintance in all parts of the state. He is perhaps best known as a referee or auditor. His desire that justice prevail, and his ability to weigh evidence and to apply the law to the facts, brought him into prominence in this line.

It is doubtless true that no other New Hampshire man, excepting, of course, the judges of our courts, has been called upon to

decide a greater number of causes than he. A tender from the executive of a nomination to fill a vacancy upon the bench of the supreme court one year ago was a just compliment to his ability, although he felt obliged to decline the honor. His eminently judicial mind is perhaps his most prominent characteristic. The causes in which he has acted as arbitrator have often involved large pecuniary interests and intense feeling, but appeals from his decisions have been few. In connection with Hon. John Kimball of Concord and Hon. James A. Weston of Manchester, he acted in the final adjustment of the affairs of the Manchester & Keene railroad. For twenty-three years he was completely occupied with the varied duties of his office and in the execution of commissions from the court, and necessarily found but little time for anything outside these trusts; he was able, however, to serve for ten years upon the board of education of his adopted city, and in other positions to which he has been called by his fellow-citizens. For twenty years he has been a trustee of the Nashua public library.

Mr. Ramsdell has served three terms in the legislature, and was a member of the constitutional convention in 1876. In 1891 and 1892, he was a member of the governor's council; for several years president of the board of trustees of the State Industrial school; is a trustee of the Orphans' Home at Franklin, a director of the Wilton railroad, president of the First National bank, and treasurer of the City Guaranty savings-bank in Nashua. He finds time, in addition to his other duties, to attend to probate business and office law practice.

Mr. Ramsdell's political history is similar to that of a large number of men of his age in this state. He is a member of what is sometimes familiarly alluded to as the "Old Guard." He attained his majority at about the time of the beginning of the Republican party, in whose ranks he has marched ever since. He has voted for every presidential candidate nominated by that party, and also for all its nominees in state, county, city, or town, and ward affairs. He has thought it his duty to vote the entire ticket, feeling that by so doing he could best aid in the success of the great party of which he was a member, and to whose political platforms he has given his support. In the campaigns of his early manhood he stumped the state for the Republican candidates, and

later, was often called to preside at political gatherings. His Republicanism has been of that strong fibre which is characteristic of the man. Having chosen that party when he and it were yet young, he has continued faithful to it ever since. After nearly forty years of service in its ranks his name is now prominently before the people of New Hampshire as a candidate for the nomination for governor. If this honor shall be conferred upon him it will be bestowed upon one who will not prove unworthy of that great trust.

In November, 1860, Mr. Ramsdell married Eliza D. Wilson, daughter of David Wilson of Deering. Mrs. Ramsdell is descended through her father, and also through her mother, who was Margaret Dinsmore, from the Scotch-Irish families who early settled in the vicinity of Londonderry, New Hampshire. Four children have been born to them, three of whom reside in Nashua, while one is in the West.

In social intercourse, at home or elsewhere, Mr. Ramsdell is an interesting companion who joins heartily in argument or story. The work of his life has been such as to give him an intimate acquaintance with lawyers and judges in all parts of the state. His fund of reminiscence and anecdote is large, and he is ready in his use of it.

Mr. Ramsdell is a member of the First Congregational church and society in Nashua. He is in full sympathy with the teachings and practical Christian work of the denomination, and has served it to the best of his ability as a layman. In 1890, with others who desired that the Congregationalists of the Merrimack valley in New Hampshire might form a social union, he aided in the organization of the Central Congregational club, of which he is now president.

It will be inferred from what has been already stated, that George A. Ramsdell is a man of strong convictions and deep and sincere attachments. In whatever way occupied he has been wholly engrossed in the duties of the hour, and consequently has neglected the arts which make men popular without regard to character. No one, however, intimately acquainted with him, as many are, regrets this result for a moment. His character is what his face indicates; his friends are those of a lifetime: when he

has once espoused a cause he neither seeks nor wishes to seek a way of retreat.

It does every one good to return often to the old home, especially if one knows that it is his and that by his care of it he is keeping green the memories of those who once inhabited it. The Ramsdell farm in Milford, now owned by Mr. Ramsdell and his brother, was first acquired by their grandfather, Capt. William Ramsdell, when he came from Salem, Mass., in 1815. He had followed the sea in the India trade for over forty years. The farm afterwards passed to his son, who was also called Capt. William Ramsdell, from the fact that he, too, had followed the sea in early life. At his decease, some five years ago, the old farm became the property of his two sons, who still cultivate it. The good people of Milford who knew George Ramsdell when he was a boy, speak of him as a faithful and devoted son. Every New England home has at least one such, and this home was not lacking in this regard.

When a law student with Judge Daniel Clark, Mr. Ramsdell became intimately acquainted with his teacher. Judge Clark exercised a great influence upon the young man whom he was teaching, and who was an apt scholar, working faithfully and well. Each was fortunate in his relation to the other;—the busy lawyer had a student who devoted himself faithfully to the many duties and cares which come in active practice: the young student had a preceptor fully equipped and qualified to train a young man in his noble profession. Later on they were associated in many official duties, and were life-long friends.

Upon reading what is written above, the writer finds little more than an enumeration of facts. The art of the biographer is exercised with skill by very few, and only after the subject of the sketch has passed from earth. So long as a man is actively engaged in the cares of a busy life, a friend can record the facts, without trying to make other than a partial estimate of the character of his subject. To those who know such a man intimately nothing need be said. If the estimate here given will aid those who do not yet know him well, the sketch will not have been written in vain.

THE FOG-HORN.

BY J. B. LAWRENCE.

'Tis only when the night is dark,
The stars retired from sight;
When 'long the shore there 's not a spark
To break the gloom of night;
Only along the rocky coast,
And o'er the shoaly shore,
That one may meet the sailor's trust—
The welcome Fog-Horn's roar.

Amidst the cloudy snow or fog,
Dense as the eyes' dull lids,
The sailor only reads his log,
Does as the captain bids.
Within herself the ship 's a world,
A world with peril fraught,
Save for the warning note that 's hurled
From out the Fog-Horn's throat.

All night I sailed Atlantic's main
Afar from shore and near;
And oft we listened, and again,
The distant moan to hear
Of steamer pressing on toward home,
Or toot of fishing smack,
Or else, the welcome, rhythmic boom
Of Fog-Horn in our track.

At night, ashore, I 've listened oft
To the faithful "Oo—oo—oo!"
As in the atmosphere 't was waft
O'er woods and hamlets through;
And thought of thousands fast asleep
In peace beneath the decks,
While sailors brave did solely trust
The Horns, on some land necks.

So, sailing over life's broad sea,
Midst perils 'neath and 'round ;
When stars above one may not see,
Nor ocean's depth may sound ;
While leaving harbor's winding course,
Or dashing o'er the main,
Across the wave by night, by day,
Floats some safe warning strain.

ONE OF MANY : A SKETCH OF MILFORD.

BY GEORGE H. MOSES.

The freedom which the settlers of the Massachusetts colony sought to secure in New England was untrammelled. It was geographical as well as religious, and the bounds of their colony were like those set by Rufus Choate for the United States—the rising sun, the North Pole, the Antarctic Circle, and the day of judgment. In the exercise of this extended sovereignty the general court of Massachusetts freely disposed of what it did not possess, and took great liberties with the land belonging to others, deeding and granting numerous tracts of New Hampshire soil to various citizens of military and civic repute and endowing the public schools of Massachusetts with lands belonging to New Hampshire.

Township grants were also made, and among these was old Dunstable. There were few towns like old Dunstable, for there was not room on the map for many such—with its 128,000 acres, its two hundred square miles of territory, and its location in two states, embracing the soil now comprehended in Tyngsborough and a part of Dunstable, a portion of Townsend, and a bit of Pepperell in Massachusetts, and in New Hampshire the whole of Litchfield and Hudson, the southwest part of Londonderry, the west part of Pelham, nearly all of Nashua and Hollis, the greater portion of Amherst and Merrimack, and a large portion of Milford and Brookline.

In 1741 the boundary between Massachusetts and New Hampshire—which had been long in dispute—was settled by the king



TOWN HOUSE AND LIBRARY BUILDING.

and a survey was made—which is even now in dispute. By the terms of his majesty's decision old Dunstable suffered division, and the settlers on the New Hampshire side of the line required five years to adjust themselves to the new conditions. At the end of that time the town of Monson was chartered by the New Hampshire authorities, and for twenty-four years it existed. In 1770 it was dismembered, and a portion of its territory was annexed to Amherst and the rest was allotted to Hollis. Twenty-four years later this territory again underwent change, the greater portion of it was dissevered from Amherst and Hollis, and Milford was incorporated. To add to the symmetry of the new township, the Duxbury school farm, one of the altruistic philanthropies of Massachusetts before mentioned, and the Mile Slip, an ungranted No-man's Land lying to the west, were added.

The town of Monson, which contained the greater part of what is now Milford, had an interesting history during its twenty-four years of existence. It was settled while it was yet a part of old Dunstable, in 1738, and was chartered in 1746, receiving its name from Governor Wentworth in honor of one of the board of the lords of colonial trade. The town was never strong in numbers. There were not more than fifteen families in the community at the time the charter was granted, and in 1747 the inhabitants peti-

tioned the legislature for protection against possible incursion during the French and Indian War. In this prayer Souhegan West—of which more hereafter—joined. Monson took part in General Goffe's expedition against Canada and shared the other burdens of colonial life. But the perennial issues which agitated Monsonians for twenty-four years were of a religious nature,—the location of a meeting-house, the assessment of a ministerial tax, the proposition to have a school, and the still more serious matter of abandoning the town organization.

Finally the town was dismembered, the petitioners alleging to the colonial authorities "that the land in and about the center of Monson is so very poor, broken, barren, and uneven as cannot admit of many settlers, so that those families that are in town are almost all planted in the extreme parts of it. . . . We have no prospect of ever building a meeting-house in the center or elsewhere, anyways to accommodate us, by which difficulties we think the gospel will not be settled among us while in the present situation." They "therefore prayed," etc.; and the town was dismembered, writes the Hon. George A. Ramsdell, "after a corporate existence of twenty-four years,—a town rich in its broad intervalles and in its uplands covered with a magnificent growth of pine, oak, chestnut, hemlock, and maple; and for no other or better reason than the fact that the exact center of the town was



HIGH SCHOOL.

not the most suitable place upon which to build a meeting-house."

That portion of Monson which became yoked to Amherst, and which is now Milford, had no such difficulty as that which beset the parent town, and when the time came for it to have a church it promptly petitioned the legislature to be incorporated into a parish. That's the kind of a community Milford has always been: when it has wanted anything, it has energetically set to work in the right way to secure it.

But of this new parish. It was formed in 1782, and was the third in Amherst, the other branch of the parent church being the Northwest,—now Mont Vernon, Amherst being one of those New Hampshire towns which has submitted often to vivisection,—and the new corporation was known as the Southwest Parish in Amherst. It was erected for "religious and ministerial purposes only," and set about at once to carry out these purposes by voting at its first meeting "to build a meeting-house of the same size and bigness as the Northwest Parish hath built, except porches." This edifice, so bravely resolved upon, was a long time in building; indeed, it was not wholly finished when the town of Milford was incorporated, twelve years after the parish had been formed



HON. JOHN McLANE'S FACTORY.



RESIDENCE OF H. H. BARBER.

and six years after the church had been organized. But it was finally completed. That also is the kind of a community Milford is: having set about doing a thing, the work is never allowed to fail.

The building of the meeting-house required nearly twenty years' time; more than thirty meetings were held; there was never a year but that the parish voted something toward the meeting-house and something also for preaching: the laying of the floor, the setting of the glass, the plan of the pews, the length of the singing pew, additional pews and paint, were subjects requiring due deliberation by the assembled parish, which never hesitated to tax itself freely and even severely when the glory of God, as exemplified in the improvement of the meeting-house, demanded.

In 1794 the parish became a town, the meeting-house of course became town property, and the town made efforts to bring about what the parish had failed to accomplish, viz., the settlement of a regular pastor. But it was not until 1802 that success crowned the work. In that year Humphrey Moore, almost just from academic honors at Harvard, was called to the pastorate and accepted, informing the "men and brethren" of the town that he would settle among them in the hope of their "forbearance with an inexperienced youth" and certain other considerations.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

For more than a third of a century Priest Moore ministered to this people. It was his first and only pastorate, and during it, and in fact as long as he lived, he was far and away the chief personage of the community, and was by no means unknown or unesteemed throughout the state.

He was a tower of strength to orthodoxy. The "Word," as he understood it, was fearlessly expounded. His ordination sermons



BAPTIST CHURCH.

and funeral discourses, his one "election sermon," and his disputations which have been printed, are models of logic and pitiless analysis.

Yet he was more than a theologian or a preacher. He was a farmer, and was a member of the first board of agriculture New Hampshire ever had. As an agricultural writer he had few equals, and he graced many an agricultural fair and farmers' meeting as orator of the day.

Neither was he unknown in politics. He represented Milford in the legislature and held a seat in the state senate, and was a



UNITARIAN CHURCH.

prominent anti-slavery agitator. His culture is attested by the honorary degree of doctor of divinity, which he wore so well; and his business capacity is proven by the size of his estate.

Withal he was a wit, and Priest Moore supplies the only fund of anecdote of which the town can boast. This fund, however, is ample for all purposes, and may be drawn upon at will. For example:

Among Priest Moore's specialties as an orator was his plea for humane treatment of dumb animals. This address he once delivered before an assembly of ministers, and at the conclusion the brethren were asked to comment on the speaker's views. One



ON THE SOUEGAN.

young clergyman, who afterwards came to be a D. D. himself, arose and informed the company that he had been greatly edified by the discourse. "It will do much good," he added, "and I have no doubt that every jackass in the county will thank Dr. Moore for it."

"Yeth," remarked Priest Moore, who added a slight lisp to his accomplishments. "Yeth; but I did not think they would begin tho thoon."

Priest Moore's ministry ended in 1836. Long before that the church and the town had dissolved partnership. The church, built a new meeting-house, and the old one became the town hall,



HOTEL PONEMAH.

in turn being succeeded by the present ornate structure. Soon after Priest Moore's withdrawal from the ministry the church fell upon troublous days. His immediate successor in the pastorate was attended by the only council the church has ever called to help settle any internal difficulty, and in the pastorate immediately following this the "come-outer" movement occurred.

This movement was peculiar to Milford, and of it the historian of the town, Hon. George A. Ramsdell, from the advance-sheets of whose work these words are taken, says,—

"In 1844 the church published a series of resolutions denouncing slavery, which were followed by an invitation to all the

churches of Hillsborough county to meet in convention at Milford for the object of discussing the anti-slavery question, and to take some action upon the subject. All Congregational churches were not as advanced as the brethren at Milford, and not being willing to indorse the position of the denomination at large upon the slavery question, and because this church was not ready to cut loose from all pro-slavery churches, a score or more of respected and prominent members of the church here withdrew, and were called 'come-outers.' But no unchristian feelings were indulged or unkind words uttered, and in subsequent years all those who conscience's forties became ants at this found a con- the Unitarian ing those who found a home not made with in the heavens.' of which this seen the end, a record of not be ashamed of freedom was Milford. Be-



ABBY HUTCHINSON PATTON.

came out for sake in the again attend-church, or genial home in church, except-meantime had in the 'house hands, eternal In the conflict, generation has this church has which it needed." The cry early heard in fore 1840 anti-slavery meetings had been held in the town, and among the earliest anti-slavery speeches in the country were those made in Milford by Garrison, Phillips, Rogers, Foster, Pillsbury, Douglas, Kelley, and Remond. It was no uncertain sound that went forth from this little village. It was a burning question with these people—this question of human bondage—and a more impassioned appeal than the call which summoned the first "come-outer" meeting in January, 1843, can hardly be imagined. It was published in *A Voice From the Jail*, a sheet issued by Thomas Parnell Beach, an anti-slavery agitator who was confined in Newburyport (Mass.) jail, and it bristles with italics and capitals.

The early abolitionists in Milford were men who stood upon no



HON. JOHN McLANE.



HON. C. H. BURNS.



HUMPHREY MOORE, D. D.



COL. O. W. LULL.

ceremony. During the early days of the discussion a Free-Soil meeting was called to meet in the Congregational church. One Nathaniel Coggin attempted to prevent it by securing the keys, nailing the windows and doors, and leaving town with the key to the only unbarred door in the building. The Free-Soilers promptly broke the doors open and held their meeting, and the man who had attempted to prevent the gathering went down to his grave as "Key" Coggin.

The Hutchinson family appeared on the scene of action at a very opportune moment for the "come-outers," and this wonder-



THE HUTCHINSON PLACE.

ful band of singers and versifiers became the poets and prophets of the movement. Their sphere of action became greatly enlarged before long, of course, and they were singing their songs and arousing the people in every part of the country, and even abroad; but whenever they were at home the meetings of the "come-outers" were animated and animating.

Of this famous family of singers but one now remains, and he not in Milford. The story of their life would far exceed my limits, even if only the barest outline be given. The expression of what they did for human freedom no limits can contain.



HON. A. E. PILLSBURY.



JUDGE R. M. WALLACE.



COL. F. E. KALEY.



DAVID HEALD.

Naturally enough, when the War of Rebellion broke out Milford was prepared to answer her country's call. A recruiting office was at once opened, and the response was patriotically prompt. In all, the town sent 196 soldiers into the field. There were forty reënlistments, and seventy substitutes were furnished, so that the United States government accredits the town with 306 volunteers. Sixty of these lost their lives, and but forty of them are buried at home.

Among Milford soldiers, two stand out conspicuously—Col. Oliver W. Lull and Col. Thomas L. Livermore.

Colonel Lull went out as lieutenant-colonel of the Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, and was with his regiment in Butler's New Orleans, and at the siege of Port Hudson he lost his life. Just before going into action, he made this entry in his diary,—

"In one hour we commence the storming of Port Hudson. Many of us will not see another day. If I should be one of that number, I shall have done my duty."

The Grand Army post in Milford bears this hero's name.

Colonel Livermore rose from the ranks to be lieutenant-colonel of the Fighting Second New Hampshire. He was living in the West when the war broke out, and came home that he might enlist under his state's banner. He was not born in Milford, nor did he enlist from here; but his grandfather, old 'Squire Livermore, who was for so long the ruler of the town, had the care of the boy during most of his minority, and he is therefore reckoned as a Milford man. After the war Colonel Livermore was agent of the Amoskeag corporation at Manchester, and later became a member of the park commission at Boston, Mass.

There is another side to Milford's development which was steadily advancing while Priest Moore was pleading for the jack-ass, the Hutchinsons were singing for the slave, and Colonel Lull was fighting for his country, that is, the industrial development of the town.

The Souhegan river (the pronunciation of the name being as great a matter of nicety as the shibboleth of earlier days),—the Souhegan river divides Milford in two, east and west, speaking roughly.

"Before the coming of the white man," says Mr. Ramsdell,

"there were several ford-ways by which the Indians crossed the Souhegan on foot; one much used was located at the foot of the falls, below the factory of Morse, Kaley & Co. Parties using this ford, as they were travelling in a north-easterly direction, entered the shallow water near what is now the western terminus



METHODIST CHURCH.

of the foot-bridge and came out upon the river bank near the shop of the late S. D. Knowlton. The building of the stone dam of the Souhegan Manufacturing company has caused the water to flow back, and covered the old shallow ford-way to such a degree that it is not now easy to conceive of this place as a passage-way through which the red man for generations, and the white man afterwards, crossed the river whenever the water was not unusually high. After the building of Shepherd's mills upon these falls, in 1741, this ford was known as the Mill-Ford by way of distinction. At the date of the incorporation of the town the settlement in the vicinity had been for half a century known as the Mill-Ford village. Hence the name of the town."

This mill privilege is now occupied by Morse, Kaley & Co., manufacturers of cotton yarns. The first occupant of the site



RESIDENCE OF C. H. V. SMITH.

was Col. John Shepherd, who was enticed from Concord, Mass., by a grant of 120 acres of land, on condition that he become the miller for the community of Souhegan West. The site was occupied by the town mill until 1810, when a company was formed to manufacture cotton yarn and cloth there. In 1833 this company suspended business, and in 1837 Priest Moore, who had just resigned his pastorate, and others formed a new corporation, which took the mill and operated it. From them it passed



RESIDENCE OF JOHN A. OBER.

through several hands down to its present owners, who give employment to some seventy-five hands.

Further down the river, some ten years after Priest Moore's venture, another privilege was developed, and a stone dam was built by the Souhegan Manufacturing company and a large mill was erected. This concern did business until 1872, when the mill was burned, and it never has been rebuilt. The corporation owned a large plant of tenement-houses and power, but the conditions of production were against a continuance in business. This mill, while in operation, was a great benefit to the town. Its pay-roll was of good size, and it added not a little in advancing the prosperity of the community. The last agent of the corporation was Col. George C. Gilmore, now of Manchester.

The power from the Souhegan Manufacturing company's dam is now utilized by three of the town's industries—French & Heald's furniture factory, Hon. John McLane's post-office equipment factory, and the local electric light company. Of these industries it is fitting to say a word, the furniture factory being the outgrowth of one man's determination, as is also the post-office equipment factory. A morocco tannery, the only one of its kind, gives a unique quality to industrial Milford, and the saw-mill, the grist-



RESIDENCE OF HON. JOHN McLANE.



THE SQUARE.

mill, and the box factory of manufacturing towns are here as everywhere. But of other industries Milford boasts nothing. There are no other industries—with one exception. Underlying Milford's soil is a vast deposit of handsome granite, which is being rapidly brought before the public as a building and ornamental stone. The granite interest, indeed, is the chief hope for the Milford of the future, and the sanguine ones look to see the place the equal of Concord, or Barre, or Quincy as a "granite town."

Other interests, once flourishing here, have died out. Milford was set down in the middle of a great pine country. A native of the town, now sixty years old, tells me that in his boyhood there was but one spruce tree in the whole town. The pine is now nearly as scarce, and of the magnificent forests which once towered here, there is nothing left. With them has gone the lumber interest, though small lumber and what might almost be termed by-products of wood are still made here.

Another interest which has disappeared from here is hop-growing, Milford having been at one time—along in the forties—the center of a hop-growing country; almost every man who made any pretence of farming had a field of hops, and one farmer laid claim to having raised 11,000 pounds in a year.

Hop-picking time was always a gala season, the pickers being generally young girls and boys, who were quite as nimble with their tongues and feet as with their fingers. Hop-growing has

disappeared from Milford. A temperance wave, say some, was the cause of its withdrawal; but the more cynical assert that the difficulty of procuring hop poles had more to do with it.

But, be that as it may, it is certain that the temperance movement took an early start in Milford, and since the beginning of the agitation for total abstinence Milford has almost stood in the front rank of model towns in that respect.

It was not always so, if we may believe a local anecdote which tells of a Milford trader who wished somebody would tell him how he could increase his trade \$500 yearly.

"I'll tell ye," said a boot-box occupant. "Just quit putting your thumb into every glass of liquor ye draw an' ye'll find yer trade will increase a heap more 'n \$500 in a year."

But whether a sudden change of heart caused the abandonment of the hop business or not, Milford farmers have certainly gone to the other extreme, and from hops they have turned to milk. The Souhegan valley literally flows with milk, and Milford is a banner town. It is fortunately placed for such a business, ready exit being had by rail for three portions of the community, and the presence in the immediate neighborhood of the greatest milk contractors in New England, has heightened the use of other advantages.

This town has produced or has sheltered very many noted men. The Hutchinsons and Colonels Lull and Livermore I have named.



STONE BRIDGE.

With them must be mentioned Leonard Chase, Abolitionist, business man, senator, councillor, and recruiting officer; Jonas Hutchinson, a native, now a judge of the supreme court in Chicago; Albert E. Pillsbury, a native, late attorney general of Massachusetts, a party leader, the head of his profession in Boston; Bainbridge Wadleigh, a resident, for one term a member of



HILLSBORO' MILLS.

the United States senate; George A. Ramsdell, a native, the historian of the town, ex-member of the governor's council, and one of Nashua's foremost citizens; Robert M. Wallace, a resident, now judge of the New Hampshire supreme court; John McLane, a resident, now for the second consecutive term president of the New Hampshire senate, the first man so honored in nearly fifty years; and Charles H. Burns, ex-United States district attorney, orator, and leading lawyer of his county.

Milford grew up around a church, and the church was followed by all the necessary accompaniments for a vigorous intellectual development. June 1, 1796, the legislature incorporated the "Milford Social Library Proprietors," who carried on a circulating library until 1832, when, for lack of funds, the concern was closed out at auction. In 1841 school district No. 1 established a public library, which fell through when the district was divided; and in 1868 the town began the support of a library which is still in exist-



BAINBRIDGE WADLEIGH.

ence, and which has lately been established in handsome new quarters provided by the town. The Milford academy was early incorporated, as was likewise a female seminary. Both languished, the former selling its building for a dwelling house, and



FRENCH & HEALD'S MILL.

the latter converting its edifice into the present Congregational chapel. Both are fortunately succeeded by an admirable high school.

A thoroughly active village improvement association has done much to give the town its excellent sidewalks and its good roads ; and the work of beautifying the place is not yet done. A high school building is at once to be erected, at a cost of \$40,000, and about it is to be laid out Endicott park, as beautiful a breathing-spot as any community could desire.

The press of Milford finds its representative in the *Farmers' Cabinet*, which came to the town from Amherst, near by, where for years it was edited by Deacon E. D. Boylston. It is now published and edited by Mr. W. B. Rotch, who received the paper from Deacon Boylston, a relative. It is an enterprising, clean, sagacious sheet, one of the best of its class—the country weekly.

With all these, with its tannery, its box shop, its hosiery mill, and its water-works, Milford may count itself well-equipped in all that a town needs to be styled modern.

Yet in becoming modern it has not cast off the good things of the fathers. To a stranger Milford will present a distinctively rural aspect. For it is rural in all that is best. It is rural in that its people are neither very rich nor very poor, in that they nearly all live in their own houses, and that those houses are nearly all set upon enough ground to allow to each a garden patch at least. It is rural in that its people are God-fearing, church-going, honest, industrious, contented.

Milford is only one out of the many towns which now cover the territory where old Dunstable once spread itself. If all those others are like this one, old Dunstable has reason to be proud of her offspring: but particularly should she pride herself upon this centenarian daughter, so gladly approaching a birthday celebration.



MILFORD WATER WORKS.

JEALOUSY.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITHS.

She presses the thorn in the victor's side,
While pride and envy sneers ;
She wins the ear of the happy bride,
And poisons the fount of tears.

MY LOST LOVE.

BY HARRIE S. BAKETEL.

I loved her. It was not the first love of my life, but 't was the deepest, strongest, purest, and truest that had ever entered my heart.

How could I know she was so tender-hearted—so over-sensitive that the least breath of coldness would sweep over her like a gale from Arctic seas, killing the very life within her heart?

Men so seldom understand a woman's nature. They judge them all by their own standards, and make no allowances for the differences in nature or disposition. They are as giants trampling upon a dainty flower-bed.

I thought I understood her, my poor little Winifred; but now, looking back upon that time, I marvel at my own stupidity. I did n't dream of the depths which lay below the surface in that tender, loving heart. I looked upon her with a sort of pity because she was so gentle, so sweet, and little did I dream of the capacity for suffering hidden in the recesses of her innocent breast.

This is not an exciting story, but merely a plain tale; but I tell it with the hope that some man may read it, some man with the overbearing conceit of the average male creature, and will pause and reflect upon his own course. To such I would say,—“Beware. The day may come when you, too, may stand alone and desolate; when your head may be lowered in bitter anguish and unavailing grief. Beware how you deal with a woman's heart—a woman's affection, a good, pure, noble woman's; for God gives many gifts to mankind, but none so priceless as a woman's true love.” But all this I had to learn, as most lessons in life are learned, by stern and bitter experience.

Winifred had promised to be my wife and I was happy, happier than I have ever been since, for I had not grown so cold and careless, then, as in later days.

It passes my understanding (now, looking back upon the past) to think how any mortal has the right to be proud or vainglorious.

How she loved me—poor little girl! She would sit upon a low stool at my feet, and look up into my face with her grave, sad eyes,

with such deathless love, with such longing tenderness in their depths, that it touched me beyond expression, and, at the time, doubtless, fed the flame of my mad self-esteem.

A woman makes a grave mistake when she allows a man to sound the love in her heart, to let him read its pure white pages like an open book. Too soon he learns his power, and few men are generous enough to resist the temptation to wield that power like a rod of iron.

Men are so apt to consider a woman's love eternal. Not their own—oh, no! That is expected to pine away and die in time; but her's must be ever blooming, immortal. Yet I have seen a woman's love die—die a slow, lingering death—fade, perish, and decay—and for dead love there is no hope.

“Not dew, nor sunshine, nor summer rain,
Can call lost love to life again.”

The day came when Winifred stood at my side before the altar and took upon herself the vows which she kept conscientiously, truly.

I, like many men, kept them in the letter, but not the spirit. She was mine at last—mine “to have and to hold till death us do part.” The honeymoon was like most honeymoons, and then life began to be common-place.

It grew irksome to me—the long days at my office desk—to return to our little home and stagnation. My restless spirit chafed within me, I longed for change and excitement. Home life grated upon me. I grew horribly tired of it. Yet my home was a pretty one, and its presiding angel kept it like a palace of neatness and beauty.

I must have been a brute not to appreciate the blessings which were mine, but in secret I longed for the old freedom and liberty I had been wont to have in bachelor days, the club, and the race track.

Had Winifred only asserted herself and been more firm with me, I might have reformed and in time become more contented, but in her love and self-forgetfulness she thought only of my happiness. Of course, manlike, I abused this devotion. I began to absent myself from home. My evenings were passed with boon

companions who gladly welcomed me back to their midst; an evening at poker, or a theatre party, made up of the masculine gender alone, it is true, but with a decided tendency to linger and exclaim, "We won't go home until morning" with a hic,—hic, between every other word.

Winifred said nothing. If she only had! A little judicious home lecture occasionally seems necessary for every man's well being. No matter how late I got home there was no reproach, no unkind word, only uniform gentleness and sweetness, though the patient face was often wet with tears, and the soft, blue eyes grew sadder daily, as the time slowly went by. I did not know it, did not dream that such a thing were possible, but my wife's love was dying—a lingering death it was, by slow torture, but dying all the same. Had any one suggested such a likelihood I would have laughed him to scorn.

The end came at last. One night while out with half a dozen club mates, some difficulty arose,—a dispute—angry words. A pistol was fired by some one in the crowd, no one ever knew who, or at whom it was aimed, but the bullet found a resting-place in my side, and I fell bleeding and senseless. I opened my eyes to find myself in my own bed, while, pale as a graven image, Winifred, my wife, bent over me. Her blue eyes were full of sympathy and sorrow; her golden hair, worn like a coronet, set off her lovely face to perfection, and gave her the look of a saint.

I put out my hand, a great wave of pitying love surging through my hard, worldly heart. She took my hand, but said nothing. She nursed me continually through the long illness which followed. Night or day she never left my side, only when tired nature gave way and she was compelled to rest her weary body for a little time.

Before I had fully recovered, I found I had learned to love my wife in the true way, the pure, noble, unselfish way.

Now I was willing to give up all for her dear sake, to submit to her every wish, to live for her, shutting out the world, and, hand in hand, to pass down life's hill together. She was very quiet, almost too quiet. She accepted all my demonstrations of affection with a sad smile, but there was no more adoration lavished upon me—no more sitting at my feet, like a penitent before a shrine.

I remembered with what secret impatience I had received her expressions of love and devotion in other days and I longed—oh! so earnestly—for those days to return. But they came not—they never will.

Kindly, gently, humbly, she received my proofs of affection, but there was no demonstration in return. It maddened me.

I grew at last to worship my wife as one does a divinity, yet I might as well have lavished my heart upon a Galatea, to whom no hope of life can ever come.

At last, weary with the struggle of ever calling forth a response from this marble-like statue, I determined to know what it all meant.

I found her alone in our little library. Her head was resting upon her hand. She leaned against the open window, her eyes—sadder than any mortal eyes I had ever seen before—were fixed upon the sky.

“Winifred,” I said gently, putting my arm about her in a tender caress, “my wife, tell me what has come between us? I love you, darling; you have all the love of my heart. I will never offend you again,—only love me, love me.”

I might as well have appealed to the wind. “Tell me what it is,” I demanded.

She clasped her hands about my arm and gazed into my face.

“I will,” she said slowly; “though it cuts to my heart like a knife to tell you, after all, the truth is best; I am your wife and you have a right to know. It is this: My love for you is dead, killed by your own hand. I cannot help it. I strove against it with all my strength; but my heart was starved to death, my love has perished, and your coldness and neglect have killed it. I am your wife and shall do a wife’s duty. If you wish me to remain in your house, I shall do so, but my heart is dead.”

My punishment is just, but who will say it is not bitter! My days go by in a long nightmare—I have a mere existence. I am utterly alone, and my life is loveless. When I look upon her, the cold, calm statue at the head of my table, and recall the tender devotion and the loving eyes that used to follow my every movement, there are times when I am tempted to take my own life to escape the mute reproach of her presence—MY LOST LOVE.

THE INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS.

BY MILO BENEDICT.

The beauty of a person (not merely the physical, but the mental or spiritual) is open to no eyes but to those on a plane of equal eminence; we show ourselves only to our equals and are appreciated only by them. And if we are to appear to advantage in society or elsewhere, we must have surroundings which will encourage us to speak and do our best, we must have intelligences present to measure and observe our refinements, we must produce a harmony, as it were, with our friends; and if we are to produce our best harmony our company and our surroundings must be of a character to sustain our enthusiasm and nourish our ideals.

We are therefore acted upon in order that we may act. A picture of a man's surroundings is very often a reliable picture of himself. Just a look into one or two of his rooms, or into his friend's rooms, will reveal whether he is light and vain, proud and pretentious, solid and sensible, mean and ignorant, or simple and refined. Perhaps he is deprived of the things he prefers, and the only clue to his character may be found by looking into his pockets. At any rate, so far as a man can modify his surroundings according to the dictates of his taste he will do so, and indeed he may effect great changes in himself by merely changing his surroundings.

It is the prime object of society to remove the roughness which shocks our finer senses and enables human beings to move and speak in the manner of their better selves; and so long as the aim of society is improvement, it will not lose sight of the value of its surroundings. Our education, our ideas, our customs are, I believe, more affected by the material things we observe outside of us than we are apt to think. What fine qualities of thought, of manner, of speech, and imagination are promoted in living in the presence of stately architecture and spacious grounds, where nobody's ugly belongings are to be seen!

The first question we ask concerning a stranger is, "Where did he come from?" We conjure up a picture of the place he is reported to inhabit, and believe that the man must compose a part

of our picture. If from London, we fancy a lustre in the very texture of his coat; if from a logman's camp, we expect him to have caught some of the roughness of the logs. Yet we all know the self-directing power of character, its superiority over things. The man from the woods is not necessarily wooden.

That good taste which reforms and renovates everything needs the spirit of art as an abiding presence; and by the spirit of art I mean the love of beauty and perfection, not exemplified in human effort alone, but discernible in all nature and life, in all action and thought. A widening spirit is this, bent intently on elevating our social life.

The sense of this need of art should be strengthened. We are yet too indifferent. We are afraid we shall not like renovations. Few, perhaps, willingly retrograde, yet there are many who enjoy a standstill. We are gratified with improvements after we have become accustomed to them, as we are grateful for a gift of anything beautiful. But toward those who have put their energy into reformatory or revolutionary work we are apt to cherish a spirit of disfavor and irritation. A person cannot be left to himself and to have his own way, nor can a town, without running a risk of getting a way of thought and of life more or less crooked and provincial, which the air of a broader civilization would hastily reform.

Those who discredit the range of man's needs are even wont to declare that an increase of artistic appreciation is not only superfluous but detrimental, for the reason that while widening man's sensibilities, it may also intrude upon his simple way of life, his piety perhaps, or his religious interest, which has heretofore kept him in a path seemingly wide enough. I will instance an exceptional and amusing case: A certain person of a devout turn of mind said not long ago, in the hearing of several persons, that this spreading interest in music which the Concord Choral Union is exciting is positively wicked, that the oratorio performances ought not to be sanctioned by the people, and the authorities ought to prevent them. This is asceticism and ignorance pushed to an extreme, and worth recording for its boldness and novelty. Through the dimness of their light such persons confound the pursuit of art with worldliness, thinking it furnishes only light

pleasures and profitless employments, while it is eminently true that art is always serious and ennobling, and worldliness is always superficial.

We may lose many interests of lesser importance in our devotion to things of greater interest. But the constant danger is in losing sight of innumerable things of really great interest while falsely believing them to be little. Nature is inexhaustible; man's needs are inexhaustible; and it is he who has the most varied taste, the liveliest sensations, the widest knowledge, the richest experience, the greatest hospitality to ideas,—in short, it is he who comes nearest to totality who comes the nearest to the fulfilment of God's intention.

In examining into the nature of real good we see that all self-improvement is social improvement, and that we are fit members of a society of Arcadian Perfection only when we are of some account in the world as servants of truth and makers of beauty.

It would sometimes seem that society has but one wish—to get out of the reach and province of vulgarity. We shrink from vulgarity not because its harsh edge hurts us, but because our refinement is opposed and outraged and we cannot be ourselves. But the thought of escape from vulgarity shows that society is yet crude. After reading a grammar some persons are shocked upon hearing even a misplaced word, but the man of real culture is above this: he notes whether the spirit behind the words is polite or not. To be shocked at other people's imperfections is a mark of weakness.

In making a plea for the perfection of surroundings I am making a plea first of all for the perfection of taste. It is not so much an array of costly things that we need, but a more thoroughly pervasive artistic sense in the arrangement and selection of such things as we may have.

In the highest developed persons these beautiful surroundings I have hinted at are subjective,—residing in the minds of the persons themselves, minds in which the apartments are always well furnished. But the young need the influence of art, for they rely more on the outer, tangible world, while the matured and aged rely more on the inner, ideal, and spiritual world. Not a greater display of wealth assuredly, but a training and quickening

of the artistic spirit is needed—a spirit which shall be active in our humblest as well as in our most pretentious undertakings : which shall be active in the planning of a street, in the building of a fence, in the painting of a house, in the frescoing of a wall, in the planting of gardens, and in the most unthought-of and unlooked-for places. A man of good taste will not even drive a nail thoughtlessly.

THREE CONCORD PHYSICIANS.

BY FRANCES M. ABBOTT.

In the spring of 1849 Elizabeth Blackwell received the degree of M. D. from the medical college in Geneva, N. Y. She was the first regularly graduated woman physician in this country. In the year 1894 there are probably more than two thousand women physicians in successful practice in different parts of our land : nearly every European state offers them medical instruction : and they are found singly or in scattered groups in almost every country of the globe. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, now past eighty, is spending her latter years in London, England. Blessed are the pioneers who are permitted to live to see the triumph of an unpopular cause !

Although it is nearly half a century since medical colleges began to refuse admission to female applicants, thus forcing the establishment of women's colleges, it is hardly a quarter of a century since the graduates of these colleges became sufficiently numerous to cease to be the targets of curious eyes. It is but sixteen years since the first woman physician established herself in New Hampshire. There are probably twenty or more now in practice in different parts of the state. Three women physicians are located in Concord ; and it is for the purpose of making other places share our pride and satisfaction in their careers that these brief biographical sketches are given.

The dean of the (female) medical profession in New Hampshire is Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, who for sixteen years has been one of the most honored and successful physicians of Concord.



DR. JULIA WALLACE-RUSSELL.

Julia Eastman Wallace was born in Hill, N. H., a village a few miles north of Franklin, on March 24, 1844. Her parents were Edmund R. Wallace, a native of New Hampshire, and Mary J. Flanders, formerly of Sanbornton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were distinguished for those qualities which have been the making of New England—industry, piety, frugality, and a thirst for mental improvement. They were wisely ambitious for their children, Julia and Ellen, and determined to give them educational advantages: but they could not have foreseen that both their daughters were destined to become physicians, and to be located in the chief cities of the state. (Dr. Ellen Wallace has been practising since 1885 in Manchester.)

Mr. Wallace did not live to see even the dawning of his children's career, for he died February 16, 1857. The family had

been living in Tilton since 1852, but in 1859, after the father's death, it was thought best to move to New Hampton. Mr. Wallace felt that he could not leave his daughters a great portion of worldly goods, but it was the life-long desire of himself as well as of his wife that they should receive a good education. Julia attended the famous New Hampton Institute, completing the Latin course in 1869. During much of this time she had been paying her way by teaching. In those years there was not the systematic grading of the present day, and she would go to school a term and then teach a term, alternately acquiring knowledge at the pupil's and the teacher's desk. She taught irregularly in district schools for three years, while pursuing her course, and for two years was principal of the graded school at Meredith.

In 1873, at the March town-meeting, Miss Wallace was elected supervisor of schools in New Hampton. It was the first time in the state that a woman had been elected to such a position, and the office came to her as a surprise. There were two male candidates, and Miss Wallace did not know that her name had been proposed till after the election was over. Her duties were quite responsible, for they involved the reorganization of the school system and the locating of three new school-houses. She was twice elected supervisor, but resigned in September of her second



RESIDENCE OF DR. WALLACE-RUSSELL.

year for the purpose of entering the medical college in New York city.

It was in the year 1873 that Miss Wallace began her medical studies by reading books borrowed of Dr. H. B. Fowler, of Bristol, and reciting to him once a week. It was not every physician in the state at that time who would have aided and abetted a young woman in the then unheard-of scheme of becoming a doctor, and Dr. Fowler deserves to be remembered among the progressive men of his generation.

Miss Wallace had always had a great interest in nursing and in helping the sick and suffering; but the idea of a regular medical education visionary to would have absurd to her ries, that she let the fact be she was even Dr. Fowler. favored her, does those nest purpose. mer Dr. A. J. tor of the Street church,



MRS. MARY (FLANDERS) WALLACE.

seemed so herself, and appeared so contemporadid not dare known that reading with But fortune as it often with an ear- In the sum- Gordon, pas- Clarendon Boston, and a

native of New Hampton, came to Mrs. Wallace to see if she would receive some friends of his who wished to spend a few weeks in the country. The friends were three women physicians—Dr. Emily and Dr. Augusta Pope, sisters of the now famous bicycle manufacturer, and Dr. Marsh. Miss Wallace begged her mother to take these ladies, for she wished to see what a woman physician looked like.

The ladies came, and spent several pleasant weeks; but not even to them did Miss Wallace confide her hopes. They, however, gave her much valuable information about medical colleges and other matters. It was Dr. Susan Dimmock, of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, in Boston, whom Miss Wallace finally consulted about her medical studies. Miss Wallace had

thought of engaging in nursing for a year, but Dr. Dimmock urged her to lose no time, but to enter a medical college at once. Accordingly Miss Wallace resigned her position as school supervisor, and in September, 1874, set out alone for New York,—quite an undertaking for one who had not an acquaintance in the city and had never been one hundred miles from home before.

The institution which Miss Wallace had chosen was the Woman's Medical College, founded by the Blackwell sisters in 1868. The institution was located in a building at the corner of Eighth street and Second avenue. The dispensary and pharmacy were in the basement, the dissecting-room in the fourth story, the rest of the building was occupied by lecture rooms. The hospital connected with the college was at 5 Livingstone place.

In this connection a passing tribute must be paid to the founders of this college, Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, for with them began the medical career for women. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was born in England, emigrated to this country when a child, and in the face of poverty and hostility of every sort, she opened up a new path for women which has since become a well travelled highway. Dr. Emily Blackwell is now senior professor in the medical college which they founded. When the name of this institution is changed to Blackwell College, as has been proposed, it will become the fitting monument of two benefactors of their race.

Miss Wallace remained at the college three years, faithfully pursuing the prescribed course, besides doing extra work in the dispensary, the hospital, and in out practice for one year. In March, 1877, Miss Wallace received her degree of M. D., with eleven other young women. The total number of graduates at that time was forty-six, and of this number Miss Wallace was the only one who had ever been catalogued from New Hampshire.

The month after graduation Dr. Wallace came as interne to the New England Hospital for Women and Children at Boston Highlands. There she remained one year, devoting three months of the time to the out poor of Boston.

In the spring of 1878 occurred the turning point of her career. She was summoned to the New Hampton home by the death of



DR. WALLACE-RUSSELL'S OFFICE.

her grandmother, and on her way back to the hospital she was met at the Concord station by an office boy with a telegram from the late Dr. Albert Crosby. The message requested her to stop over for a train that Dr. Crosby might have a conference with her. Dr. Crosby was a total stranger, and Dr. Wallace was due at the hospital that afternoon. She sent word that she could not meet him then, but would confer with him by letter. She soon found that Dr. Crosby's purpose was to persuade her to locate in Concord. His invitation was most cordial, and he promised to assist her in every possible way.

Dr. Wallace hesitated. Up to that time she had contemplated establishing herself in Cambridge, Mass., as being an attractive place near Boston. She had always had a longing to return to her native state, but she shrank from the struggle to overcome prejudice. New Hampshire was not acquainted with women physicians; the first one might not be pleasantly received; it might be impossible to build up a supporting practice. Dr. Crosby's representations soon assured her of a cordial welcome from himself and most of his brother physicians. She finally decided to try the hazard of new fortunes in Concord, believing that there her duty lay. When she told her mother of her decision, Mrs. Wallace said, "Now my prayers are answered."

On the 5th of June, 1878, Dr. Wallace with her mother and sis-

ter established themselves in a house on Warren street, Concord. One of her earliest callers was Dr. Granville P. Conn, who gave her a hearty welcome, and has ever since been one of her warmest professional friends. Dr. Wallace's medical practice began immediately, and her career has been one of ever increasing prosperity. She found that, contrary to her fears, the time had come when the women of Concord would employ a physician of their own sex.

The male physicians at once admitted her into fellowship. On June 18, 1878, she joined the New Hampshire State Medical Society. This was almost the first state society in the country to admit women. Dr. Mary Danforth, of Manchester, joined at the same time as Dr. Wallace. In this connection an interesting anniversary and delightful social occasion must be mentioned. In 1890 occurred the centennial of the state medical society, and the annual meeting was held in Concord the third week in June. Dr. Wallace, then Dr. Wallace-Russell, gave the society a reception and lawn party at her beautiful home on Pleasant street. Four hundred invitations were sent out to members of the society and a few distinguished guests from abroad. The house was profusely decorated with flowers and an orchestra was stationed in the hall. The young physicians of Concord acted as ushers, and the waitresses at the supper tables were the nurses at the hospital and asylum training-schools. The occasion was a memorable one in the history of state conventions.

Dr. Wallace-Russell is a member of many prominent societies. On July 9, 1878, about a month after coming to Concord, she joined the Centre District Medical Society. In June, 1880, she was one of the first women to become a member of the American Medical Association. In 1893 she joined the American Public Health Association. Dr. Wallace-Russell has been visiting physician at the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane ever since coming to Concord, and at the general hospital since its establishment. At both institutions she delivers annual courses of lectures before the nurses' training-school.

On December 29, 1882, Julia E. Wallace was married to Waldo A. Russell, and in 1884 they moved to their present home on Pleasant street. The western side of the house was especially arranged for the doctor's office. There, with her husband and

two step-daughters, the elder of whom enters Wellesley this fall, Dr. Wallace-Russell resides, numbering hosts of friends, active in all good works, and enjoying one of the largest practices in the city. She is a member of St. Paul's (Episcopal) church.

Dr. Maude Kent, the second woman to establish herself in medical practice in Concord, was born in Lynn, Mass., December 11, 1864. Her parents were Samuel Henry Kent and Harriet Marshall Chase, both representatives of old Bay State families. Many of her ancestors were Quakers, notably her paternal grandmother, Lydia Neal, whose son, Dr. Kent's father, was graduated at the Friends' school in Providence, R. I. On the mother's side the family are strongly Unitarian, and it is an interesting fact in psychology that Dr. Kent, as soon as she was able to choose for herself, forsook both the Quaker plain living and the Unitarian high thinking, and became a High Church Episcopalian. She was confirmed at the Church of the Advent in Boston. Although her tastes incline her to a ritualistic service, Dr. Kent retains pleasant memories of the *thees* and *thous* of her childhood, and of the dear old Quaker ladies who used to visit her grandmother.

Dr. Kent received her education in the public schools of Lynn, and in 1883 was graduated from the classical course at the high school. From her earliest childhood her desire had been to study medicine, and it is interesting to know that it was a Concord woman who served as her ideal and exemplar. Dr. Martha J. Flanders, like a fairy godmother, attended at her birth, and exercised a fostering care and influence over the young girl. Dr. Flanders was one of the pioneer women physicians. She was born in Concord about seventy years ago, and began her medical studies with the late Dr. Alpheus Morrill, whose memory is held in loving regard by so large a portion of our city. Although Dr. Flanders never returned to her native town to practise (in her day it was necessary to locate near a large city), we owe her gratitude for sending one of her most promising pupils to dwell among us.

In September, 1883, Miss Kent entered Boston University, and was graduated from the school of medicine in June, 1886. This is one of the best equipped medical colleges in the country, and

its staff includes such men as Dr. I. Tisdale Talbot, the Wesselhoefts, and others of note. The students enjoy especially good hospital advantages. The Boston University School of Medicine has the distinction of being the first American medical college to require a four years course, a requirement which has now become general among all our best institutions. Boston university is co-educational, and in the class of 1886 were graduated twenty-four doctors of medicine, half of which number were women.



DR. MAUDE KENT

After graduation, Dr. Kent had a year of special study and practice in a private hospital, and with Dr. L. A. Phillips, the gynecologist on Boylston street. This gave her much valuable and responsible work in connection with the diseases of women. In 1888-'89 Dr. Kent was resident physician at Lasell seminary. She took this position for the purpose of observing the habits and needs of young girls. She was especially interested in the effect of the gymnasium work on their constitutions. On September 2, 1889, she opened an office in Concord, where she has built up a constantly increasing practice. Her present location is at 8

North State street, in a private house nearly opposite the new Baker Memorial church.

Dr. Kent became a member of the American Institute of Homœopathy in 1886. She is also a member of Massachusetts and Boston medical societies and of the New Hampshire State Homœopathic Society. Apart from her medical skill, she is a woman of literary tastes and broad general culture. She has been cordially welcomed in the social circles of Concord, and is a valued member of several clubs, though her professional duties seldom permit her to attend their meetings. Although born on the sea sands Dr. Kent has become very much attached to her adopted inland home, and the sighing of the wind through the pines is no less dear to her than the murmur of the waves of the ocean.

Dr. Kent believes thoroughly in hygiene and dietetics. She thinks most diseases might be prevented by right living, and that a doctor's mission is as much to teach people how to keep well as to cure them after they are sick. She is a great believer in rational exercise for young girls and women—in fact, she may be called an athletic and hygienic enthusiast.

The standard of the medical profession is increasing every year, but probably few physicians in the state have had better opportunities for instruction than Dr. Jane Elizabeth Hoyt, the first Concord woman to open a doctor's office in her own town. Miss Hoyt, the only child of Sewell and Elizabeth (Nichols) Hoyt, was born September 23, 1860, in the fine old family home on the corner of State and Maple streets, where she now resides. She attended school in the Merrimack building on Washington street, where so many Concord youth have obtained their earliest instruction. She passed a happy childhood, and there was probably nothing about the plump, rosy-cheeked little girl to distinguish her from any of her contemporaries. She was always a faithful student, diligent rather than quick, and the only instance that gave a hint of her future bent of mind occurred in the last year of the grammar school, when under a severely exacting teacher she received a mark of 100 throughout her physiology lessons.

Her father died when she was a young girl, and Jennie Hoyt

was a student in the high school, when, in 1878, on account of her mother's re-marriage to Mr. Franklin R. Thurston, of Marlborough, she removed to that town. In September, 1879, she entered Wellesley College, being a member of the last class received for preparatory instruction. Here she remained nearly four years. Her course was cut short in her sophomore year, and she was obliged to leave college on account of her health. It was a great disappointment to Miss Hoyt to be obliged to give



DR. JANE ELIZABETH HOYT.

up her college course, not so much because of the loss of the degree, but because she had just begun the scientific work that she most liked.

The preliminary courses in languages and mathematics were drudgery, but she was looking forward with eagerness to the three years of botanical instruction and the other fine scientific opportunities of the college. It was while she was at Wellesley that the thought occurred to Miss Hoyt, "If one could only go to college where there were scientific studies and nothing else, what a delightful place that would be!" She later knew that it



DR. HOYT'S PARLOR.

was a medical college to which her thoughts instinctively were turning.

Early in 1884 the family moved back to Concord. Mrs. Thurston had some slight illness soon after, and her daughter called in Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, because she wished, just as Miss Wallace herself had done years before, to see what a woman physician looked like. The look must have been satisfactory, for, soon after, Miss Hoyt began her studies with Dr. Wallace-Russell. She continued thus for six months, and in September, 1886, she entered the Woman's college of the New York Infirmary, from which Dr. Wallace had been graduated some nine years before. At this time there were three and four years' courses.

Miss Hoyt decided to take the long course. As an example of the exacting requirements, it may be mentioned that of the eighteen who entered the college with Miss Hoyt but five were graduated. There were about sixty students at that time. Dr. Emily Blackwell then, as now, was dean of the faculty. There were sixteen officers of instruction, among them Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi, Dr. Charles L. Dana, the nerve specialist, and Dr. R. W. Amidon. Miss Hoyt received her diploma in 1890. During her course she

had some special advantages, among them the position of second assistant in the New York Infant Asylum from May, 1889, to May, 1890, an appointment which she won by competitive examination.

Immediately upon graduation Dr. Hoyt went abroad for three months, travelling and studying in England and Scotland. Upon her return she became resident physician at Lasell seminary. While there she went into Boston every morning for work with the Harvard clinicians at the Bennett Street dispensary. Among other incidents of Dr. Hoyt's year at Lasell she had the opportunity of treating ninety cases of tonsilitis. She resigned her position at the end of a year, and after a ten days vacation she became an interne at the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

Upon finishing her year at the hospital Dr. Hoyt started immediately on a second trip to Europe, and this time remained a year. A large part of the time she spent in the hospitals at Vienna, but she also did considerable work in the Italian hospitals, particularly at Florence, Naples, and Venice. She studied three weeks in Paris. Among other privileges she had the opportunity of attending in Paris the clinics of Professor Charcot, famous for his experiments in hypnotism, and in Vienna those of Professor Bilioth, renowned in surgery. Both of these noted men are now dead. Dr. Hoyt



DR. HOYT'S OFFICE.

was also a pupil of Professor Kaposi, the finest skin specialist in the world.

The European experience has been valuable in every way. Dr. Hoyt found time to do considerable travelling, and to acquire a speaking acquaintance with two or three languages which became familiar friends when spoken by the living mouth, while they had remained obstinate strangers when studied from the pages of a text-book. Dr. Hoyt made many pleasant acquaintances while abroad, and brought home quantities of pictures and other souvenirs of travel.

On June 10, 1893, Dr. Hoyt opened an office in the old homestead where she was born, which is now the permanent family home. Dr. Hoyt was warmly welcomed back to Concord where she has always been a social favorite. She became a member of the First (Old North) Congregational church at the age of fourteen, and has always been identified with religious and philanthropic interests. The number of patients who have sought her aid has been very flattering to a young physician, and she starts upon her professional career with as bright prospects as her Wellesley classmates foretold for her.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORY.

BY OTIS G. HAMMOND.

Much has been written in regard to the early history of this small state of ours, and the material available in our public records has been pretty thoroughly investigated. Private papers, too, have contributed their quota of valuable facts and details. But it is only a short time since a veritable mine of invaluable documents, heretofore practically beyond the reach and knowledge of our historical writers, has been opened to their prying eyes and eager pen. During the long period from the settlement of the province in 1623 down to the Revolution, while the colony was under the government of England, either directly by a royal governor or indirectly through the charter government of Massa-

chusetts, copies of records, and other papers of great importance were continually being sent to England for the examination and approval of the Lords of Trade and confirmation by the King. Of course, it is impossible that these should all be preserved to the present day, but many of them are, and are now on file in the Public Record Office in London.

A few years ago, this fact dawned upon the inquiring minds of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and a determined effort was begun to get an idea of what papers the English archives contained, relative to the history of this state. The co-operation of the state was secured in 1883 by the appropriation of a sum of money to help defray the charges of such an undertaking, and an order was sent to Mr. B. F. Stevens, of London, a noted antiquarian, to prepare such an index. Six years passed before the work was completed, and after its arrival it lay in the vault of the Historical Society, practically unknown and unused save by a few of its members. It was finally brought forth, and is now in print as Volume XXIII of the State Papers of New Hampshire, and Volume X of the Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, the state being equally entitled to its use by virtue of three appropriations in aid of the Society for its completion.

This work soon proved its value to the department of the Editor of State Papers, so ably conducted by Hon. A. S. Batchellor, of Littleton. Volume XIX of the State Papers being of a miscellaneous nature, it was deemed advisable to insert therein the records of the president and council of New Hampshire from January 1, 1679-'80 to December 22, 1680, under the administration of John Cutt, the first president of the province, the original of which is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This state possessed no council records of earlier date than August 13, 1692. But on examining the calendar of papers in the English archives, records of the council from July 6 to September 8, 1631, from November 22, 1681, to August 21, 1682, and from October 4 to October 14, 1682, were discovered to be on file in London. Copies of these were immediately obtained by Mr. Batchellor, through Mr. B. F. Stevens, and they were printed in Volume XIX in conjunction with the records obtained from the Massachusetts Historical Society. These records seem to have been hitherto

unknown to our historians, and were thus for the first time presented to the public ; combined, they cover a period of nearly three years, though separated by short spaces of time. It may be conjectured that these separations were caused by adjournments of the council, and the appearance and style of the records seem to support such a theory, but it cannot be positively established. They are of especial historical value, dating so near the beginning of a separate government in the province, and the four divisions being so closely connected in point of time.

The next important discovery was that of a parchment agreement executed April 6, 1738, between John Tufton Mason of the first part, and John Rindge, Theodore Atkinson, Andrew Wiggin, George Jaffrey, and Benning Wentworth, of the second part, and John Thomlinson, of London, of the third part. This document provided that if, within twelve calendar months after the Province of New Hampshire should be made a separate government from Massachusetts, Rindge, Atkinson, and others of the second part should pay the sum of one thousand pounds to John Tufton Mason, he should release to them, the government of the province whatever it might be, and to any other persons then holding land under that government, all his title and claim to the Province of New Hampshire which he had inherited from his ancestor, Capt. John Mason ; and it was further provided that if, after the payment of one thousand pounds, any grants of this territory were made by the purchasers, John Tufton Mason should have a share equal to any other party or parties to whom it might be granted.

This is the original document, on parchment, signed by John Tufton Mason, and witnessed by William Richardson and Edward Montague. It came into the possession of the state with the collection of Masonian Papers donated in 1891, by R. C. Peirce, of Portsmouth. The text was badly obliterated, and in some places almost illegible, but it has since been restored by the writer. The credit for the discovery of the purport and value of this document is due to the Secretary of State, Hon. Ezra S. Stearns. Its particular value lies in this fact, that it proves that the purchase of the Masonian claim, or patent, by the Masonian Proprietors was provided for and practically made *ten years* before they entered into active possession of the territory and began the granting of

unoccupied lands. The records of the Masonian Proprietors, which were included in the same donation, show that the first meeting of the proprietors for organization was held at the house of Sarah Prust, in Portsmouth, May 14, 1748, and the call for this meeting states that the deed by which these lands were finally purchased was dated July 30, 1746.

By this parchment much light is thrown on the history of the boundary line controversy. After the very indecisive report of the boundary line commissioners, in 1737, the Massachusetts legislature entered an appeal in due form, to be carried before the King and privy council. The house of representatives of New Hampshire also drew up an appeal, but the council refused to concur in it, or to appoint an agent for its prosecution, or to vote money to contest the Massachusetts appeal, being of opinion "that it is not for the interest of this province Either to Appeal, or defend agst any appeal, made or to be made from the judgm^t of the Hon^{ble} Commissioners but that it is best humbly to submit the Matter as it now stands to His Majestys Royal pleasure." In this extremity the house sent in its exceptions without the concurrence of the council, appointed John Thomlinson agent, and recommended a plan of popular subscriptions to raise the necessary money, providing that the amounts subscribed should be refunded if the expenses should afterward be paid from the public treasury. This vote passed the house October 20, 1737. It is at least reasonable to infer that these men mentioned as parties of the second part in the parchment indenture, who were at that time the most prominent and wealthiest men in the province, bore the largest part of this expense, for it was but five months after this that they made the agreement with John Tuf-ton Mason, which was to be valid only upon the complete separation of New Hampshire from the Massachusetts government. They were then personally and vitally interested in the final decision of the case, for if New Hampshire won, the territory which they had bargained to purchase for a thousand pounds would be vastly increased—in fact, nearly doubled in extent.

In connection with this question there is also in the Masonian Papers, Vol. I, p. 43, a copy of an agreement between John Tuf-ton Mason and William Dudley, Samuel Welles, Thomas Berry,

Benjamin Lynde, Jr., Benjamin Prescott, John Read, Thomas Cushing, and Thomas Hutchinson, agents for the Province of Massachusetts, whereby on the 1st day of July, 1738, Mason sold to the inhabitants and proprietors all his claim to such sections of the towns of Salisbury, Almsbury, Haverhill, Methuen, and Dracut as lay more than three miles north of the Merrimack. This was done to confirm the boundary as determined by Charles II in 1677. The amount of land quitclaimed was 23,675 acres, and the consideration was five hundred pounds. By this agreement, he was also to proceed at once to London at the expense of Massachusetts, and render their agents all the assistance in his power for the establishment of that line and the prosecution of the Massachusetts appeal.

A third discovery, more recent than the other two, was, like the first, made by the department of the Editor of State Papers, through the calendar of papers in the English archives, prepared by Mr. Stevens as previously mentioned. It is well known that Capt. John Mason received a second grant of the Province of New Hampshire from the Council of Plymouth on the 22d of April, 1635, but nowhere do I find any mention of the fact that four days previous to that date, namely on the 18th of April, the province, by the same boundaries, was leased to John Wollaston, in trust for John Mason, for a term of three thousand years, and that on the 11th of June following, Wollaston transferred this lease to Mason. Yet such is the fact established by copies of the two documents on file in the Public Record Office in London, Colonial Entry Book, Vol. LIX, *pp.* 123 and 137. The lease from Wollaston to Mason, executed June 11, 1635, states that the lease to Wollaston, of April 18, was "by & with the consent of the Said Cap^t John Mason in trust only for the benefit & behoofe of him the Said Cap^t John Mason his Executors & Assigns." Copies of these two documents have been obtained, and are now in the office of the Editor of State Papers.

Belknap says it is doubtful whether the grant to Mason, April 22, 1635, was ever confirmed, and gives what evidence he finds on both sides. The Council of Plymouth finding itself in high disfavor among the people, surrendered its charter to the King, June 7, 1635, so that the grant to Mason was one of its last official acts.

It is obvious from the documents themselves that the lease to Wollaston, and its subsequent transfer to Mason, were made with Mason's consent, and were intended as an auxiliary to the direct grant to Mason of April 22. It might easily be inferred that the Council of Plymouth, and Mason himself, all knew at that time that the council must soon surrender its charter, and doubted whether the King would confirm the grant of April 22. Therefore the territory was leased to Wollaston April 18, granted to Mason April 22, the council surrendered its charter June 7, and Wollaston transferred his lease June 11,—all done by previous agreement and mutual understanding, thus practically confirming the title to Mason without dependence upon the action of the King.

John Mason died in the latter part of 1635, and by his will, dated Nov. 26, we learn that John Wollaston was his brother-in-law, and received a legacy of three thousand acres of land subject to a yearly rent of one shilling.

It should be considered a duty to our readers and writers of history that all such finds as the preceding be made known as widely as possible, to prevent the repetition of errors already made and to avoid the making of others in future writings. Other discoveries will doubtless be made from time to time, and the possibility of this should impress upon the minds of all, the importance of constant watchfulness and a thorough search of all sources of documentary history, whether public or private.

LOVE IS SINCERE.

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

The treasures we prize and the honors we crave
Come not to the many nor always the brave,
And coming unwilling they hasten away
Ere we have begun to acknowledge their sway;
But into each heart, all allurements above,
Comes sooner or late the enchantment of love;
So come to me loving and trusting, my dear,
Tho' honors are fleeting true love is sincere.

The blossoms of June in the frosts of September
Lie withered and sere, while the songsters remember
Their homes in the Southland, as Autumn's chill wind
Awakens the leafless wildwood, and we find
That only the shadows of summer remain ;
But in the swift-coming of parting and pain,
The halo of hearts sends its sunshine and cheer,—
So come to me loving, for love is sincere.

THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A Domestic Story of the Forties.

BY JONAS LIE.

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

VI.

The captain had kept the cover of his old large meerschaum pipe polished with chalk for three days, without being willing to take it down from the shelf ; he had trimmed and put in new mouthpieces, and held a feast of purification on the remainder, as well as on all the contents of the tobacco table, the ash receiver, the tobacco stems, and lava-like scrapings from the pipe. He had let the sexton do his best at tuning the clavichord, and put two seats, painted white, on the stairs. The constantly neglected lattice work around the garden now glistened here and there with fresh white palings, like single new teeth which are stuck between a whole row of old gray ones. The alleys in the garden must be swept and garnished, the yard was cleaned up, and finally, the cover put on the well, which was to have been done all the years the children were small.

It was the captain who, in an almost vociferous good humor, was zealously on the move everywhere.

Sometimes he took a kind of rest and stood puffing on the steps or in the window of the large room which looked down toward the country highway ; or in the shades of the evening he took a little

turn down to the gate and sat there with his pipe on the stone fence. If any one passed by going south he would say,—

“Are you going to the store to buy a plug of tobacco, Lars? If you meet a fine young lady in a cariole, greet her from the captain at Gilje: it is my daughter who is coming from the capital.”

If the person was some poor old crone of the other sex, to her astonishment, a copper coin fell down on the road before her:

“There, Kari; there, Siri: you may want something to order a crutch carriage with.”

A surprise, which was so much the greater, as the captain at other times cherished genuine liking for flaying old beggars. The whole stock of tempestuous oaths and of abusive words coined from the inspiration of the moment, which was in his blood, from the drill ground and military life, must now and then have an outbreak. The old women, who went on crutches, were long accustomed to this treatment, and knew what to expect when they were going away from the farm, after having first got a good load in their bags in the kitchen. It was like a tattoo about their ears, accompanied by Pasop's mild barking.

But in these days while he was going about in joyful expectation and waiting his daughter's return home, he was what made him a popular man, both in the district and among men, so straightforward and sportive, something of the old easy-going Peter Jaeger.

The captain had just been in again in the afternoon and tried the concert pitch on the clavichord, which was constantly lowering, and compared his deep bass with its almost soundless rumbling G, when Joergen thought he saw, through the window, a movable spot on one of the light bits of the highway, which was visible even on the other side of the lake.

The captain caught up his field glasses, and rushed out on the steps and in again and called to ma—and afterwards patiently took his post at the open window, while he called ma in again every time they came again into the turns.

—— Down there it did not go so quickly. Svarten stopped of his own accord at every man he met on the way; and then Great-Ola must explain.

A young lady with a duster tightly fastened about her waist,



VALDERS CARIOLE, WITH POST BOY.

parasol and gloves, and such a fine brass-bound English trunk on the back of the cariole, was in itself no common thing. But that it was the daughter of the captain at Gilje who was coming home, raised the affair up to the sensational, and the news was therefore well spread over the region when toward evening the cariole had got as far as the door at home.

There stood mother and father and Joergen and Thea and sub-officer Tronberg with his small bag yonder at the corner of the house, and the farm hands and girls inside the passage way—and Great-Ola was cheated out of lifting the young lady down on the steps, for she herself jumped from the cariole step straight into the arms of her father, and then kissed her mother and hugged Thea and pulled Joergen by the hair a little forced dance around on the stairs so that he should feel the first impression of her return home.

Yes, it was the parasol she had lost on the steps and which a barefooted girl came up with; ma had a careful eye upon it—the costly, delicate, fringed parasol with long ivory handle had been lying there between the steps and the cariole wheel.

The captain took off her duster himself—the hair, the dress, the gloves; that was the way the way she looked, a fine grown lady from head to foot.

And so they had the light of Gilje in the room.

"I have been sitting and longing all day long for the smell of the *petum* and to see a little cloud of smoke about your head, father—I think you are a little stouter—and then your dress coat—I always thought of you in the old shiny one. And mother—and mother!" She rushed out after her into the dining-room, where she stayed a long time.

Then she came out more quietly.

A hot fire was blazing in the kitchen. There stood Marit, a short, red-cheeked mountain girl, with white teeth and small hands, stirring the porridge so that the sweat dropped from her face; she knew very well that Great-Ola would have it so that fifteen men could dance on the surface, and now she got the help of the young lady. After that Inger-Johanna must over and spin on Torbjoerg's spinning-wheel.

The captain only went with her and looked on with half moistened eyes, and when they came in again Inger-Johanna got the bottle from the sideboard and gave each of them out there a dram on her return home.

The supper table was waiting in the sitting-room, on a freshly laid cloth—red mountain trout and her favorite dish, strawberries and cream.

——— No talk about waking her, so tired as she was last night, father had said.

And therefore Thea had sat outside of the threshold from half past six, waiting to hear any noise, so that she could rush in with the tray and little cakes, for Inger-Johanna was to have her coffee in bed.

Joergen kept her company, taken up with studying the singular lock on her trunk, and then with scanning the light, delicate lacquered shoe. He rubbed them on his forehead and his nose, after having moistened them with his breath.

Now she was waking up in there, and open went the door for Joergen, Thea, and Pasop, and afterwards Torbjoerg with the cup of coffee.

Yes, she was at home now.

The fragrance of the hay came in through the open window, and she heard them driving the rumbling loads into the barn.

And when she saw, out of the window, the long narrow lake in

the valley down below and all the mountain peaks, which lifted themselves so precipitously up towards the heavens over the light fog on the other side, she understood some of her mother's feeling that here it was cramped, and that it was two hundred long miles to the city. But then it was so sweetly beautiful—and then, she was really at home at Gilje.

She must go out and lie in the hay, and let Joergen hold the buck that was inclined to butt, so she could get past, and then look at his workshop and his secret hunting gun he was making out of the barrel and lock of an old army gun.

It was a special confidence in his grown-up sister, for powder and gun were most strictly forbidden to him, which did not prevent his having his arsenal of his father's coarse-grained cartridge powder, both here and there about in the hills.¹

And then she must be with Thea and find out all about the garden, and with her father on his walks here and there; they went up by the cowpath, with its waving ferns, white birch stems, and green leaves, over the whole of the sloping ridge of Gilje.

It was like a happy, almost giddy, intoxication of coming home for three or four days.

It came to be more like every-day life, when ma began to talk about this and that of the household affairs and to make Inger-Johanna take part in her different cares and troubles!

What should be done with Joergen? They must think of having him go to the city soon. Ma had thought a good deal about writing to Aunt Alette and consulting with her. Father must not be frightened about spending too much money. If Aunt Alette should conclude to take him to board, then it would n't involve the terrible immediate outlay of money. They could send many kinds of provisions there, butter and cheese, and fladbread¹, dried meat, bacon, as often as there was an opportunity.

She must look out and talk with father about this sometime later in the winter when she had heard what Aunt Alette thought.

And with Thinka they had gone through a great deal. Ma had had all she could do to keep father out of it—you know how little he can bear annoyances—and she had found it a matter almost of life and death on Wednesday to intercept Joergen, when he

¹ Thin, round, hard baked bread, or bannocks.

brought the mail, to get hold of Thinka's letters. This spring she had written time after time, and represented to her what kind of a future she was preparing for herself, if she, in weakness and folly, gave way to her rash feelings for this clerk Aas.

But in the beginning, you see, there came some letters back, which were very melancholy. It seemed as if she would be in poorer circumstances, she wrote,—it seems that there was a rather doubtful prospect of his getting a situation as a country bailiff that she had set her hopes on.

Ma had placed it seriously before her, how such a thing as that might end. If only he was sick or died, in what should she and perhaps a whole flock of children take refuge?

"It depends on overcoming the first emotion of the fancy. Now it is true she was coming home in the autumn, and it could be wished that she had hit upon other ideas. My brother Birger is so headlong; but maybe it was for the best that, as my sister-in-law writes, as soon as he got a hint of the state of affairs, he gave Aas his dismissal and sent him packing that very day. The last two or three letters show that Thinka is quieter."

"Thinka is horribly meek," exclaimed Inger-Johanna with flashing eyes. "I believe they could pickle her and put her down and tie up the jar: she would not grumble. If Uncle Birger had done so to me, I would not have stayed there a day longer."

"Inger-Johanna! Inger-Johanna!" Ma shook her head. "You have a dangerous, spoiled temper. It is only the very, very smallest number of us women, who are able to do what they would like to."

——The captain did not disdain the slightest occasion to bring forward his daughter just returned from the city.

He had turned the time to account, for in the beginning of the next week he would be obliged to go on various surveys up on the common land and then to the drills.

They had made a trip down to the central part of the district, to the Minister Horn's and on the way stopped and called on the Sexton Semmelinge and Bardon Kleven, the bailiff. They had been to Dr. Bauman, the doctor of the district; and now on Sunday they were invited to the Sheriff Gulckes—a journey of thirty-five miles down the valley.

It was an old house of a calèche, which had been repaired a hundred times, which was drawn out of its hiding-place, within whose chained-together arms, Svarten and the dun horse—the blind bay had long since been sent away—were to continue their three-months-long attempt to agree in the stall.

If the beasts had any conception, it must most likely have been that it was an enormously heavy plow they were drawing, in a lather, up and down hill, with continual stoppings to get breath and let those who were sitting in it get in and out.

If there was anything the captain adhered to, it was military punctuality, and at half past four in the morning the whole family in full dress, the captain and Joergen with their pantaloons turned up, the ladies with their dresses tucked up, were wandering on foot down the Gilje hills—they were some of the worst on the whole road—while Great-Ola drove the empty carriage down to the highway.

The dun horse was better fitted for pulling than holding back, so that it was Svarten that must be depended on on the hills and Great-Ola, the captain, and Joergen must help.

It was an exceedingly warm day, and the carriage rolled on in an incessantly dense, stifling dust of the road about the feet of the horses and the wheels. But then it was mainly down hill, and they rested and got breath every mile.

At half past one they only had to cross the ferry and a short distance on the other side again up to the sheriff's farm.

On the ferry a little toilette was temporarily made, and the captain took his new uniform coat out of the carriage box and put it on. Except that Joergen had greased his pantaloons from the wheels, not a single accident had happened on the whole trip.

As soon as they came up on the hill, they saw the judge's carriage roll up before them through the gate, and in the yard they recognized the doctor's cariole and the lawyer's gig. There stood the sheriff himself, helping the judge's wife out of the carriage: his chief clerk and daughters were all on the steps.

So far as the ladies were concerned, there must, of course, be a final toilette and a change of clothes before they found themselves presentable. One of the two daughters of the lawyer was in a red and the other in a clear white dress, and of the three daughters of the judge, two were in white and one in blue.

That a captain's daughter, with his small salary, came in brown silk with patent-leather shoes, could only be explained by the special circumstances, suggested Madam Scharfenberg in the ear of the old Miss Horn of the parsonage ; it was, in all probability, one of the governor's lady's, which had been made over, down in the city.

The fact was that young Horn who, it was expected, would be chaplain to his father, the minister, treated Inger-Johanna in a much more complimentary manner than he showed toward her daughter, Bine, to whom he was just as good as engaged ; and the chief clerk did not seem to be blind to her. They both ran to get a chair for her.

The sofa was assigned to the Judge's wife and to ma, as a matter of course. Mrs. Scharfenberg did not think this quite right either, since her husband had been nominated second for the judgeship of Sogn ; and, that the sheriff had to-day also invited the rich Madam Silje, was, her husband said, only a bid for popularity : she was still always what she was—widow of the country store-keeper Silje.

It was a long time to sit and exchange compliments, before the main-stay of the dinner, the sheriff's roast, was sufficiently and thoroughly done, and he got a nod from his wife to ask the company out to the table in the large room.

The only one who was easy and talked before the ice was fairly broken was Inger-Johanna, who chatted with the judge and then with Horn and the army doctor.

Ma pursed her lips a little uneasily as she sat on the sofa and pretended to be absorbed in conversation with Madam Brinkman ; she knew what they all would say about her afterwards.

——— It had been a rather warm dinner. Through the abundant provision of the sheriff the fatigue and hunger after the journey had given place to an extremely lively mood spiced with speeches and songs.

They had sat a long time at the table before the scraping of the judge's chair finally gave the signal for the breaking up.

The sheriff now stood stout and beaming during the thanks for the meal, and demanded and received his tribute as host, a kiss from each one of the young ladies.

The masculine part of the company distributed themselves with their coffee cups, out in the cool hall and on the stairs or went with their tobacco pipes into the farm yard, while the ladies sat around the coffee table in the parlor.

The judge talked somewhat loudly with the sheriff, and the captain, red and hot, stood a little way out in the yard, cooling himself.

The doctor came up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"The sheriff really took the spigot out of the bung, to-day: we had excellent drink."

"Oh, if one only had a pipe now, and could go and loaf."

"You have got one in your hand, man."

"Really? But filled, you see."

"You just went in and filled it."

"I? No, really; but a light, you see, a light."

"I say, Jaeger, Scharfenberg is already up taking a nap."

"Yes, yes; but the bay, you cheated me shamefully in that."

"Oh, nonsense, Peter; your cribber eat himself half out of my stall—that Maderia was strong."

"Rist—my daughter, Inger-Johanna."

"Yes, you see, Peter, I forgive you that you are a little cracked about her; she may make other skulls than yours whirl round."

"She is beautiful—beautiful." His voice was assuming an expression of serious pathos.

The two military men in a sedate, thoughtful pace, walked back to one of the sleeping rooms in the second story.

In the hall, tall Buchholtz, the judge's chief clerk, was standing, stiff and silent against the wall, with his coffee cup in his hand; he was pondering whether any one would notice anything wrong about him. He had been in the coffee room with the ladies and tried to open a conversation with Miss Jaeger:

"Have you been here long, Miss Jae-ger?"

"Three weeks."

"How long do you intend to stay here?"

"Till the end of August."

"Do n't you miss the capitol u-p here?"

"No, not at all."

She turned from him and began to talk with her mother. The same questions had now been asked her by all the gentlemen.

The irreproachable candidate¹ Horn stood by the door enjoying his coffee and the defeat of the chief clerk. He was lying in wait for an opportunity to have a chat with Inger-Johanna, but found an insurmountable obstacle in the judge's well read wife, who began to talk with her about French literature, a region in which he felt he could not assert himself.

At the request of the sheriff, a general exit took place later. The ladies must go out on the porch and see the young people playing "the widow seeking a mate."

Mrs. Silje sat there, broad and good natured, after all the good eating, and enjoyed it.

"No, but he did not catch her this time, no. Make the strap around your waist tighter, next time, sir." She smiled, when the chief-clerk's attempt to catch Inger-Johanna failed: "she is such a fine young lady to try for."

Mrs. Scharfenberg found that there was a draught on the stairs, and as she moved into the hall, where the sheriff's wife, always an invalid, sat wrapped up in her shawl, she could not but say to her and the judge's wife, that the reckless manners of running of the young lady—so that you could even see the stockings above her shoes—smacked rather much of being free. But she was sure Mrs. Silje did not find it in the last unbecoming. She remarked sharply, "She had herself gone so many times in Solbakken with the other girls, raking hay in her smock before she was married to the trader."

Ma, indeed, gave Inger-Johanna an anxious nod as soon as she could reach her.

"You must not run so violently, child. It does not look well—you must let yourself be caught."

"By the chief-clerk—never."

Ma sighed.

They kept on with the game till tea time, when those who had been missing after dinner again showed themselves in a rested condition, ready to begin a game of Boston for the evening.

¹"Candidate" is the title of one who has passed the final examination at the University of Christiania, and is necessary to qualify one for any public office, or for acting as a minister, doctor, or lawyer. Those who have passed the examination for admission to the University have the title "student," which they retain till they pass their final examination and are "candidates." The first office a "candidate" in law generally gets is that of "chief-clerk" to a judge.

"But Joergen—where is Joergen?"

In obedience to the call, somewhat pale and in a cold perspiration, but with a bold front, he came down from the office building, where he had been sitting smoking tobacco on the sly with the sheriff's clerk and "the execution horse," whose racy designation was due to his unpopular portion of the sheriff's functions.

The game of Boston was continued after supper with violent defeats and quite wonderful exposed hands, between the judge, the captain, the sheriff, and the attorney.

In the other room ma sat uneasy, and wondering when father would think of breaking up—they had a very long journey home, and it was already ten o'clock. The sheriff had urged them to remain all night in vain; but it didn't answer this time; besides Jaeger had definite reasons why they must be home again to-morrow.

She sat in silence, resting her hopes on the sharp little Mrs. Scharfenberg, trusting she would soon dare to show herself in the door of the card room.

But it dragged on;—the other ladies were certainly resting their hope on her.

She nodded to Inger-Johanna.

"Can't you go in," she whispered, "and remind your father a little of the time—but only as if of your own accord?"

Finally at eleven o'clock they were sitting in the carriage—after that the sheriff had again asserted on the stair, his privilege of an old man towards the young ladies. He was a real master in meeting all the playful ways they had in escaping, in order to be saved from the smacking good-bye.

The chief clerk, and candidate Horn, went with the carriage to the gate.

"It was neither for your sake nor mine, ma," said the captain.

He was driving, but turned incessantly in order to hear the talk in the carriage, and throw in an observation with it. Joergen and Thea who had kept modestly quiet the whole day, but had made many observations, nevertheless, were now on a high horse: Thea especially plumed herself, as the only soul who had succeeded in escaping the sheriff.

And now they were on the way home in the light quiet July

night, up hill and up hill—in places down foot by foot, step by step, except where they dared to let the carriage go faster, as they came to the bottom of a hill.

A good level mile or two, where they could all sit in a carriage was passed over at a gentle jog trot. It was sultry with a slightly moist fragrance from the hay cocks, and a slight impression of twilight over the land. Great-Ola yawned, the captain yawned, the horses yawned, Joergen nodded, Thea slept, wrapped up under ma's shawl. Now and then they were roused by the rumbling of a mountain brook, as it flowed foaming under a bridge in the road.

Inger-Johanna sat dreaming, and at last saw a yellowish brown toad before her, with small curious eyes and a great mouth—and then it rose up so puffed up and ungainly, and hopped down towards her.

The horses stopped.

"Oh, I believe I was dreaming about the sheriff!" said Inger-Johanna, as she woke up shivering.

"We must get out here," came sleepily from the captain, "on the Rognerud hills; ma can stay in with Thea."

The day was beginning to dawn. They saw the sun bathe the mountain tops in gold, and light creep down the slopes. The sun lay as it were still, and peeped at them first, till it at once bounded over the crest in the east like a golden ball, and colored red the wooded mountain sides and hills on the west side, clear down to the greensward shining with dew.

Still they toiled foot by foot up the hills.

On the Gilje lands the people had already been a long time at work spreading out the hay, when they saw them coming.

"It is good to be home again," declared ma. "I wondered if Marit has remembered to hang the trout in the smoke?"

Marit came rushing out of the door of the porch:

"There was a fine city traveller came this way last night! He who was here two years ago, and had his shoes mended. I did not know anything better, than to let him sleep in the blue chamber."

"Oh, ho! Student Grip! I suppose he is on his way towards home."

Ma looked at once at Inger-Johanna ; she fell into a reverie. She stepped hurriedly out of the carriage.

"Jaeger is going to-morrow, surveying a long distance into the mountains,—clear over to the Groennelid saeters," ma said to him, "and there is so much that must be done."

"So—oh—and to-morrow early."

The student drawled it out.

"My plan is to go across over the mountain home again, as I did the last time—get a little really fresh air away from the stuffy town air and the law books."

"But then you could go with Jaeger? It will be 35—40 miles you could have company up in the mountains—and for Jaeger, it would be a real pleasure to have company. You won't have any objection, I suppose, to my putting up something for you to eat by the way?"

"Thanks—I thank you very much for all your kindness."

"She will not have me, that is plain," he muttered, while he wandered about the yard during the forenoon; they were all asleep except the mistress.

But he did not come here to escort the captain.

In the afternoon, when it began to grow a little cool, the captain, Inger-Johanna, Joergen and Student Grip took the lonely road to the mill. Great-Ola and Aslak, the farmer, went with them—something was to be done to the mill-wheel, now that the stream was almost dry.

They stood there studying eagerly how the wheel could best be raised off the axis.

"That Joergen, that Joergen, he has got the hang of the wheel!" exclaimed the captain.

"You can get Fore, the joiner, to help Ola as soon as you come back with the horses from the mountain—and let Joergen show you how: he understands it, he does—if it is only not a book, he is clever enough."

"You will have to take hold of your forelock and try and cram, Joergen; do as you did with the rye-pudding—the sooner it is eaten, the sooner it is over," said Grip, to comfort him.

"Look here, I came near forgetting the fish-lines for to-morrow. You will have to go down to the store this evening, Joergen. We

catch the trout ourselves up there, as you will see," said the captain, turning to Grip.

"Oh—oh—yes," he puffed out while they were sauntering toward home together. "I may need indeed to go to the mountains now, I always come down again three or four pounds lighter."

"I have wandered about that part of the country from the time I was a school-boy," remarked Grip. "We must put Lake Bygdin into the geography—that it was discovered only a few years ago, in the middle of a broad mountain plateau, which only some reindeer hunter or other knew anything about."

"Not laid down on any map, no—as blank as in the interior of Africa, marked out as unexplored," the captain pointed out. "But then there is traffic going on between the districts, both of people and cattle, and the mountains have their names from ancient times down among the common people."

"True, the natives also knew the interior of Africa, but on that account it is not called discovered by the civilized world," said Grip, smiling.

"I always wondered what could be found in such a mysterious region in the middle of the country. There might be a great deal there. Valleys entirely deserted from ancient times—old, sunken timber halls, and then wild reindeer rushing here and there over the wastes."

"Yes, shooting," agreed the captain, "we get many a tender reindeer steak from over there."

"It was that which attracted me, when I met the reindeer hunter two years ago: I wanted to explore a little, see what there was there."

"Exactly like all that we imagined about the city," exclaimed Inger-Johanna.

"You ought to go with your father part of the way over the mountains, miss,—see if you could find some lofty bower."

"That is an idea, not at all stupid," broke in the captain, "not impossible, not at all! You could ride all the way to the Groennelid saeters."

"No, could you carry that through, father?" she exclaimed earnestly. "Now I have also taken a fancy to see what there is

there—I believe we always thought the world ended over there at our own saeter pastures.”

“I have some blankets on the packsaddle, and where they can get a roof over my head, there will be room enough for you too.”

“Come, come, Morten, will you let people alone!”

The captain took out a roll of tobacco and held a piece out to the stable goat, that was coming, leaping, towards them from the yard.

“There, mumble beard—he will have his allowance, the rascal.”

“Ma,” he called when he saw her coming from the store-house, “what should you say if I should take Inger-Johanna with me to-morrow? Then they will have company home on Friday with Ola and the horses—she and Joergen.”

“But dear Jaeger, why should she go up there?”

“She can pass the night at Groennelid saeter.”

“Such a fatiguing trip! It is absolutely without a path and wild where you must go.”

“She can ride the horse a good ways beyond the saeter. Svarten will go as steady as a minister with her and the packsaddle—both on the mountain and in the bog. I will take the dun horse myself.” He had become very eager at the prospect of taking her with him.

“Certainly, you shall go.”

“You must put a good lot in the provision bag, ma. We must be off early to-morrow at 5 o’clock.”

“Tronberg will join us with a horse farther up, so there will be a way of giving you a mount also, Grip.”

Grip started on a run with Joergen towards the yard, finally caught him, and drove him in through the open kitchen window.

The captain with his neck done brown, toiled, red and sweating, in his shirt sleeves in the mountain fields up under Torskknut.

The pack-horses went first with Inger-Johanna and all the equipment, and by the side of the captain some farmers who carried their coats on sticks over their shoulders on account of the heat, and eagerly pointed out bounds and marks every time they

stopped, and he was to draw some line, or other, as a possible connection.

They had passed the night at the Groennelid saeters, and been out on the moors making a sketch survey at 5 o'clock in the morning, had ridden over flat mountain wastes among willow thickets, while the horses, step by step, waded across windings of the same river.

Now they stopped again after a steep ascent to wait for Tronberg, whom they had seen below on the hills.

The captain took out his spy-glass, and after a cursory glance over the shining icy fields, which lay like a distant sea of milk, turned it farther and farther down.

The perspiration rolled in great drops off his forehead and eyelids, so that the glass was blurred and he was obliged to wipe it again with his large, worn silk handkerchief.

Then he rested the spy-glass on the back of the pack-horse, and held it still a long time.

"That must be the Rognenlid folk after all, who are moving there west of Brackstad heights. What do you say?"

The people to whom he turned needed only to shade their eyes to agree with him that it was the opposite party whom they were to meet the next morning at Lake Tiske. But they were too polite fellows to express it otherwise than by saying in a flattering manner,—

"What a spy-glass the captain has."

During this surveying business he was borne, so to speak, on a royal cushion by the anxious interests of both parties to the contest; it contributed to the pleasure he took in his trips in the mountains in summer to feel himself in that way borne up by hands.

"Have you been fishing, Tronberg?" he shouted when the head of the subaltern's "Rauen" appeared noddling down in the steep path.

"Trout! Caught to-day?"

"This morning, Captain."

The captain took up the string and looked at the gills.

"Yes, they are to-day's."

The subaltern took off his hat, and dried his forehead and head.

"One could easily have fried the fish on the rocky wall in the whole of that pan of a valley over there that I came through," Tronberg said.

"Fine fish. See that, Grip,—weighs at least three pounds."

"Goodness sake, the miss here!" exclaimed the subaltern, involuntarily bringing himself up to a salute when Inger-Johanna turned her horse round and looked at the shiny speckled fish which hung on the packsaddle. But old Lars Opidalen, the one who had asked for the survey, gently stroked his coarse hand over hers, while he counted the trout on the willow branch.

"Can such also be of the earth?" he said, quietly wondering.

"Help the young lady, Lars, while she dismounts: it is not well for her to sit there any longer on this smooth bare rock."

The path ascended steeper and steeper with occasional marshy breathing places in between—it was often entirely lost in the gray mountain.

The mournful cry of a fish eagle sounded over them. It circled around, cried, and went off when Joergen shouted at it. It must have had a nest somewhere up on that rocky wall.

The captain's shot gun must be brought out and Tronberg attempted a shot, but could not get within range. If he could only lie in wait for him behind the great stones up there!

The eagle whirled around again near them with broad, outspread wings.

Suddenly there was a report up above on the slope strewn with stones, and the eagle made some vigorous flapping strokes with his wings; it struggled so as not to fall down.

The shot had gone through one wing, so that daylight could be seen through the hole in the feathers. The bird evidently found it difficult to preserve its equilibrium.

"Fy—it is wounded," exclaimed Inger-Johanna.

"Who shot?" demanded the captain taken aback.

"Joergen ran off with the rifle," Tronberg replied.

"Joergen! He can't make me believe it was his first shot, the rogue! But he shot himself free from a thrashing that time—for it was a good shot, Tronberg. The rascal! he has been most strictly forbidden to meddle with guns."

"Forbidden indeed," mumbled Grip. "Is it not remarkable,

Miss Inger-Johanna, it is constantly that which is forbidden in which we are most skilful? It is exactly these prohibitions that constitute our most potent education—But that is going the way of villains in growth, and leaves its marks behind—makes men with heads bad characters.”

Grip and Inger-Johanna walked ahead with the horses. A strange, hazy warm smoke lay below over the marshes in the afternoon : it veiled the lines there. Up here on the mountain the air was so sparkling clear.

Foot by foot the animals picked their way over the piles of stony débris between the enormous fallen masses which lay, scattered here and there, like moss-covered gray houses, with now and then a fairy forelock of dwarf birch upon them, while on the mountain ledges still hung yellow tufts of saxifrage.

“Only see all this warped, twisted, fairy creation. You could say that life is really turned to stone here,—and yet it bubbles up.”

He stopped.

“Do you know what I could wish, Miss Inger-Johanna?”

There was no longer any trace of the strain of irony which usually possessed him.

“Simply to be a schoolmaster!—teach the children to lay the first two sticks across by their own plain thoughts. It is the fundamental logs that are laid the wrong way in us. They ought to be allowed to believe just as much and as little as they could really swallow. And to the door with the whole host of these cherished, satisfactory prohibitions! I should only show the results—mix powder and matches together before their eyes till it went into the air, and then say, ‘If you please, Joergen, so far as I am concerned, you can go with the two things in your pocket as much as you like : it is you, yourself, who will be blown into the air.’ It is the responsibility that is to be cultivated while the boy is growing up, if he is to be made a man of.”

“You have an awful lot of ideas, Grip.”

“Crotchets, you mean? If I had any talent with a pen,—but I am so totally word smitten. You see there are only four doors, and they are called theology, philology, medicine, and law, and I have temporarily knocked at the last. What I want there

I don't know. Have you heard of the cat which they put into a glass ball and pumped the air out of it? It noticed that there was something wrong. It was troubled for breath; the air was constantly getting thinner and thinner: and so it put one paw on the hole. I shall also allow myself to put one paw on the draft hole—for here is a vacuum—not up in the skies with the poets, of course. There it lightens and shines, and they write about working for the people and for freedom and for everything lofty and great in as many directions as there are points on a compass—but in reality down on the earth—for a prosaic person who would take hold and set in motion a little of the phrases—there it is entirely closed. There is no use for all our best thoughts and ideas in the practical world, I can tell you; not even so much that a man can manage to make himself unhappy in them.

“And so one lives as he can best his other life with his comrades, and re-baptizes himself in punch with them every time he has been really untrue to himself in the tea parties. But taste this air—every blessed breath like a glass of the finest, finest—nay, what shall I call it?”

“Punch,” was the rather short answer.

“No, life! with this free nature one does not feel incited to dispute. I am in harmony with the mountain, with the sun, with all these crooked tough birch-osiers. If people down there only were themselves! but that they never are, except in a good wet party when they have got themselves sufficiently elevated from the bottom of the well. There exists a whole freemasonry, the members of which do not know each other except in that form, or also in Westerman's steam baths when Westerman whips us with fresh birch leaves in a temperature of eighty degrees. The bath-room was our father's national club, did you know that?”

“No, indeed; I learn a great many new things, I think,” she said, with half concealed humor.

“Listen, listen! the golden plover whistling,” whispered Joergen.

The sound came from a little marshy spot which was white with cotton grass.

They stood listening.

“Did you ever hear anything so tremendously quiet,” said Grip, “after a single little peep. There are such peeps here and there

in the country. Abel, he died, he did,—of what? Of drink, they said”—he shook his head—“of vacuum.”

He was walking in his shirt sleeves, and flung the willow stick, which he had broken off while he was talking, far down over the rocky débris.”

“There the captain sees the line, as it has been from ancient times for Opidalen,” shouted old Lars—“straight, straight along by the Notch, where we shall go down and across the lake—straight towards Roedkampen on Torsknut—there, where you see the three green islands under the rocky débris, captain.”

He shook his stick in his eagerness.

“For that I shall bring witnesses—and if they were all living here, who have fished on our rights in the lake, both in my father’s and grandfather’s time, there would be a crowd of people against their villainies in Rognelien.”

——The afternoon shadows fell into the Notch, where the ice-water trickled down through the cracks in the black mountain wall. Here and there the sun still shone on patches of greenish yellow reindeer-moss, on some violet, white, or yellow little clusters of high mountain flowers, which exemplified the miracle of living their tinted life of beauty up here against the snow.

“There comes Mathis with the canoe,” exclaimed old Lars.

The boat which was to carry them over to the cattle-shelter, crept like an insect far below them on the green mirror of the lake.

The going down was real recreation for the captain’s rather stout body, short of breath, and the prospect of being able to indulge in favorite sport, fishing, contributed greatly to enlivening his temper.

“We are coming here just at the right time: they will bite,” he suggested.

When they embarked in the square trough, which was waiting for them down by the fishing-hut, he had the line ready. He had already, with great activity, procured the bait, carried in a goat’s horn.

Those of the train who could not be accommodated in the boat, went around the lake with the horses. They saw them, now and then on the crags, while they rowed out.

“What do you say to a trial along the shore there in the shade, Mathis? Do n’t you think he will take the hook there?—we are

not rowing so straight over at once, I think," said the captain, slyly.

Under the thwarts Mathis's own line was lying; and Inger-Johanna also wanted to try her hand at it.

The captain put the bait on for her. But she would not sit and wait till they reached the fishing place: she threw the line out at once and let it trail behind the boat, while, as they rowed, she, off and on, gave a strong pull at it.

"See how handy she is," exclaimed the captain, "it is inborn—you come from a race of fishermen, for I was brought up in the Bergen district, and my father before me. If I had a dollar for every codfish I have pulled out at Alverstroemmen, there would be something worth inheriting from me—what! what!"

A swirl was heard far behind in the wake. Inger-Johanna gave a vigorous pull; a yellow belly of a fish appeared a moment in the sunlight above the surface of the water.

She continued, after the first feverish jerk upon the line, in a half risen position, to pull it in.

When she lifted the shining fish high upon the edge of the boat, she burst out into the triumphant cry,—

"The first fish I have ever caught!"

Grip took the fish off the hook, and threw it far off.

"So it shall also be allowed to keep its life!"

The captain angrily moved his heavy body so that it shook the boat.

But, that the ill-timed offering to the deep was made for the honor of the apple of his eye, greatly mitigated the stupidity.

And when they got in under the knoll, where he cast his line, he suddenly sang a verse from his youthful recollections of the Bergen quarter, which had slumbered in him for many a long year.

"I lay basking in the sun,
While the boat was drifting in the current,
I heard the Sillock and climbed into the top,
I was giddy with my dream.
I awoke wet through,
And the thwart was floating.
While the boat was drifting in the current."

His deep bass came out in full force in the silence under the knoll.

The lake was like a mirror, and the captain took one trout after another.

Torsknut, with its patches and fields of snow on its summit, stood on its head deep down below them, so that it almost caused a giddy feeling when they looked out over the boatrail. And when they arrived under the cattle station, the steep green mountain side, with all the grazing cattle, was reproduced so clearly that they could count the horns in the water.

"Nay, here the cows walk like flies on the wall," said the captain. "If the milkpans fall up there, it will all run down to us into the boat."

The house room was, in fact, nothing more than a little mud hut on the rocky débris, and a little wooden shed, with stone on the roof, and a hole. It was there that the captain was to be quartered, and Inger-Johanna was to sleep till the sun rose, and she, with Joergen, Great-Ola, and Svarten, should go back again to Groennelid saeters.

—— They had eaten supper—the trout and an improvised cream porridge,—and were now standing, seeing the sun set behind the great mountains.

The captain was going about in slippers and unbuttoned uniform coat on the turf, smoking his pipe with extreme satisfaction. He stopped now and then and gazed at the sun playing on the mountain peaks far away.

Then a range of hitherto dark blue peaks took fire in violet blushing tints until they became an entirely glowing fire. And now the snow fields became rose-red in the east—wonderful fairy tales in tower and castles gleamed there—the three snowy peaks then were turned to blood, with burning, shining flash on the top of the middle one. And again in the distance still unlighted blue peaks, snowdrifts, and glens, on which the shadows were playing.

Joergen was lying with his father's spy-glass, watching the reindeer on the ice-fields.

"Good-bye, Miss Inger-Johanna," said Grip. "I am going over the mountains to-night, with one of the men to guide me. There are more people here than the hut will accommodate."

"But first let me say to you," he said, in a subdued tone, "that the open-hearted day on the high mountain has been one of the few of my life. I have not found it necessary to say a single, cowardly, bad witticism—nor to despise myself"—he added, roughly.

"Yes, just so—just as you stand there, so elegant and erect and haughty, under the great straw hat, shall I remember you till we meet in the city again."

"It is a good ten miles to Swartdolsbod," suggested the captain, when he took leave—"always welcome to Gilje, Grip."

—— He was already giving his farewell greetings, a good distance up the steep ascent of Torsknut.

"Does not seem to know fatigue, that fellow," said the captain.

She stood looking at him. The last rays of the sun cast a pale yellow tinge in the evening with this transparent mirroring. There was such a warm life in her face!

Some kind of an insect—a humble-bee or a wasp—buzzed through the open window into the room newly tinted in blue—hummed so noisily on the window pane that the young girl with the luxuriant black hair and the slightly dark, clear cut face who was lying sleeping into the morning, was almost aroused.

She lay sound asleep on her side, after having come home in the night. The impressions of the mountains' summits were still playing in her brain.

She had another trout on the line—it flashed and floundered there in the lake—Grip came up with two sticks, which were to be placed cross-ways.

Surr-humm! straight into her face, so that she woke up.

The day was already far advanced.

There on the toilet table, with white hangings above it, surrounding the glass which had been put there for her return home, was the violet soap in silver paper.

It was plainly that which attracted all the inexperienced insects to ruin: they had found the way to an entirely new world of flowers there and plunged blindly headlong believing in the discovery—without any conception of the numerous artificial products of the age outside of the mountain region—that the fragrance of violets

did not produce violets, but only horrid, horrid pains in the stomach. There plainly existed an entire confusion in their ideas, to judge by all the disquiet and humming in and out of those that had recently come, and that possibly began to suspect something wrong and took a turn or two up and down in the room first, before the temptation became too great for them, and by the earlier arrivals that slowly crept up and down on the wall with acquired experience in life, or were lying stupefied and floundering on the window sill.

"Ish!—and straight up into the washing water."

She looked with a certain indignation at the cause—her violet soap.

At the same time it opened a new train of thought while she smelt it two or three times.

"Mother's yellow soap is more honest."

She quickly threw it out of the window, and with a towel carefully wiped those that had fallen on the field of battle off of the sill.

Ma and Inger-Johanna stood, later in the forenoon, down in the garden picking sugar peas for dinner.

"Only the ripest, Inger-Johanna, which are becoming too hard and woody, till your father comes home ——

"What will your aunt say when she hears that we have let you go with your father so far up in the wilderness—she certainly will not think such a trip very inviting or comprehend that you can be so eloquent over stone and rocks."

"No, she thinks that nothing can compete with their Tulleroed," said Inger-Johanna, smiling.

"Pass the plate over to me so that I may empty it into the basket," came from ma.

"So aunt writes that Roennow is going to stay all winter in Paris."

"Roennow, yes—but I shall amuse myself very well by reading aloud to her this winter 'Gedেকে's Travels' in Switzerland,—and then give her small doses of my trip."

"Now you are talking without thinking, Inger-Johanna. There is always a great difference between that which is within the circle of culture and desolate wild tracts up here in the mountain region."

Ma's hood-covered head bowed down behind the peavines.

"Father says that it is surely because they want to use him at Stockholm, that he is going to perfect himself in French."

"Yes, he is certainly going to become something great. You can believe we find it ever so snug and pleasant when we are sometimes at home alone and I read aloud to aunt."

Ma's large hood, spotted with blue, rose up, and with a table knife in her hand she passed the empty plate back.

"And so he has the bearing which suits the higher he gets."

"Quite perfect—but I do n't know how it is one does not care to think about him up here in the country."

Ma stood a moment with the table knife in her hand.

"That will do," she said, as she took up the basket somewhat troubled—"We sha' n't have many peas this year," she added, sighing.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FRED GOWING,

State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Concord, N. H.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.

The sessions of teachers' institutes for the years 1893-'94 closed at Sandwich Centre on Wednesday, May 22.

To show whether the new venture of single-day institutes was successful and encouraging, a few statistics will be given.

It was the intention of the state superintendent to hold three single-day institutes in each county, so that a very accurate comparison might be shown to the old system of three-days sessions, but in one or two counties, this was impossible, as for instance, Carroll and Belknap counties.

In the county first named, Sandwich was the only town which cared to entertain an institute. Accordingly, one day and one half were given there. In Belknap county, also, it was impossible to hold but a one-day session. Then, again, in Hillsborough county five institutes were held. It was impossible to reach all

the teachers in three days. In the entire session there were twenty-six and one half days of institutes, beginning January 3, and ending May 23. Another year it is the intention of the superintendent to begin early in the fall term of schools, and not hold so many institutes during the cold and inclement weather. The same system will be carried on. Arrangements will be made for holding a high school institute. Time will also be devoted at the institutes, the coming year, to the duties of school boards and supervisors. Towns which can entertain institutes, and have not done so the past year, should notify the department of public instruction as soon as possible, through their school officers, and efforts will be made to make arrangements by which a day session may be given them.

ATTENDANCE OF TEACHERS AND SCHOOL OFFICERS.

	1893.	1894.
Belknap county.....	96 (3 days)	107 (1 day)
Carroll county.....	(none held)	46 (1½ days)
Cheshire county.....	113 (3 days)	124 (2 days)
Coös county.....	71 (3 days)	179 (3 days)
Grafton county.....	75 (3 days)	153 (3 days)
Hillsborough county.....	236 (2 days)	442 (5 days)
Merrimack county.....	112 (3 days)	239 (3 days)
Rockingham county.....	122 (2 days)	199 (3 days)
Strafford county.....	144 (2 days)	286 (3 days)
Sullivan county.....	81 (3 days)	143 (2 days)
Total.....	1,050 (24 days)	1,918 (26½ days)

An approximate record of the citizens' attendance has also been kept, and it is noticed that at the day sessions over 2,000 people have attended besides the teachers.

It is noticeable that the evening lectures, which is given for the benefit of the public at large, have not been so well attended. About 3,000 people have attended the evening lectures—an average audience of a little over one hundred at each institute, including teachers; while at the day sessions, the average attendance of citizens and teachers has been about 175.

The season for 1894-'95 will open at Plymouth in August with the Summer Institute. Programmes and courses of study will be furnished on application at the department of public instruction, Concord.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

The public schools are for all the children of the state. The law requires attendance of all children between certain ages for a certain minimum period of time, unless evidence of inability or equal advantages is shown.

Difficulties arise in dealing with habitual truants and children employed in manufacturing establishments. To the average teacher a greater source of vexation and bewilderment is irregularity of attendance of pupils enrolled as members of the school in good standing. This irregularity of attendance, in the gross, results in great loss of time and school privileges, easily calculable in hours or school months. The loss of interest consequent upon interrupted attendance, the waste from gaps in individual progress as compared with school or class progress, the formation of pernicious habits in inexactness and irresponsibility, are not so easily represented by symbols.

Some causes of absence are poor teaching, false methods of discipline, lack of home influence and parental coöperation resulting in neglect or indifference, importunity on the part of the child to remain at home "to help" in trivial matters, perversity, ignorance of consequences of absence, and poverty. Distance from school and insufficient school accommodations are more infrequent causes.

The work of the school is the business of the child, and every child should be impressed with the idea that his business can no more be neglected without deterioration than the business of adults. Tendencies to tardiness and absence seem "to run in families," along with other family traits. The responsibility for negligence of school duties through absence or idleness rests not wholly upon the child, but quite largely upon the parent who knows, or ought to know, the general conduct of his child, and who, by inaction, tacitly assents to such conduct.

The first concern of the school official in this matter is to find out the causes of absence in his own school. There must be no diminution or cessation of attention until general habits of punctuality are formed in the community. Spasmodic revivals are impossible here. The woful waste of absence should be held

before parents and children alike continually, although the unfair and inefficient scolding of pupils present for the faults of absentees is to be deprecated. Co-operation of parents is to be sought. Too often parents are ignored until there is trouble. Calm weather is the favorable time for acquaintanceship, and an acquaintance with parents gives occasion to inculcate the importance of school privileges, to inform of the policy and methods of the school, and to strengthen the personal hold of the teacher. Appearances at times indicate that to the teacher pupils are simply pupils, and not human beings in certain definite relations to the community and to life.

Strong teachers with heart-power succeed well in gaining and holding pupils in school. Good teaching is essential. Every pupil should feel that by absence he suffers personal loss irrevocable. If poverty prevents attendance, kindly charity should be so administered as not to offend the personal dignity of any pupil or to cause him to lose caste among his fellows.

However desirable perfect attendance may be for the prosperity of the school and the progress of the individual, it is not to be purchased too dearly. Every child who ought, should be in school every day, but no detriment should come to any, pupil or parent, in health or in any valuable thing, by his attendance.

Attendance is a means, and all pupils may rightly feel that partial attendance is considerably better than no attendance. Avoidable absence alone is culpable. In struggling for long "rolls of honor" and high percentages of attendance, it is so easy to put the whole matter in wrong relations. While inertia on the part of the teacher, and a bare perfunctory discharge of duty in always securing "a proper excuse," are deplorable, deceitful and doubtful acts performed for prizes of any sort whatsoever, "banners," applause of committee, or any other, weaken the morals of the school. A wholesome rivalry is possible and stimulating. It is common, for instance, to excuse children immediately after the roll-call in order to avoid a technical absence, a dismissal not being regarded in the record of attendance percentage. The pupil actually loses the whole session. If absence in cases of this sort is necessary, the coming to school to report is a hardship. Such a method is an unworthy subterfuge and a trick. If

tardiness is the especial matter under attempted improvement, it is intimated that absence is preferable, and tardiness, sometimes unavoidable, becomes almost criminal in the judgment of a pupil. It is difficult to maintain the perspective. Teachers, presumably somewhat masters of their circumstances, are occasionally late in arrival at school. The fetich-worship of marks and records leads to extraordinary devices and regulations. Things simple become warped beyond recognition.

In many places there is a custom to drop from the roll the name of any pupil absent for ten consecutive half-days. Under such a rule, engaged in hot rivalry for the highest percentage of attendance, or without adequate conception of the physical, intellectual, and moral purposes of schools, unable to withstand the stress of circumstances, some teachers prefer continued absence to occasional presence.

General rules governing the matter of attendance, and establishing uniformity in recording and reporting, applicable throughout a state, are desirable in the interest of honest statistics and sound morality.

A pupil should be in his seat ready for duty at the signal for beginning a session. Failing in this, or arriving before the middle of a session, he may be regarded as tardy. If he arrives after the middle of the session, or leaves before that time, he may be regarded as absent, and the loss of time recorded. To be marked present, a pupil should be in attendance at least during one half of the session. If he leaves after the middle of the session, the record should show a dismissal. Actual absence or presence during a whole session involves no doubt in recording. Since it may be desirable for uniformity in reporting to set an arbitrary limit to absence, the end of ten consecutive half-days, a school week, may be as good as any. This time lost should be reckoned in ascertaining average membership and attendance if the pupil returns. In case the pupil does not return, three days may be omitted in reporting. The actual loss of time incurred by tardiness or dismissal should be recorded against the pupil's name in the register. Statistics should be in sight of truth. Notwithstanding the advantages of some such system, objections not altogether trivial may be made to these suggestions. Uniformity

throughout a town at least is to be insisted upon. The ratio of enrolment to whole number of children, of average membership to enrolment, of average attendance to average membership, may indicate the efficiency of the schools, their influence and the esteem in which they are held.

It is the duty of the school to reach every possible pupil, and to keep him for as much time and for as long time as possible under beneficent educational influences. When this is accomplished, the records and reports should show exactly what they purport to show—how generally and how constantly the provisions for education are applied.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF BIOLOGY.

The impetus recently given to nature-study in the secondary and lower schools has led to a demand for the more thorough preparation of teachers in the essentials of botany and zoölogy. Teachers cannot get special training in these branches during the college year, because it coincides with their teaching year. In the past, their opportunities for getting it during the summer, have been limited, on account of the lack of summer schools.

To meet this demand the New Hampshire College, coöperating with Superintendent Gowing of the state department of public instruction, will institute next July a Summer School of Biology, especially adapted to the needs of teachers. The instruction in botany will be given by Principal Charles H. Clark, A. M., of Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, N. H., and in zoölogy by Professor Clarence M. Weed, D. Sc., of the college. Supplementary lectures will also be delivered by President Chas. S. Murkland, Ph. D., and Superintendent Fred Gowing of Concord.

The school will open Thursday, July 5, and continue until Saturday, August 4. It will be held in the laboratories and class rooms of Thompson Hall, students being granted free use of the library, microscopes, aquaria collections, and other facilities. The laboratory instruction will be supplemented by work in the field and class room, and by informal discussions of such topics as are likely to prove useful for illustrative purposes in nature-study in the lower schools.

The course of study will cover the line of work in botany and zoölogy recommended in the recent report of the committee on secondary school studies, appointed by the National Educational Association for adoption by the secondary schools. In addition, there will be offered, to such teachers as may desire it, an opportunity of taking a special course in

microscopical technique under Principal Clark, or in elementary entomology under Professor Weed. A certificate will be given those who satisfactorily complete the course.

The situation of the college is peculiarly favorable to the study of natural history. Plants and animals inhabiting a great variety of land surface, as well as fresh, brackish, and salt water, are easily accessible.

Board and room can be obtained in Durham at an average cost of \$4.00 per week. A fee of \$15 for the course will cover other expenses, except perhaps a small outlay for books. The number of students will be limited to fifty, to be enrolled in the order of application.

Applicants may address

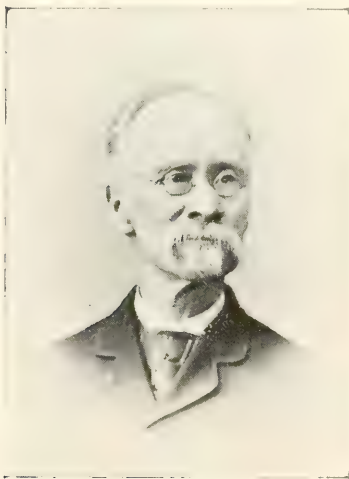
PRESIDENT CHAS. S. MURKLAND.

Durham, N. H.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY H. G. BLAISDELL.

Among the most prominent of New Hampshire musicians of twenty-five years or more ago, was the subject of our sketch,



GEORGE H. INGALLS.

George H. Ingalls, who was born in Bristol, February 5, 1832, his father being Gilman Ingalls, who, with his wife, was considered an excellent singer of their time. From them George H. inherited talent, which was early manifested and was of a superior order. When a mere child he sang alto in a church choir, and at thirteen years of age was a regular member of the Free Baptist choir in Bristol, and was trumpeter for the Alexandria band. At fourteen years of age he composed church psalmody, and at fifteen taught sing-

ing-schools and was leader of the Bristol band. When eighteen years of age he was appointed leader of the Mechanics "brass

band" of Concord, locating here and making this city his home for ten or more years. During these years Mr. Ingalls taught singing-schools throughout the state, and was identified with the prominent orchestras, or quadrille bands, as they were styled in those days; always associated with the progressive musical associations and work, both vocal and instrumental. During a part of the war Mr. Ingalls was a member of the justly celebrated "Post band" of Hilton Head, S. C., his brother, Gustavus W., being band-master, and "Saxie" Pike drum-major. Returning from the war he located in Concord, and continued in active service in a musical way, about thirty years. At one time was a member of "Father Kemp's" Old Folks Concert company as cornetist and tenor vocalist; for many years was associated with Blaisdell's orchestra, then known as Blaisdell & Ingalls's band, and was engaged at the various summer resorts of the White Mountains as cornet soloist. As an all-'round musician, Mr. Ingalls has few equals. A performer upon all band instruments and the church organ and a violinist of more than ordinary ability, as an arranger of band music he excelled, and many of his compositions of church, band, and orchestra music, as well as songs, have been received with great favor, and his reputation as a thorough and active musician has reached far beyond the boundaries of his own state. At the present time Mr. Ingalls resides in Warner, engaged in business, but devoting a portion of his time to music as choir and band leader. Surrounded by his family—wife, son, and daughter,—may his declining years be as peaceful as his younger years were useful and beneficial to the cause he so earnestly espoused.

MY PROMISING PUPIL.

BY MILO BENEDICT.

I had thought of characterizing her as my nightmare pupil, but so seldom are my dreams other than delightful excursions into wonderland with gorgeous floral displays, fine mountain scenery, affording experiences with favorite birds and animals, both wild and domestic, chats with friends, and concerts of rare orchestral

performances—dreams which to awaken from is not always pleasant—that the very name “nightmare” implies associations such as I could better reconcile with waking hours in which the imagination may be exercised under the will.

In calling her my promising pupil I do not mean that she ever showed any disposition toward improvement. From day to day she regularly promised to have a better lesson, and in view of this circumstance she was entitled to the distinction of being called a promising pupil.

But during the time she labored under my tuition I did not pretend to understand her, nor have I yet lost a sense of mystery that attached to her. Indeed, she was enigmatical either because of her unequalled simplicity or her singular complexity, I cannot decide which, although I am disposed to think simplicity of an extreme sort most frequently showed itself. Often she would tell me all about her financial affairs. After the lesson she would sit cornerwise on the piano stool and relate how she earned her living by plying her needle, long weeks and months at a stretch, in a manufactory where men’s garments were made. This business she had followed irregularly for more than fifteen years. She showed me the ends of her fingers which were calloused and perforated by the point of her needle, and her teeth were correspondingly damaged by continued biting of thread. Her eyes, too, had developed a weakness, and her complexion gave evidence of a sedentary life spent in ill-ventilated rooms.

Her capital was indeed small, and had been accumulated at a cost of much suffering and self denial. In this respect, perhaps, it might claim relation with a work of art, as no very beautiful or valuable thing was ever yet produced without pain and privation of some sort. But now having accumulated a small fortune, sufficient to keep her fed and sheltered in one of the quiet, unpretentious boarding-house streets of Boston, and having provided herself with a cheap piano, and possessed also of unlimited time for practice, and determined to realize that happy dream of hers, long cherished, of devoting herself to the study of the works of musical genius, she set herself about it with an inward conviction that time, labor, and money, would obtain for her a creditable standing as a pianist and afford her in some measure that enjoy-

ment and satisfaction known only to those who possess some beautiful accomplishment. Such a dream, utterly futile and hopeless, naturally excited in me a deep feeling of pity. And when I considered how far indeed that dream had ascended above her actual faculties, her childish essays in the difficult art of music seemed the more pitiable.

She usually ascended the stairs at the ringing of the eleven o'clock bell at the academy, and ordinarily found me practising, which activity, of course, I was obliged to exchange for another of a sort that exercised other faculties than my musical ones. Indeed, whatever my antipathy may have been for so peculiar a pupil I was not then at liberty to express it, being at that time the youngest teacher in the academy, and not, therefore, permitted to select my pupils at option. And no doubt it was thought by the director that a pupil so little likely to please a teacher was useful as a means for developing patience, deliberation, and a certain humbleness which are requisite qualities of a good teacher. For one is certainly unfit to train a prodigy who is unable to train a dunce. So I considered these lessons I was obliged to give, in the main, a part of my training and tuition, and I accordingly resolved to perfect myself as much as possible in this peculiar function, thinking, possibly, I might in time reach a proficiency that would admit me into the ranks of teachers of idiot children. But I did not exactly crave that chair.

When the eleven o'clock bell rang I always felt an inclination to groan, which, however, I always repressed. And when my pupil appeared at the door, her plain countenance so lighted up with encircling smiles at the thought, probably, of realizing her dream, that I quite forgot the work at hand and offered a few remarks, for she conversed in a sprightly and amusing way, though her words came through her nose, and such phrases as, are not, have not, and, it is not, were transformed into, ain't, hain't, and 'tain't.

A plain person does not usually attract more than ordinary attention, but this maiden of fifty years—I should have informed the reader, perhaps, at the outset, that my pupil was fully fifty years of age—wore a plainness that attracted a double attention—the plainness of her features intensified by a sallow complexion, and the plainness of her dress, which was plain in its material,

plainer still in its cut and making. There was not a scintillation of artistic sense in the arrangement or manufacture of any part of her visible attire. And here she was, offering herself as a student of an art of pure beauty while showing in her outward self not the slightest power of the perception of beauty, nor recognizing it in the least as a needed element in the appearance and manners of a human being.

Over the back of a chair hung her dark water-proof, which she wore, not only in wet weather, but likewise in pleasant, on the assumption that it might rain. Under the chair were her thick rubbers, laid carefully side by side. A heavy brown veil and a black straw hat with a narrow brim trimmed with a little black-bird's wing—typical of nothing in her nature—lay on the table.

To one who has worn a beautiful and costly garment in a workshop, or seen a treasure cast into an ash-heap, the sense of incongruity may have been similar to that which I felt when I invited this singular person to seat herself at the piano. Yet I had no parsimonious feelings about offering her the best of art I had at my command. On the contrary I was eager for her recognition of the power of music. I was well assured, however, there was no music in her nature, and for the lack of that most precious quality a substitute of some kind had to be found.

We began in the instruction book on page two—a page of both whole and half notes, very few and well separated by large margins of space. But to untrained hands, to untrained eyes, and with decrepit faculties to boot, it seemed as difficult as a *étude* of Liszt. A child of five or ten years is easy and pleasant to teach, but a child of fifty summers is somewhat like dough dried into a brick, painted and varnished so as to become impervious to whatever softening element might reach it. And in the case of my pupil, I may say, too, that her fingers, like her brain, had formed their own hard habits and were not to be broken to a new trade.

My first lesson, as well as all the following ones, seemed merely directed to expose her unmusical nature and to show how miserably unfit was she for the study of music. But such exposition, however, did no good. One quality she possessed in such vigor that it was idle to oppose it or to discredit it, and that was her stubborn perseverance. Now perseverance is admirable when rightly and

intelligently used, but in her case it was thrown away. It was the one thing I discovered in her character that showed signs of large development. I accounted for it by supposing her work at the factory to have been more or less irksome, and that the necessity to perform a required amount of work each day must have developed, after many years, this abnormal amount of perseverance.

But while it was then used, in a sense, as an incentive to labor, it now exhibited a double energy in being applied to an object of personal ambition. This ambition kept her in the instruction book two years, and for the same length of time I was tied to her elbow, supplying the notes which she missed, and often the fingers which she lacked. Nearly every day she would ask me my candid opinion of her ability and prospects, and always did I give her my candid opinion. I well knew if she expected to realize her dream a great disappointment was inevitable, and I endeavored to lessen its bitterness by telling her the utmost she could ever hope to accomplish. Believing, too, that no person's appreciation ever rises above his abilities, I felt confident that even a little skill at the piano and a little knowledge of music would seem a great deal to her. In this light my efforts did not seem wholly lost, and I was frequently encouraged by the news she brought, to the effect that she entertained her friends with her exercises and they thought she was "improvin'."

I had taught pupils who lacked a quick ear for harmony and were subject to very frequent mistakes, but never before had I seen a pupil who made discords the rule and concords the exception. The reader may not be an adept in music but I will presume that without the slightest hesitation he can distinguish an octave from any other interval, as, for instance, a seventh, or a ninth. Now such was the defect of musical judgment in my pupil that sevenths and ninths could be substituted for octaves without her knowing it; and many times upon being asked to play the scale of C, she would start with C in one hand and B in the other and proceed serenely and in good faith up and down the key board, making the most frightful progression of discords that mortal ears ever heard. And not infrequently after such a performance she would turn to me and exclaim, "Oh, how I love music! If I'd only begun younger I know I'd made a player!"

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

HON. STEPHEN GORDON NASH.

Judge Stephen Gordon Nash was born in New Hampton, April 4, 1822, and died in Lynnfield, Mass., May 1, aged 72 years. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1842, and after teaching at New Hampton and Franklin, he studied law with Judge George W. Nesmith, and was admitted to the Boston bar in 1846. From 1855 to 1859 he was judge of the superior court of Massachusetts. He was a member of the Massachusetts house of representatives in 1855, and a prominent member of the bar of his adopted state.

HON. NATHAN PARKER.

Nathan Parker was born in Litchfield, November 21, 1808, and died in Manchester, May 7, aged 85 years. Locating in Manchester in 1840, he was cashier of the Manchester bank from 1845 until its dissolution as a state institution in 1865, since which time under the name of the Manchester National Bank, he had been its president. With the exception of the years 1871-'73 he had been treasurer of the Concord, and Concord & Montreal railroads since 1867, and was a director of the Manchester & Lawrence and Concord & Portsmouth railroads. He was a member of the state senate in 1855-'56, and of the house of representatives in 1863-'64. He leaves one son, Walter M. Parker.

HON. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Charles Williams was born in Easton, Mass., Aug. 1, 1816, and died in Nashua, May 9, aged 78 years. He located in Nashua in 1845, and for many years was extensively engaged in iron manufacturing. During his administration as mayor of the city he received President Hayes and his cabinet on their visit to Nashua.

WOODBURY NOYES.

Woodbury Noyes was born in Atkinson, and died in Haverhill, Mass., May 9, aged 60 years. He acquired a fortune in the manufacture of shoes in Haverhill, in company with John W. Russ, and later with P. C. Sweet. He was president of the Haverhill Savings Bank, and a director of the Haverhill Safe Deposit and Trust Company.



